IN MEGA-CITY ONE *HE IS* THE LAW!

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JUDGE DREDD

THE COMPLETE CASE FILES

11

2000AD PROGS 523 - 570
YEAR: 2109 - 2110

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Alan Grant
Art by
Brett Ewins
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JUDGE DREDD

THE COMPLETE CASE FILES 11

JUDGE DREDD CREATED BY JOHN WAGNER AND CARLOS EZQUERRA

JUDGE DREDD

THE COMPLETE CASE FILES 11

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JUDGE DREDD

YOU'LL FIND **RAT PITS** DOTTED HERE AND THERE IN THE CITY, HIDDEN WELL AWAY FROM THE EYES OF THE **LAW**.

YOU'LL FIND THEM SECRETED IN **SUB-BASEMENTS** AND **DARK CORNERS**, WHERE HARD-FACED MEN GATHER AND MONEY CHANGES HANDS AND THE **DARKER** SIDE OF HUMAN NATURE IS GIVEN VENT.

SEWER SOLDIER'S **DOWN**!

RIP 'IM, SQUEAK!

WASSAMATTA WIT' YOU, SOLDIER! UP AN' **ATTIM**, DAMMIT!

BY THE **NECK**, SQUEAK!

KILL! **KILL**!

AND THE WINNER, IN TWO MINUTES AND FOURTEEN SECONDS, BRUNO TYSON'S **DEATH SQUEAK**! SETTLE YOUR BETS, CITIZENS!

NEXT CONTEST WILL BE SLOW JOHNNY'S EIGHT-KILLER **WARFARIN** AGAINST VANCE DALY'S NEWCOMER **RENTAKILL**!

RATS IN THE PIT, IF YOU PLEASE!

JEEZ, SLOW, LOOKIT TH' SIZE OF THAT CAGE!

AHH, HE'S JUST TRYIN' TA PSYCH US OUT! DALY NEVER TRAINED A DECENT RAT IN HIS LIFE!

B. EWINS & J. McCARTHY

ANYWAY, BIG OR SMALL, MAKES NO DIFFERENCE TO OLD WARFARIN!

KILL 'IM DEAD, BOY!

SKREEE!

SCRIPT: WAGNER & GRANT
ART: EWINS & J. McCARTHY
LETTERING: T. FRAME

NEEEEEK?

JEEZ!

WOT!?

PIT RAT PART ONE.
WHAT A RAT!
RAT PIT, ALL RIGHT. KEEP IT QUIET. JUDD, COVER THE EXIT.
LUNGE!
ZOOOMMMM
I'M CALLIN' FOUL! IT AIN'T SQUARE! WHERE'D DALY GET A RAT LIKE THAT?
NOTHIN' IN THE RULES, SLOW...
REF
NO MORE BETS ON RENTAKILL!
FIVE HUNDRED TO ONE WARFARIN!
I'LL HAVE A CRED. NEVER KNOW, COULD GET LUCKY!
COME ON, WARFARIN! WASSAMATTA WIT' YA? TURN AN' FIGHT LIKE A RAT!
CHOMP!
EEEEEEK!

CHOMP!

CRAKK

SQUIDGE

BDAMBAM!

EVERYBODY **FREEZE!** THIS IS THE **LAW!**

YOU'RE **ALL** UNDER ARREST!

GRUD ON A BIKE!

I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT, DREDD!

NO! NOT MY RENTAKILL!

BDAM! BDAM!

BDAM!

AAAAAAH!

HOLD YOUR FIRE!

LOOK OUT!

YEEEAHH!

JUDD! YOU GOT A **GIANT RAT** HEADING YOUR WAY!

DROKK! YOU AIN'T **JOKING!**

CRASH!

IT GOT OUT OF THE WINDOW, DREDD! YOU **SURE** THAT'S A RAT?

CONTROL, MED SQUAD TO BEN WILLARD. NOTIFY THE PEST SQUAD - WE'VE GOT A GIANT RODENT ON THE LOOSE, THIS VICINITY.

YOU THE OWNER OF THAT THING?

Y...YEAH.

WHERE'D YOU GET IT? BREED IT YOURSELF?

NO... NO, I **CAUGHT** IT. DOWN IN THOSE OLD SEWERS BY WILLARD STREET RADPIT.

NEVER EXPECTED ANYTHING **THAT** SIZE. LUCKY MY NET HELD. **RENTAKILL** WAS A REAL MAN-EATER. TOOK ME **MONTHS** TO PIT TRAIN HIM - NOW YOU'VE GONE AND **SPOILED** IT ALL!

MUTATION...?

LOOKS LIKE IT. THAT RADPIT'S JUST ACROSS THE **WASTEGROUND** - COULD BE IT'S HEADED FOR HOME.

YOU PROCESS THIS BUNCH, **I'LL** CHECK IT OUT.

JEEL WARD BLOCK

CADETS

MAN-EATER, HUH? WE'VE HAD A LOT OF MISSING PERSON CASES IN THIS AREA...

I WONDER...

DREDD

BURNS MACHINERY

NEXT PROG:
RAT TRAP!

JUDGE DREDD
PIT RAT PART TWO.
I'VE LOCATED OUR GIANT RAT
NUUUUUUURRR
I'VE ALSO CLEARED UP A FEW OUTSTANDING MISSING PERSONS CASES !
CONTROL, I'M IN THE OLD SEWERS BY WILLARD STREET RADPIT
KEEP OUT
WILLARD ST.
BETTER GET THE PEST SQUAD DOWN HERE PRONTO !

GOTTA **BACK** OUT OF HERE!

NEEEEEE

BAM

NEEEEEEEEK!

DROKK!

NEEEEEKKK!

NEEEK!

VAM!

RATS TO THIS!

KABLAM

NEEEEEEEE

GOT TO CLEAR ME SOME **SPACE** HERE!

CONTROL, WHERE THE HELL'S THAT **PEST SQUAD**?

GIVE US A **BREAK**, DREDD! YOU ONLY LOGGED THAT REQUEST THIRTY SECONDS AGO!

MY MISTAKE!

SMAK!

WOP!

TIME SURE **DRAGS** WHEN YOU'RE HAVIN' FUN!

NEEEEEEKK!

BRUTES DON'T KNOW WHEN TO GIVE UP!

HI-EX!

BAM!

VADOOM

OUT OF THE CASCADING RUBBLE AN OILY BLACK FIGURE LUNGES –

RENTAKILL!

NEEEK!

A TRAINED PIT RAT IS HARD TO KILL –

TO BLAZES WITH THIS!

BUT NOT IMPOSSIBLE –

BDAM!

PEST CONTROL

YOU **SENT** FOR US?

YEAH – **YESTERDAY.**

DAYS LATER, DREDD CALLS AT ONE OF JUSTICE DEPTS MANY RESEARCH LABS –

THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE TO SEE THE RESULTS OF OUR TESTS ON YOUR OUTSIZE RODENTS.

THEY'RE A **MUTANT** STRAIN, ALL RIGHT, CAUSED BY SEEPAGE FROM THE RAD PIT. THEY PROBABLY EXISTED ON THE LOCAL RAT POPULATION FOR A WHILE. WHEN RATS GOT SCARCE, THEY SWITCHED TO **HUMANS.**

THANKFULLY, WE MANAGED TO TAKE THREE OF THEM ALIVE. WE'VE BEGUN BREEDING THEM ALREADY.

YOU'RE **BREEDING** THEM?

WE TESTED THE MEAT – 20 PER CENT **LEANER** AND MORE **NUTRITIOUS** THAN NORMAL FARM RAT. YOU CAN'T IGNORE FIGURES LIKE **THAT!**

IT'S ALSO HIGHLY VERSATILE. IT CAN BE PROCESSED INTO ALMOST ANYTHING - SAUSAGES, PIES...TACOS, BAGELS, ELTZWELTZ... CHUNKIES, DUNKIES, CHIPPIES, DIPPIES, NUGGETS, FLAKES — YOU NAME IT.

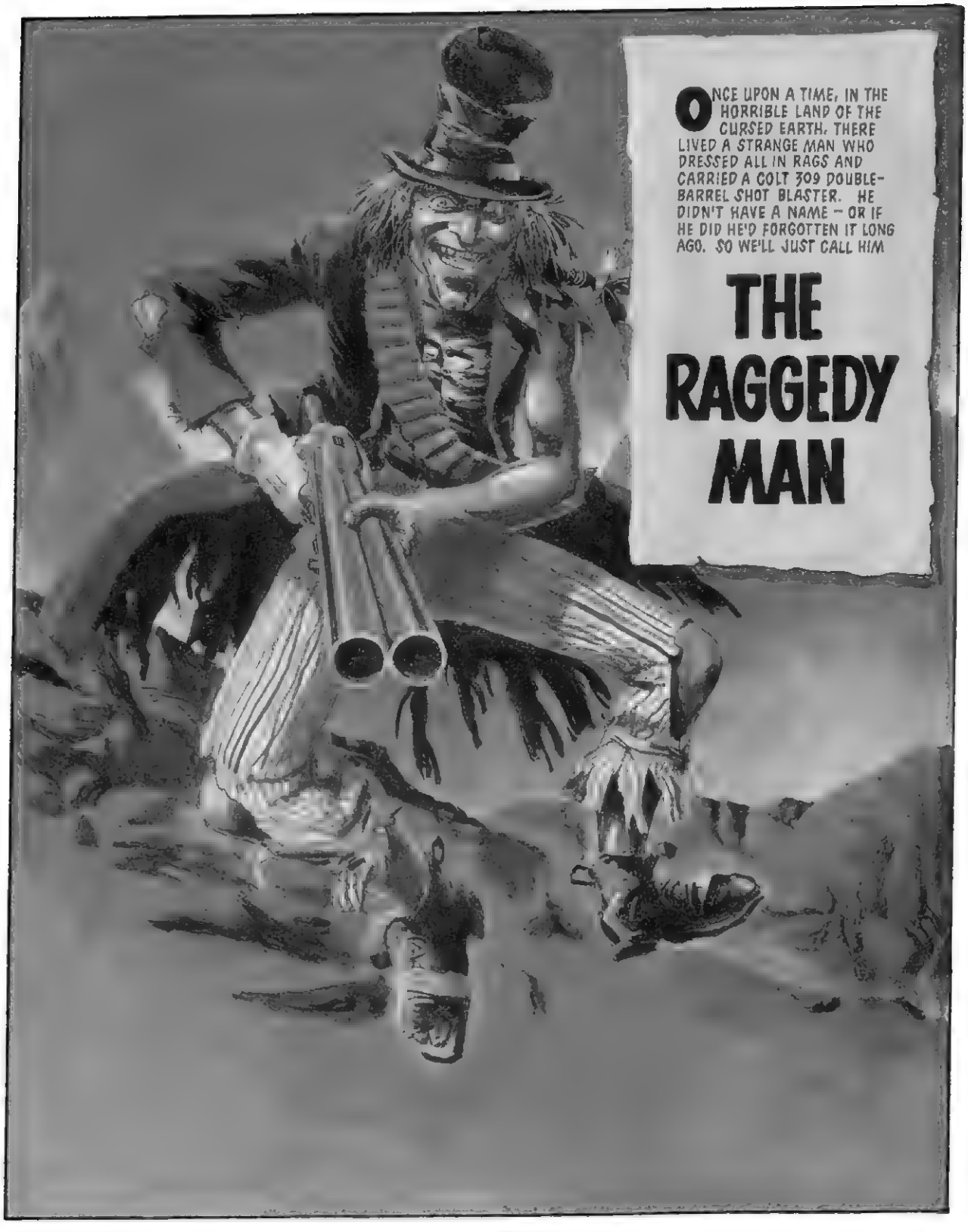
TEK

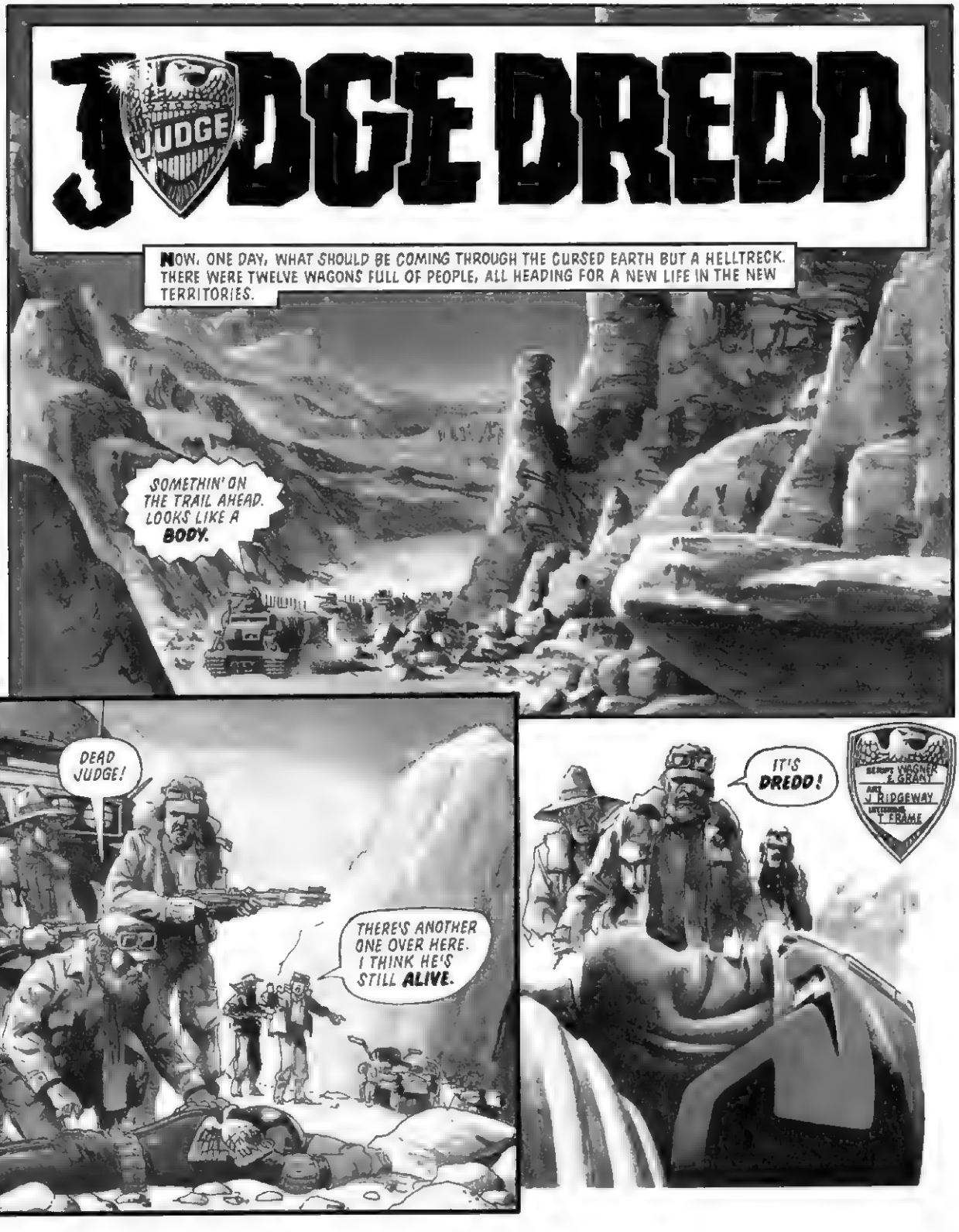
TRY THIS.

I'LL SAY THIS FOR YOU, RENTAKILL, YOU MIGHT HAVE BEEN A GREAT PIT RAT, BUT YOU MAKE AN EVEN BETTER **BURGER**.

NOT BAD... NOT BAD AT **ALL.**

NEXT PROG:
THE RAGGEDY MAN!


ONCE UPON A TIME, IN THE HORRIBLE LAND OF THE CURSED EARTH, THERE LIVED A STRANGE MAN WHO DRESSED ALL IN RAGS AND CARRIED A COLT 309 DOUBLE-BARREL SHOT BLASTER. HE DIDN'T HAVE A NAME – OR IF HE DID HE'D FORGOTTEN IT LONG AGO. SO WE'LL JUST CALL HIM
THE RAGGEDY MAN


JUDGE DREDD
NOW, ONE DAY, WHAT SHOULD BE COMING THROUGH THE CURSED EARTH BUT A HELLTRECK. THERE WERE TWELVE WAGONS FULL OF PEOPLE, ALL HEADING FOR A NEW LIFE IN THE NEW TERRITORIES.
SOMETHIN' ON THE TRAIL AHEAD. LOOKS LIKE A BODY.
DEAD JUDGE!
THERE'S ANOTHER ONE OVER HERE. I THINK HE'S STILL ALIVE.
IT'S DREDD!
SCRIPT WAGNER & GRANT
ART J. RIDGEWAY
LETTERING T. FRAME

HE'S HURT **BAD.** GET HIM INTO OUR WAGON.

WHO COULDA DONE IT ?

WHOEVER THEY WERE, THEY WEREN'T NO GIRL SCOUTS IF THEY COULD TAKE OUT **DREDD.**

I'VE HEARD RUMOURS... LOTTA FOLK GETTIN' **KILLED** ROUND THIS STRETCH. WE BEST BE MOVIN' ON – WE DON'T STOP TILL WE CLEAR THE PASS.

WHAT ABOUT THE **DEAD** ONE ?

LEAVE HIM – AND THE BIKES. DON'T NEED UNNECESSARY WEIGHT ON A HELLTREK.

HIGH ON THE HILL THE **RAGGEDY MAN** WATCHED THE HELLTREK COMING. HE WONDERED WHAT HE SHOULD DO.

HE THOUGHT AND HE THOUGHT AND HE THOUGHT. UNTIL AT LAST HIS EYES OPENED WIDE AND A BIG SMILE SPREAD ACROSS HIS FACE.

I KNOW ! I'LL **KILL** THEM !

SO THE RAGGEDY MAN GOT A BIG STICK AND USED IT TO DISLODGE A HUGE BOULDER.

SOON THE WHOLE CLIFFSIDE WAS TUMBLING DOWN!

LANDSLIDE!

BUMP! CRASH! CRUMP! WENT THE BOULDERS.

AAGH! OWW! SPLAT! WENT THE HELLTREKKERS.

MY GOD!

COULD BE SURVIVORS! LET'S START DIGGING!

KAPOW! KAPOW! WENT THE RAGGEDY MAN'S GUN.

AAAGH! EEK! WENT MORE HELLTREKKERS.

AMBUSH! GET BACK TO YOUR WAGONS! GET OUTA HERE!

BULLETS CRACKED ALL AROUND HIM. BE CAREFUL, RAGGEDY MAN

BUT THE RAGGEDY MAN JUST LAUGHED - AND DID HIS RAGGEDY DANCE.

HA HA HA! HE HE HE! I'M THE RAGGEDY MAN, YOU CAN'T CATCH ME!

BUT I CAN CATCH YOU!

WELL, THE HELLTREKKERS RAN AND RAN. THEY RAN ALL THE WAY THROUGH THE PASS AND DIDN'T STOP FOR MILES AND MILES.

CIRCLE THE WAGONS. WE'LL CAMP HERE FOR THE NIGHT.

AFTER THE HELLTREK HAD GONE, THE RAGGEDY MAN LOOKED FOR SURVIVORS.

HEAR THAT? SOMEBODY'S DIGGIN'!

WE'RE IN **HERE!** WE'RE **ALIVE!**

ROLL DOWN THE WINDOW, DAD!

HELLO!

AFTER THE RAGGEDY MAN HAD WIPED OUT THE SURVIVORS, HE YAWNED A BIG RAGGEDY YAWN. IT WAS GETTING NEAR HIS BEDTIME.

BUT HE COULDN'T GO TO SLEEP YET. HE STILL HAD TO CATCH THE OTHER HELLTREKKERS. AFTER ALL, TRESPASSING ON HIS TERRITORY WITHOUT SO MUCH AS A BY YOUR LEAVE! THAT WAS VERY NAUGHTY.

THEY WOULD **ALL** HAVE TO BE PUNISHED!

HE'S COMING ROUND.

DON'T TRY TO MOVE, JUDGE DREDD YOU'RE SHOT UP PRETTY BAD.

CARLTON...

HE MEANS THAT **OTHER** JUDGE.

HE'S DEAD. SAME BUNCH THAT AMBUSHED US, I RECKON. WE LOST THREE WAGONS, SIXTEEN DEAD, INCLUDING OUR GUIDE.

NO BUNCH... JUST ONE MAN.

ONE GUY COULDN'T HAVE DONE **THAT!**

THIS ONE COULD. HIS NAME'S **IZZARD**. HE... HE USED TO BE A **JUDGE**.

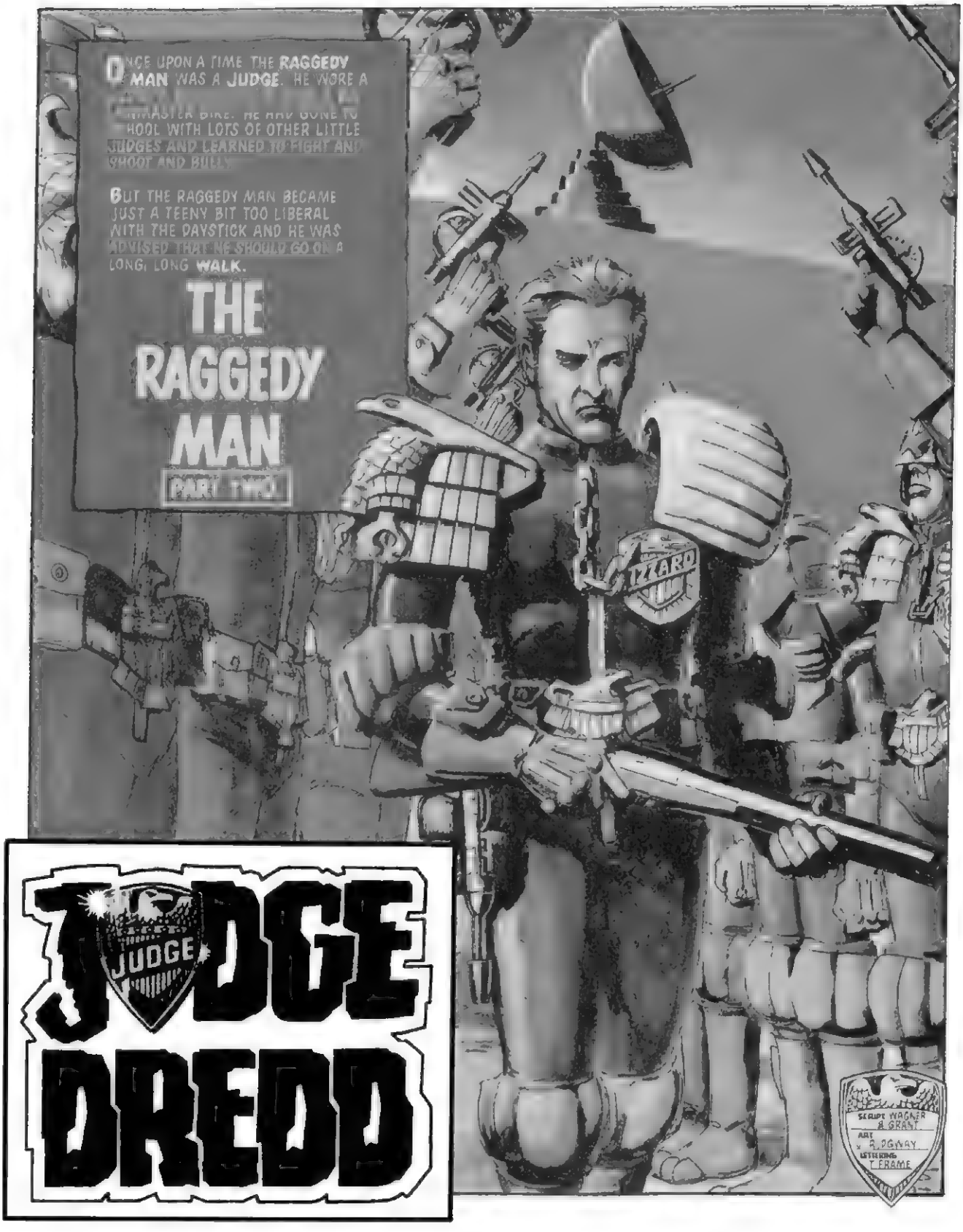
HE'S GONE LOCO. CALLS HIMSELF THE **RAGGEDY MAN** – FIGURES THE CURSED EARTH **BELONGS** TO HIM. IF HE'S THE ONE THAT HIT YOU, COULD BE HE'S NOT **FINISHED** YET.

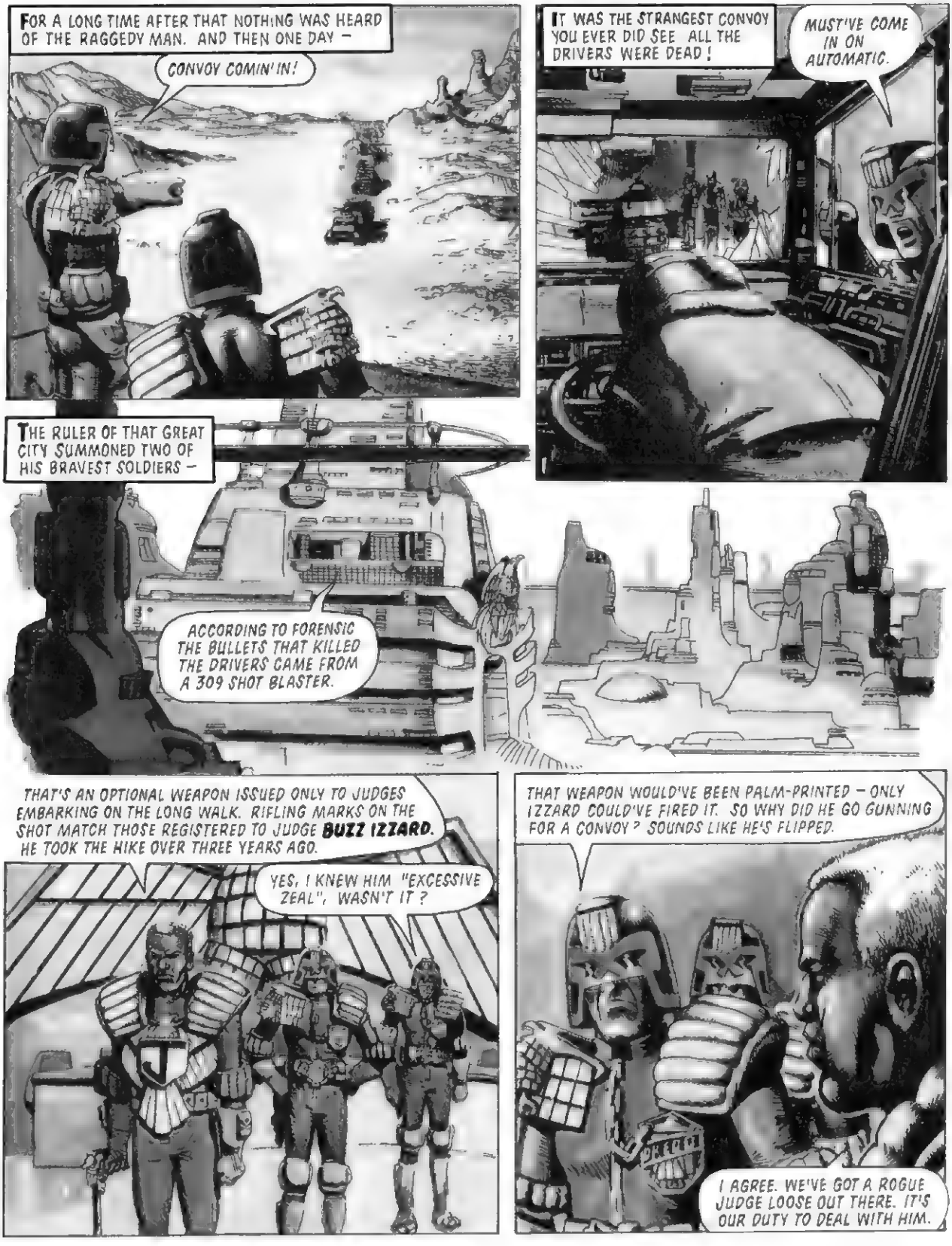
DON'T WORRY. I GOT SENTRIES POSTED.

YOU'RE NOT **LISTENING**! I TOLD YOU, IZZARD USED TO BE A **JUDGE**.

IF HE DECIDES TO COME AFTER YOU, YOUR SENTRIES WILL JUST BE THE **FIRST** TO DIE!

NEXT PROG:
FROM RAGS TO STITCHES!


ONCE UPON A TIME THE RAGGEDY MAN WAS A JUDGE. HE WORE A
HOOL WITH LOTS OF OTHER LITTLE JUDGES AND LEARNED TO FIGHT AND SHOOT AND BULLY.
BUT THE RAGGEDY MAN BECAME JUST A TEENY BIT TOO LIBERAL WITH THE DAYSTICK AND HE WAS ADVISED THAT HE SHOULD GO ON A LONG, LONG WALK.
THE RAGGEDY MAN
PART TWO
IZZARD
JUDGE
JUDGE DREDD
SCRIPT WAGNER & GRANT
ART
RIDGWAY
LETTERING
T FRAME


FOR A LONG TIME AFTER THAT NOTHING WAS HEARD OF THE RAGGEDY MAN. AND THEN ONE DAY –
CONVOY COMIN' IN!
IT WAS THE STRANGEST CONVOY YOU EVER DID SEE ALL THE DRIVERS WERE DEAD!
MUST'VE COME IN ON AUTOMATIC.
THE RULER OF THAT GREAT CITY SUMMONED TWO OF HIS BRAVEST SOLDIERS –
ACCORDING TO FORENSIC THE BULLETS THAT KILLED THE DRIVERS CAME FROM A 309 SHOT BLASTER.
THAT'S AN OPTIONAL WEAPON ISSUED ONLY TO JUDGES EMBARKING ON THE LONG WALK. RIFLING MARKS ON THE SHOT MATCH THOSE REGISTERED TO JUDGE BUZZ IZZARD. HE TOOK THE HIKE OVER THREE YEARS AGO.
YES, I KNEW HIM "EXCESSIVE ZEAL", WASN'T IT?
THAT WEAPON WOULD'VE BEEN PALM-PRINTED – ONLY IZZARD COULD'VE FIRED IT. SO WHY DID HE GO GUNNING FOR A CONVOY? SOUNDS LIKE HE'S FLIPPED.
I AGREE. WE'VE GOT A ROGUE JUDGE LOOSE OUT THERE. IT'S OUR DUTY TO DEAL WITH HIM.

THE TWO BRAVE SOLDIERS RODE FAR INTO THE CURSED EARTH AND, BEFORE VERY LONG, CAME UPON SIGNS OF THE RAGGEDY MAN.

KILLED WITH A **SHOT BLASTER.**

PRETTY FRESH. HE CAN'T BE **FAR.**

SOON THEY CAME UPON THE RAGGEDY MAN HIMSELF.

IT'S **IZZARD,** ALL RIGHT.

DROKK! SOME STATE **HE'S** IN! SEEMS TO HAVE ABANDONED HIS UNIFORM...

IZZARD! THIS IS **DREDD!** THROW DOWN YOUR GUN! WE'RE TAKING YOU IN!

THE RAGGEDY MAN LOOKED LEFT AND HE LOOKED RIGHT. HE LOOKED UP AND HE LOOKED DOWN. BUT OF THIS IZZARD THERE WAS NO SIGN. HE HAD TOTALLY FORGOTTEN THAT HE HAD EVER BEEN IZZARD!

I'M THE **RAGGEDY MAN!** WHAT ARE YOU DOING ON **MY** LAND? I DIDN'T SAY YOU COULD COME ON IT!

I'M GOING TO PUNISH YOU! I'M GOING TO PUNISH YOU!

HE'S GONE **RIGHT** OVER THE EDGE. TOO RISKY TRYING TO TAKE HIM **ALIVE.**

NYAAAH!

SHOOT AND SHOOT AS MUCH AS YOU CAN!

YOU CAN'T SHOOT ME, I'M THE **RAGGEDY MAN!**

THE RAGGEDY MAN KNEW EVERY NOOK AND EVERY CRANNY IN THOSE ROCKS. HE JUST RAN THOSE JUDGES RAGGEDY!

LOOK OUT, JUDGES, OR THE RAGGEDY MAN WILL GET **YOU!**

SURPRISE!

AAGH!

BEFORE HE COULD FINISH THEM OFF, WHAT SHOULD HE SEE COMING BUT A **HELLTREK.**

AND HE GAVE A LITTLE RAGGEDY HOP AND A LITTLE RAGGEDY SKIP — AND DANCED OFF UP THE HILL.

"OH, GOODY!" THOUGHT THE RAGGEDY MAN.

YOUR HELLTREK COMING ALONG MUST'VE **INTERRUPTED** IZZARD, OTHERWISE I'D BE **DEAD.**

BUT TAKE IT FROM ME, HE'S NOT **FINISHED** WITH YOU **YET.**

AAGGHHHH!

MOLEY! THE **SENTRIES!**

JIM! JERRY-!

BADAAM!

AIEEEE!

KAPOW!

ARRGH!

YOU MUSTN'T GET UP, JUDGE! YOU'RE **HURT!**

DON'T YOU...THINK I **KNOW** THAT? STAND ASIDE –

HOWEVER CRAZY IZZARD MIGHT BE, HE'S STILL AN **EX-JUDGE**. HE'LL TAKE THESE POOR SAPS WITHOUT **BREAKING SWEAT**...!

FLARE!

THERE HE GOES!

EZAAKK

GGAAAH!

WELL, THE RAGGEDY MAN DIDN'T LIKE THAT AT ALL. "IT'S TIME I MADE MYSELF SCARCE," HE THOUGHT.

SO HE GAVE A LITTLE RAGGEDY HOP – AND A LITTLE RAGGEDY SKIP – AND HE FELL FLAT ON HIS LITTLE RAGGEDY FACE ..

...BECAUSE ONE OF HIS LITTLE RAGGEDY LEGS WAS MISSING!

THE RAGGEDY MAN SAW THE GREAT METAL MONSTER ROARING DOWN ON HIM AND THOUGHT: "THIS CAN'T BE!"

BDAM!

BDAM!

Y-YOU CAN'T HURT ME! I'M THE RAGGEDY MAN!

AND THEN THE RAGGEDY MAN WENT...

SPLATT!

YOU **DID IT**, JUDGE! YOU GOT HIM!

GEE! LOOK AT **THIS!**

NO WONDER THE GUY WAS CRAZY! HE'S GOT A BOLT **STICKIN'** IN HIS HEAD!

HOW THE BOLT HAD GOT THERE, NO ONE KNEW. NO ONE BUT THE RAGGEDY MAN - AND HE WASN'T TELLING.

AND THEY ALL LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER...

...EXCEPT THE RAGGEDY MAN, WHO WAS DEAD.

...AND THE SURVIVING HELLTREKKERS, MOST OF WHOM DIED FROM BLACK SCAB SHORTLY AFTERWARDS.

...AND CERTAINLY NOT JUDGE DREDD, WHO'S SELDOM HAPPY ABOUT ANYTHING.

NEXT PROG: **'SIMP'!**

Dredd readers are cordially invited to the wedding of
CLOVIS LEACH
and
NOBBY KLUNK
on March 3, 2108 at St Cosmo's on the Sked Registry Office.

RSVP

CATERING BY VANCE'S VOMITERIE

THE GUESTS ARE ASSEMBLED. THE BRIDE IS A VISION N WHITE BUT **WHERE** IS THE **GROOM**..?

NOBBY! WHERE'S **NOBBY**?

HE'S JUST COMING NOW-

SORRY I'M LATE, CLO! A LITTLE TROUBLE GETTING INTO MY SUIT!

GRUD! NOBBY! WHAT HAVE YOU **DONE** TO YOURSELF?

SCRIPT WAGNER & GRANT
ART C. ROBINSON
LETTERING T. FRAME

SIMPED UP.

YOU LIKE IT?

SIMP

IT'S THE **NEW** LOOK! YOU WEAR WHATEVER YOU **WANT** – THE DUMBER THE BETTER!

GUY OVER IN TIMMY MALLETT **STARTED** IT – THAT'S WHERE I GOT THE **IDEA**. HE HAD THE VID CAMS IN TAKIN' PICTURES AN' **EVERYTHING!**

SIMP.

YOU LOOK **RIDICULOUS**, KLUNK!

THANK YOU, SIR!

DON'T CHEEK **ME**, YOU INSOLENT WHELP! YOU'RE NOT MARRYING MY DAUGHTER LOOKING LIKE **THAT**!

WHY NOT?

DON'T YOU **UNDERSTAND**? OH, NOBBY! THIS WAS SUPPOSED TO BE OUR **SPECIAL** DAY – AND YOU'VE SPOILED EVERYTHING!

SIMP.

CLO! COME **BACK!**

BOY! YOU SEE THAT KOOK?

GUY OUGHTA BE LOCKED UP!

CLO!

GO AWAY! YOU'RE EMBARRASSING ME! EVERYBODY'S **LOOKING** AT YOU!

BUS STOP

BUS STOP

THAT'S JUST THE POINT! I **WANT** THEM TO LOOK!

B-BUT THEY'RE **LAUGHING** AT YOU!

LET 'EM! AT LEAST THEY'VE **NOTICED** ME! THAT'S WHAT **SIMPING'S** ALL ABOUT. IT MAKES YOU STAND OUT FROM THE CROWD. PEOPLE REMEMBER YOU. YOU'RE AN **INDIVIDUAL**, CLO!

YOU'RE AN **IDIOT**, NOBBY!

HEY! CHECK THE **SIMP** AT THE BUS STOP!

ADAM CHANCE CHANCERS

SEE, CLO, I'M **NEVER** GOING TO BE A BOP SINGER OR A VID STAR. I HAVEN'T GOT WHAT IT **TAKES** TO BE ANYTHING LIKE THAT. BUT I STILL DON'T WANT TO BE **NOBODY** ALL MY LIFE – I STILL WANT TO BE **SOMEBODY.**

SIMPING'S JUST MY WAY – THE ONLY WAY THERE **IS** FOR ME.

WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA, SIMP?

THE ADMIRAL'S GOT A BOAT – LET'S **LAUNCH** HIM!

AHHH!

NOBBY!

JUDGE DREDD OBSERVES THE INCIDENT –

YOU JUVES! YOU'RE UNDER **ARREST!**

DREDD

TRASH KEEP MEGA-CITY 1 CLEAN

OH, NOBBY! I HOPE YOU'VE LEARNED YOUR **LESSON** NOW!

I SURE HAVE!

SIMPING REALLY **WORKS!**

THOSE JUVES WOULD HAVE PASSED ME BY AND NEVER EVEN **NOTICED** ME BEFORE TODAY. BUT NOW —

YOU SAW 'EM, HONEY! THEY **COULDN'T** KEEP THEIR HANDS OFF ME. THEY SAW RIGHT AWAY I WAS **SOMEBODY!**

THAT'S IT! I'VE HAD **ENOUGH**, NOBBY KLUNK! IF YOU **INSIST** ON THIS STUPID **SIMPING** THEN I **NEVER** WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN!

CLO! DON'T GO! I **LOVE** YOU!

SLAM!

CLO! MY CANOE — IT'S **STUCK!**

THE DOOR'S **JAMMED!** STOP THE BUS!

CAN'T YOU **READ**?

NO SETTING DOWN EXCEPT AT AUTHORISED STOPS

HELLLPP!

DROKK!

YOU CREEPS MAKE SURE YOU'RE **HERE** WHEN I GET BACK!

VRMMMM

AHHHHH!

OH, NOBBY! NOBBY! I'M **SORRY!**

IT'S ALL RIGHT, DARLING. I **FORGIVE** YOU!

CRAK

OH-OH!

YIEEEEEE!

NOBBY!

OH NO!

YAAAAAAA!

CREEP'S A TRAFFIC HAZARD! GOT TO PUT A **STOP** TO THIS.

TURBO-BOOST!

DREDD

GOTCHA!

HUH?

WHAPP!

OH, NOBBY! NOBBY!

YOU POOR THING! I'M SO **SORRY**! IT WAS **ALL** MY FAULT! IF ONLY I'D ACCEPTED YOU THE WAY YOU **ARE** –

YOU...YOU **MEAN** THAT, CLO?

YES! IF YOU WANT TO **SIMP**, THAT'S OKAY BY ME. I LOVE YOU – I'LL **MARRY** YOU ANY WAY IT TAKES.

KISS ME, NOBBY!

GLURK!

I HATE TO BREAK UP THE WEDDING BREAKFAST, BUT SOMEBODY OWES ME AN **EXPLANATION**.

DREDD

Simp.

AND THERE, FOR NOW, WE LEAVE THE HAPPY COUPLE. HOW WILL THEIR MARRIAGE FARE? WILL IT BE WEDDED BLISS... OR **SIMP**LY HELL? FIND OUT SOON IN "**SIMP ABOUT THE HOUSE**"!

NEXT PROG:

REASONS TO BE FEARFUL...

WHAT WOULD BE HORRIBLE?

WAKING UP TO FIND YOUR PRETTY WIFE TRANSFORMED INTO A FOETID, ROTTING, ANIMATED **CORPSE**...

KISS ME, HARDY!

UHHHHH!

FINDING YOUR SHOWER SPOUTING HOT AND COLD RUNNING **ACID**...

AHHHHHH

FINDING YOUR MORNING PORRIDGE SEETHING WITH SLIMY, BLOATED **MAGGOTS**..

GAAAAAH!

DISCOVERING **ALIEN ABOMINATIONS** USING YOUR VID AS A GATEWAY FROM THEIR OWN UNSPEAKABLE DIMENSION...

COME IN HERE, YOU!

NOOOOO!

JUSTICE DEPT CAN DELIVER—

—AND THEY **WILL**.

SUSPECT NOW EXITING APARTMENT. WE'LL CONTINUE TRACKING AS SOON AS HE LEAVES THE BLOCK.

JUDGE DREDD REASONS TO BE FEARFUL

SUBJECT ON HIS WAY OUT. YOU IN POSITION, DREDD?

CHECK.

DREDD

THERE HE COMES. HIT HIM!

FAB - THE FEAR AMPLIFICATION BEAM - IS A DEVELOPMENT OF THE NIGHTMARE GUN.*

* THARG NOTE: SEE PROG 190.

THE SLAB - IT-IT'S SPLITTING OPEN!

WHAT?

HELLO, GUZ! I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU!

GET IT OFF! SOMEBODY - PLEASE - **GET IT OFF!**

HELP!

CRAZY GUY!

GET DA CAMERA, HONEY!

TEXA

SUBJECT RESPONDING. HE'S ALL YOURS, DREDD!

HELP! JUDGE - THANK GOD!

YOU'RE CREATING A **DISTURBANCE** HERE, CITIZEN. WHAT'S THE PROBLEM?

THE-THE SLAB CRACKED OPEN - DEVILS - THEY GRABBED ME! THEY KNEW MY NAME!

OH YEAH?

ANY OF YOU CITIZENS SEE ANYTHING?

NAH! GUY'S A LOON!

LOCK HIM UP, JUDGE!

KAMEN

WRITHING ON A PUBLIC SLAB CAN BE A SERIOUS OFFENCE, CITIZEN. I'M GOING TO LET YOU OFF WITH A WARNING **THIS** TIME, BUT TAKE A TIP FROM ME -

YOU'VE GOT **SERIOUS MENTAL PROBLEMS**. BETTER GET YOUR HEAD CHECKED BEFORE **WE** DO IT FOR YOU - IN A **PSYCHO CUBE**.

YES, SIR! RIGHT AWAY, SIR!

LET'S SEE – SHRINKS... SHRINKS... HERE WE ARE –

TROUBLED BY IRRATIONAL FEARS? SHRINK-U-LIKE CAN SOOTHE THEM AWAY! - CALL 27

SHRINK-U-LIKE? I'VE GOT TO SEE SOMEONE RIGHT AWAY! I THINK I'M LOSING MY MIND!

SHRINK-U-LIKE, BLOCH STREET! SUBJECT ON HIS WAY!

WE'RE ON IT!

SHRINK-U-LIKE

AH, MR HARDY! YOU'RE BOOKED FOR DOCTOR HEBDOMEN. GO STRAIGHT IN.

OPEN

...THEN A DEVIL REACHED OUT OF THE FLAMES AND- AND GRABBED ME.

I SEE. AND THESE HALLUCINATIONS ONLY BEGAN THIS MORNING?

YES.

THAT JUDGE – IT WAS DREDD! IF HE'D KNOWN WHO I **WAS** HE'D **NEVER** HAVE LET ME OFF! CREM! THE JUDGES WOULD **LOVE** TO GET ME FOR SOMETHING!

OKAY, ANOTHER DOSE!

SHRINK-U-LIKE

OH MY GRUD!

WHAT'S THE MATTER?

SNAKES! ALL OVER! GET THEM OFF!

I ASSURE YOU, MR HARDY, THERE ARE **NO** SNAKES.

AS SUDDENLY AS THEY CAME, THE SERPENTS FADE –

INTERESTING! I THINK I HAVE CRACKED YOUR PROBLEM!

Y-YOU HAVE?

AS SOON AS YOU MENTIONED **JUDGES** YOUR SYMPTOMS BEGAN TO MANIFEST. IT WOULD SUGGEST A DEEP-ROOTED **GUILT**...

TELL ME, HAVE YOU EVER... **ATTACKED** THE JUDGES – **ABUSED** THEM IN SOME WAY?

YES – YES! FUNNY YOU SHOULD ASK THAT! TWICE A WEEK – IT'S MY JOB!

THERE WE HAVE IT!

YOUR SUBCONSCIOUS MIND IS REACTING AGAINST YOUR UNREASONABLE ATTITUDE TO THE JUDGES, CAUSING THESE WAKING NIGHTMARES. IT IS AS IF IT WAS SAYING TO YOU – STOP! YOU'RE GOING TOO FAR! BE NICE TO THE JUDGES! THEY ARE YOUR FRIENDS!

THEY'RE NOT! THEY'RE BULLYING, FASCIST **RATS**! THEY'RE NOBODY'S FRIENDS BUT THEIR OWN!

YOUR SUBCONSCIOUS SEEMS TO THINK OTHERWISE. AND THEREIN LIES THE PROBLEM...

I HAVE KNOWN THESE HALLUCINATIONS TO GO ON FOR **YEARS**. WHATEVER THE TRUTH OF THE MATTER, MR HARDY, YOU WILL HAVE TO MAKE A CHOICE... CHANGE YOUR ATTITUDE TO THE JUDGES –

– OR SPEND THE REST OF YOUR DAYS LIVING IN **TERROR**.

NOOOO

WHEN GUZ HARDY HAS GONE –

HE BITE?

RECKON SO. NEVER SEEN A MAN SO SHOOK UP.

OKAY, YOU CAN HAVE YOUR OFFICE BACK, DOC. I DON'T NEED TO REMIND YOU – BREATHE ONE WORD OF THIS AND **YOU'LL** NEED THE SHRINK.

ULP! Y-YES, JUDGE!

THAT EVENING –

THAT'S RIGHT! ONCE AGAIN IT'S TIME FOR "**KNOW YOUR RIGHTS**", THE SHOW THAT STANDS UP FOR **YOU!** AND HERE'S YOUR HARD-HITTING HOST, THAT FEARLESS FLAIL OF JUDICIAL EXCESS – **GUUUZZZ HARDY!**

KNOW YOUR RIGHTS

IN THE PAST ON THIS PROGRAMME I HAVE LAUNCHED MANY SCATHING AND SCURRILOUS ATTACKS ON OUR JUDGES. I HAVE CALLED THEM BULLIES, DICTATORS, THUGS, TYRANTS – YOU NAME IT.

I HAVE BUILT A CAREER BY CLIMBING ON THE BACKS OF DECENT, HONEST FOLK WHO GIVE THEIR ALL TO THE HARDEST JOB OF ALL – PROTECTING **US** FROM **OURSELVES** – FROM OUR OWN CRIMINAL NATURES.

SURPRISED, MY FRIENDS? WELL YOU MIGHT BE. BUT GUZ HARDY IS NOT A MAN WHO'S AFRAID TO ADMIT WHEN HE IS WRONG.

WELL, I'M RIPPING UP THE SCRIPT. FROM NOW ON I'M TELLING IT LIKE IT **REALLY** IS. I'M ASKING YOU ALL TO JOIN WITH ME NOW IN PROCLAIMING: **LONG LIVE JUSTICE!**

LONG LIVE THE JUDGES!

RIGHT ON, CREEP!

*INTERESTINGLY, FROM THAT DAY ON GUZ HARDY HAS YET TO SUFFER ANOTHER NIGHTMARE. FINGERS CROSSED, HE'S FEELING JUST **FAB.***

AND COME TO THAT, SO ARE THE JUDGES.

NEXT PROG: **IT'S FAIRLYHYPERMAN!**

ELTZWELTZ! Get 'em while they're hot! Call The Gaffer on Freevid 1000.

OUTSIZE THIGHS? New laser treatment literally burns them away. Box 943.

IMPORTANT NEWS for all Dilligans! Membership applications are NOW due. For full details see Club Column.

BILE FREAX, Send SAE for our free catalogue. Second to none. Tebbit & Co, Box 3000.

CITIZENS OF MEGA-CITY ONE
GO BREAK A LEG.
(This message paid for by the Hate Foundation.)

CALLING ALL DULLS! Mass Bore-In, Horton Towers, 1500 Sunday. Be there AND be square.

TRACEY, Overhead Projection is the one true path. The Guru.

LARGE KNEES? New laser treatment literally burns them away. Box 944.

DATE-U-LIKE announce special 3-day trial partner offer, all types. Money back guarantee. Stamp for brochure, Box 609.

HOPPY, Please come home. We've found your leg, Davina.

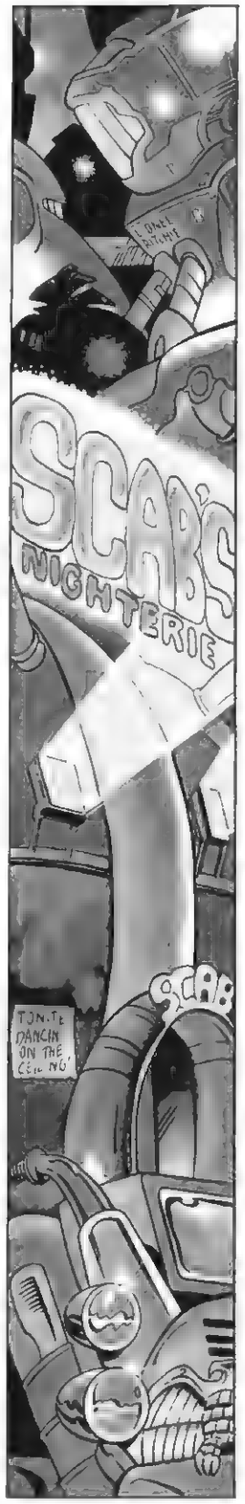
JUDGE DREDD, Meet me 2330, Scabs Niterie. **F.**

EARIES! EARIES! EARIES! Spiced or pickled, massive factory clearance. Giveaway prices! Kenee's Earies, Dalglish Plaza.

B—Contact P or G, ASAP.

TEMPTED TO CRIME? STOP! Don't do it! Call PERP-AID on 5890-000303.

EMBARRASSING FEET? New laser treatment literally burns them away. Box 945.



JUDGE DREDD

SORRY I HAD TO CONTACT YOU IN SUCH A ROUNDABOUT WAY, BUT I'M NOT DUE TO GO PUBLIC UNTIL TOMORROW AND I THOUGHT IT BEST IF WE HAD A QUIET CHAT FIRST JUST TO GET THINGS STRAIGHT.

YOU HAD A **PSYCHO SCAN** LATELY, CREEP? YOU REALISE WASTING MY TIME IS A **CRIME**?

OH, I'M NOT WASTING TIME. I ASSURE YOU, I **AM** FAIRLY HYPER.

YEAH, SURE. I BET YOU GOT SOME REALLY GOOD **POWERS** TOO, HUH?

YES, THE WHOLE RANGE... FAIRLY HOT VISION, FAIRLY COLD VISION, FAIRLY HYPER BREATH... FAIRLY HYPER STRENGTH... UH...FAIRLY HYPER SPEED...

OH, AND I **FLY** TOO.

QUITE WELL, ACTUALLY.

YOU'RE FLYIN' TONIGHT, PAL. C'MON, I'M TAKING YOU **IN**.

OH, COME! I CAN SNAP THESE FAIRLY EASILY, YOU KNOW.

CRASH!

STOP THE MUSIC! THIS IS AN ARV!

A WHAT?

ARMED ROBBERY WITH VIOLENCE, MUNCEHEAD!

EVERYBODY DOWN!

WRONG CLUB, WRONG NIGHT, CHUMPS!

A JUDGE - AIEEEEE!

Snap!

GET BEHIND ME, LITTLE BUDDY!

KLUNK!

THIS IS A JOB FOR FAIRLYHYPERMAN!

HOLEY MOLEY! HE MUST BE WEARING ARMOUR PLATING!

MY FAIRLY HYPER BREATH WILL TAKE THE WIND OUT OF YOUR SAILS, CRIMINAL **SCUM**!

CRUNNK!

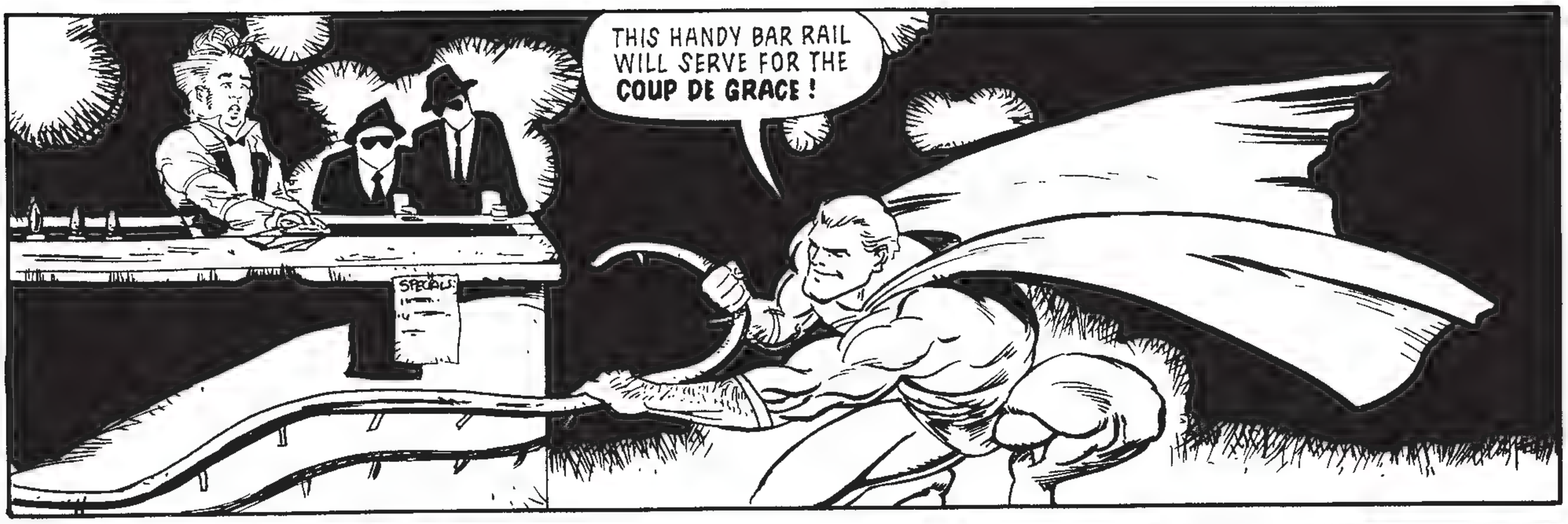
AAAAH!

FAIRLY COLD VISION WILL FREEZE THOSE WEAPONS FROM YOUR HANDS!

M-MY HAND!

CRACK!

SH-SH-SHEESH!


THIS HANDY BAR RAIL WILL SERVE FOR THE COUP DE GRACE !
SPECIALS

SWOOOSH

YAAAAA !

VOILA, LITTLE BUDDY!
KLUNK!

TAKING A BREAK, HUH? WELL, THAT'S OKAY! NOW I'M HERE, I'LL BE TAKING MOST OF THE LOAD OFF JUSTICE DEPT.

THE WAY I SEE IT I'LL BE HANDLING ALL MAJOR CATASTROPHES, BLOCK WARS, LARGE SCALE JUVE RUMBLES, SOV INVASIONS, MOST ARMED PERPS...THAT KIND OF THING.

THERE'LL STILL BE A PLACE FOR THE JUDGES, OF COURSE – TRAFFIC CONTROL, CYCLING PROFICIENCY TESTS, HELPING LITTLE OLD CITIZENS ACROSS THE ROAD – THOUGH I'LL BE DOING A FAIR BIT OF THAT MYSELF.

THE ONLY THING **YOU'LL** BE DOIN' IS **TIME**, CREEP! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR **JUDGE ASSAULT** AND **CRIMINAL DISMEMBERMENT** – AMONG OTHER THINGS!

I REALLY HOPED YOU'D BE REASONABLE ABOUT THIS. STILL, I'M SURE YOU'LL COME ROUND ONCE YOU'VE SEEN THE NEW SYSTEM IN OPERATION.

CIAO FOR NOW!

ZOOM

SCRR

CAN DREDD HALT THE CAPED MENACE – FAIRLY OR OTHERWISE? DON'T MISS NEXT PROG'S FAIRLY EXCITING CONCLUSION!

A TERRORIST BOMB EXPLODES ON A MEGA CITY ZOOM TRACK –

THE TRACK'S DOWN! THAT ZOOM IS DOOMED!

WHEN FAIRLY SUDDENLY OUT OF THE CLEAR GREY SKY –

I MUST SPAN THE TRACK WITH MY FAIRLY MIGHTY BODY!

WOW! HE'S SPANNING THE TRACK WITH HIS FAIRLY MIGHTY BODY!

THE ZOOM HAS PASSED! NOW TO WELD THE TRACK TOGETHER WITH MY **FAIRLY HOT VISION** –

FAIRLY HIGH-PENETRATION X-RAY VISION LOCATES THE PERPETRATORS –

FAIRLYHYPERMAN TO THE RESCUE!

JUDGE DREDD

SCRIPT WAGNER & GRANT
ART MIKE COLLINS
LETTERING FRANK

YIKES!

YOU CAN RUN FROM THE JUDGES, CRIMINAL SCUM, BUT THINGS HAVE CHANGED ROUND HERE!

THERE'S NO ESCAPE FROM FAIRLYHYPERMAN!

THE MEDIA ARE SOON ON THE SCENE —

FAIRLYHYPERMAN, THAT WAS AN AMAZING FEAT!

FAIRLY AMAZING.

TELL US, **WHY** ARE YOU HERE? **WHERE** DO YOU COME FROM? AND **HOW** DO YOU COME TO POSSESS SUCH FANTASTIC POWERS?

OH, SAME AS ANY OTHER SUPERHERO, I GUESS...

I COME FROM THE DISTANT PLANET **KAPOK**, A HIGH-GRAV WORLD WITH A GIANT RED SUN — A DOOMED WORLD WHICH EXPLODED, LEAVING **ME** AS THE ONLY SURVIVOR.

I ARRIVED HERE ON EARTH TO FIND ITS LOWER GRAVITY AND YELLOW SUN COMBINED TO GIVE ME FAIRLY-HYPER POWERS.

I SAW THAT YOUR CITY HAD ONLY **JUDGES** TO PROTECT IT, AND KNEW IMMEDIATELY THAT MY MISSION LAY **HERE**.

JUST HOW HYPER **ARE** YOU, FAIRLYHYPERMAN? CAN **ANYTHING** HURT YOU?

YES, ONE THING — GREEN KAPOKITE, BUT I'M NOT GOING TO TELL YOU ITS NAME. ANYWAY, IT'S ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO OBTAIN, SO THE CHANCES OF IT BEING USED AGAINST ME ARE FAIRLY REMOTE.

BUT HARK! MY FAIRLY HYPER HEARING DETECTS A CRY FOR AID! EXCUSE ME, MY FRIENDS —

FAIRLYHYPERMAN TO THE RESCUE!

THROUGHOUT THE MORNING, FAIRLY HYPERMAN CARRIES OUT A SERIES OF FAIRLY HYPER FEATS –

HE'S FREEZING THE INFERNO WITH HIS FAIRLY COLD VISION!

HE'S BLOWING THAT MUTANT INVASION BACK WITH ONE BLAST OF HIS FAIRLY HYPER BREATH!

HI-EX JUST BOUNCES OFF HIS FAIRLY HYPER SKIN!

TAKE THAT, DERANGED ROBOT!

JUDGE DREDD, WHAT IS JUSTICE DEPARTMENT'S VIEW OF FAIRLY-HYPERMAN?

THE CREEP'S A **MENACE!**

BUT HE'S SAVED **HUNDREDS** OF LIVES –

THAT'S BESIDE THE POINT. **NO ONE** CAN BE ALLOWED TO TAKE THE **LAW** INTO THEIR OWN HANDS, EVEN WITH THE BEST OF INTENTIONS.

HE'S ALREADY COMMITTED NUMEROUS **CRIMES** RANGING FROM DESTRUCTION OF JUDICIAL PROPERTY TO **CULPABLE HOMICIDE**. FOR THE GOOD OF THE CITY HE'S GOT TO BE TAKEN OFF THE STREETS.

BUT JUDGES ARE ONLY MORTALS! HOW CAN YOU **HOPE** TO OVERCOME HIS FAIRLYHYPER POWERS?

WATCH ME!

H-WAGON TO DREDD! HAVE LOCATED YOUR PERP - NOW IN PURSUIT OF STOLEN SECURITY POD, CRUSOE INTERSKEDS!

VAN

CRUSOE

THAT'S FAR ENOUGH!

FAIRLYHYPERMAN'S STOPPING IT DEAD!

SPLATT

WIN SOME, LOSE SOME!

FAIRLYHYPERMAN!

WELL, HI THERE, LITTLE BUDDY! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

HEY, I THOUGHT WE HAD THIS SORTED OUT! YOU CAN'T ARREST ME - I'M THE CITY'S PROTECTOR!

THAT'S THE WAY YOU PROTECT PEOPLE?

THEM? THEY WERE CRIMINAL **SCUM!** THEY HAD IT COMING!

THAT'S NOT YOUR DECISION TO MAKE! NOW ARE YOU COMING DOWN THE EASY WAY OR THE **HARD** WAY?

YOU CAN GET DOWN HERE PRONTO! YOU'RE **UNDER ARREST**

AW, DON'T BE SILLY, LITTLE BUDDY! YOU KNOW YOUR BULLETS CAN'T HURT **ME**! I'M FAIRLY HYPER, REMEMBER?

SUIT YOURSELF!

I-I'M BLEEDING...

KAPOKITE...YOU USED GREEN KAPOKITE BULLETS! B-BUT WHERE...?

JUSTICE DEPT KEEP A SELECTION OF FRAGMENTS FROM ALL KNOWN EXPLODING WORLDS, ESPECIALLY THOSE WHICH HAVE PASSED THROUGH RADIOACTIVE DUSTCLOUDS.

WE'VE GOT **HALF A TON** OF THE STUFF DOWN IN THE VAULTS.

THAT'S... THAT'S A PRETTY UNLIKELY STORY, ISN'T IT?

FAIRLY.

BUT THEN WHEN YOU COME DOWN TO IT, **YOU'RE** PRETTY UNLIKELY YOURSELF.

TAKE HIM AWAY.

THE END.

NEXT PROG: **REVOLUTION!**

ON THE 13TH OF MARCH, 2108, HESTER HYMAN, FRANKLIN LUND, J. WILLIAM WILLIAMS AND ROOFER TUTTLE WERE SHOT DOWN IN COLD BLOOD BY THE FORCES OF SO-CALLED LAW AND ORDER.

THEY HAD HURT NO ONE – THEY OFFERED NO RESISTANCE. THEY ACCEPTED THEIR FATE IN THE KNOWLEDGE THAT EACH DEATH, EACH SACRIFICE IS A STEP IN THE DIRECTION OF FREEDOM.

THE **DEMOCRATIC TENDENCY** ARE ONLY THE MOST WELL-DOCUMENTED EXAMPLE OF **DECENT, ORDINARY CITIZENS** WILLING TO **DIE** FOR A **CAUSE** THEY BELIEVE TO BE **JUST**...

THE RETURN OF POWER TO THE HANDS OF THE PEOPLE!

JUDGE DREDD

GORT...?

MY NAME IS GORT HYMAN HESTER HYMAN WAS MY WIFE.

REVOLUTION

PART ONE!

SCRIPT WAGNER & GRANT
ART JOHN HIGGINS
LETTERING T. FRAME

I USED TO BE YOUR AVERAGE KIND OF JOE CIT – JUST GETTING ALONG, KEEPING MY HEAD DOWN, DOING MY BEST TO STAY **OUT** OF TROUBLE.

SURE, I DIDN'T **LIKE** THE WAY THINGS WERE, BUT YOU CAN'T BUCK JUSTICE DEPARTMENT, THAT WAS **MY** MOTTO.

WHEN... WHEN HESTER GOT KILLED IT **SHOOK** ME. I MEAN, I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW SHE WAS A **MEMBER** OF THIS **DEMOCRATIC TENDENCY.**

WHY HADN'T SHE TOLD ME? WHAT **RIGHT** DID SHE HAVE ABANDONING US OVER SOME... SOME **HARE-BRAINED PRINCIPLE?**

TIKA TAKA TIKA

IT WAS WEEKS BEFORE I COULD THINK STRAIGHT – BEFORE I COULD BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND WHY SHE DID IT... YOU SEE, HESTER LOVED OUR KIDS. AND SHE'D NEVER HAVE RUN OUT ON THEM IF THERE WAS ANY OTHER WAY.

BUT SHE LOOKED AT THIS WORLD – SHE SAW OUR KIDS GROWING UP IN IT, TURNING INTO PEOPLE LIKE US – GOOD FOR TAKING ORDERS, DOING WHAT WE'RE TOLD. **FRIGHTENED** PEOPLE. **CRUSHED** BY THE CITY. **CRUSHED** BY OUR SELF-APPOINTED OVERLORDS, THE **JUDGES...**

HESTER SAW OUR KIDS' FUTURE AND IT **TERRIFIED** HER. AND **BECAUSE** SHE LOVED THEM SHE CHOSE TO **SACRIFICE** HER **LIFE** TO **CHANGE** IT!

WHEN A GOOD MOTHER MUST **DIE** TO CHANGE THE SOCIETY HER KIDS GROW UP IN, SOMETHING IS BADLY **WRONG** WITH THAT SOCIETY! WE'VE LIVED IN **FEAR** OF THE **JUDGES** TOO LONG! IT'S TIME TO STAND UP AND BE **COUNTED!**

DEMOCRACY!

I HAVE IN MY HAND THE **CHARTER** OF THE **DEMOCRATIC TENDENCY**. IT CALLS FOR AN **END** TO THE **TYRANNY** OF THE **JUDGES** AND AN **IMMEDIATE** RETURN TO **DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES!**

IT CALLS FOR THE RETURN OF **BASIC FREEDOMS** TAKEN AWAY OVER **DECADES** OF OPPRESSION!

IT CALLS FOR A **REPEAL** OF THE HARSH PENALTIES FOR MINOR INFRINGEMENTS!

IT CALLS FOR A CITY GOVERNED **FOR** THE PEOPLE, **BY** THE PEOPLE!

WE SEEN 'IS BEFORE! SWITCHA CHANNEL!

THAT IS WHY WE, THE LEADERSHIP OF THE **HESTER HYMAN TRUST** – THE **SONS OF THE CONSTITUTION** – THE **FREEDOM LEAGUE** – THE **DEMOCRATIC URGE** – THE **COMMITTEE** FOR THE **RESTORATION OF CIVIL LIBERTIES** ARE GATHERED HERE TODAY. TO REQUEST **YOUR** SUPPORT!

TOMORROW AT NOON WE WILL **MARCH** UPON THE **HALL OF JUSTICE** TO PRESENT THE JUDGES WITH OUR **DEMANDS** AS EMBODIED IN THIS **CHARTER**.

THERE WILL BE **NO** VIOLENCE. WE WILL GIVE THEM **NO EXCUSE** TO BEAT US DOWN WITH THEIR GUNS AND THEIR DAYSTICKS.

WE WILL MARCH **NOT** WITH THE CLENCHED FIST OF ANGER, BUT WITH THE OPEN PALM OF **PEACE** – YET OUR DEMANDS WILL SOUND NO LESS LOUDLY...

POWER TO THE PEOPLE!

WE ASK YOU TO **JOIN** US! SPREAD THE WORD! LET THE **WHOLE CITY** KNOW!

SPREAD THE WORD!

POWER TO THE PEOPLE, BABY!

HESTER

ARENA

CHIEF JUDGE SILVER, WHAT IS YOUR REACTION TO THE STATEMENT OF THE **DEMOCRATIC CHARTER GROUP?**

DEMOCRACY... HMMPH!

IT'S AN OLD CHESTNUT. THERE'S ALWAYS **SOME** LUNATIC GROUP DRAGGING IT OUT OF THE FIRE.

WE'VE TRIED DEMOCRACY BEFORE. BELIEVE ME, IT DOESN'T WORK.

PRESS

PRESS

THIS... **FALLACY** THAT WE'RE SOMEHOW THE **ENEMY** OF THE PEOPLE – COULDN'T BE MORE WRONG. WHY, WE'RE THEIR **BEST FRIENDS.**

C-COULD YOU **REPEAT** THAT, SIR?

NO, IF WE KEEP A TIGHT GRIP ON THE PEOPLE IT IS FOR THEIR OWN **GOOD.** WITHOUT US, THE CITY WOULD **COLLAPSE** INTO CHAOS AND ANARCHY.

AND THE **MARCH**, SIR?

IT HAS HAPPENED **BEFORE** AND I HAVE **NO INTENTION** OF ALLOWING IT TO HAPPEN **AGAIN.**

WE ARE NOT **TYRANTS.** WE DO NOT SEEK TO DENY OUR CITIZENS THE RIGHT OF **PEACEFUL** DEMONSTRATION.

LET THEM **MARCH.** AS LONG AS THEY REMAIN WITHIN THE LAW, THEY WILL BE **TOLERATED.**

THAT'S FAR ENOUGH. NO MORE QUESTIONS.

GET **DREDD** IN HERE.

IF WE ALLOW A DANGEROUS IDEA LIKE **DEMOCRACY** TO TAKE A HOLD ON THE PEOPLE, WE'RE **LOST**, DREDD. I CONSIDER IT THE GREATEST **THREAT** TO THIS CITY SINCE THE **APOCALYPSE WAR.**

WHILE IT WOULD BE UNWISE TO COME OUT AND OPENLY BAN THE MARCH, I AM AUTHORISING YOU TO TAKE WHATEVER ACTION YOU DEEM NECESSARY TO ENSURE THAT IT DOES NOT SUCCEED.

DOES THAT INCLUDE **EXCEEDING** THE LAW?

I WANT THIS MOVEMENT **CRUSHED**, DREDD. ON THIS ONE YOU **WRITE** THE LAW.

DREDD GATHERS AN OPERATIONS TEAM –

I SEE NO POINT IN PUSSYFOOTING AROUND. WHY CAN'T WE JUST SLAP AN **ORDER** ON THEM?

NO, I MUST AGREE WITH THE CHIEF JUDGE.

THE DEMOCRATS HAVE GOT THIS CITY INFLAMED ENOUGH AS IT **IS.** YOU'VE SEEN WHAT IT'S **LIKE** OUT THERE –

YEAH. REAL QUIET...

NEVER SEEN ANYTHING **LIKE** IT. HARDLY A CRIME – HARDLY A PERP IN SIGHT. STREETS NEARLY **EMPTY.** LIKE THEY'RE ALL STAYING IN, BUILDING THEMSELVES UP FOR TOMORROW...

THERE'S A READY-MADE RIOT JUST **WAITING** TO HAPPEN. WHETHER WE START IT OR NOT, WE CAN'T BE **SEEN** TO DO SO.

NO, WE'LL START WORKING ON THE **LEADERS** - PICK THEM OFF ONE BY ONE. BUT THE MARCH GOES **AHEAD**.

WE'LL USE IT AS A GLARING EXAMPLE OF THE **DANGERS** OF DEMOCRACY!

DREDD'S TEAM WORK TIRELESSLY THROUGH THE NIGHT -

GOT SOMETHING JUICY ON **BETHANN ROSIE**, THE CIVIL LIBERTIES WOMAN.

BETHANN ROSIE CRCL

SHE'S BEEN MARRIED SIX TIMES, RIGHT? THING IS, HER REGISTERED SIGNATURE IS **BETHANN** - ONE WORD; BUT FOR SOME REASON ON HER SECOND DIVORCE SHE SIGNED **BETH ANN** - **TWO** WORDS.

MAKES THE DIVORCE **INVALID** - TECHNICALLY, THAT TO FOUR COUNTS OF **BIGAMY**. AND LAYS HER OPEN

WE'VE GOT **THREE** OF THE HUSBANDS READY TO MAKE A STINK - STILL **WORKING** ON THE CURRENT ONE.

THE CHARGE WILL HOLD AT LEAST UNTIL **APPEAL** - AND IT TAKES HER OUT OF THE MARCH.

AND WE KEEP **OUR** HANDS CLEAN THE CITIZENS AREN'T GOING TO START RIOTING WHEN WE PICK UP A FOUR-TIME **BIGAMIST**.

GOOD WORK. MAKE THE ARREST.

HOW YOU COMING WITH PHILLIPPS?

DEPENDS HOW FAR YOU WANT TO **GO**.

AS FAR AS WE **HAVE** TO.

RIGHT... **FACT:** MORTON PHILLIPPS WAS ALMOST SHOT AS A **COLLABORATOR** JUST AFTER THE WAR. TURNED OUT TO BE A CASE OF **MISTAKEN IDENTITY** - BUT SAY WE STARTED PUTTING OUT THE **RUMOUR**...?

NOT ENOUGH.

HOW ABOUT THIS? PHILLIPPS IN SOV UNIFORM, TAKEN AT A COSTUME HOP TWO YEARS AGO.

NICE. OKAY, USE IT.

STILL NOTHING ON **HYMAN** OR **DUPRE**. THEY APPEAR TO LIVE BLAMELESS LIVES.

FORGET DUPRE. SHE'S THE RINGLEADER. I WANT HER **ON** THE MARCH, ISOLATED.

KEEP WORKING ON GORT HYMAN. **HE'S** THE KEY. WE JUST NEED A WAY TO **TURN** HIM.

THE IMAGE, THE INSPIRATION THAT FIRES THE WHOLE DEMOCRATIC MOVEMENT - IS THAT OF **HESTER HYMAN**. I INTEND TO **DESTROY** THAT IMAGE.

I INTEND TO MAKE GORT HYMAN **BETRAY** HER.

NEXT PROG: **CIVIL LIBERTIES!**

JUDGE DREDD

THROUGH THE NIGHT PRECEDING THE **DEMOCRATIC CHARTER MARCH** JUDGES WORK TIRELESSLY TO UNDERMINE IT —

SCRIPT WAGNER/GRANT
ART JOHN HIGGINS
LETTERING TOM FRAME

YOU ARE **KENZAL DAVITCEK**, PRESIDENT OF THE **SONS** OF THE **CONSTITUTION**?

YOU **KNOW** I AM! THIS IS AN **OUTRAGE**!

FOUND IT **TWO DAYS OVERDUE**, ALL RIGHT.

TAKE HIM IN.

ON YOUR FEET, DAVITCEK!

A **VID SLUG** CHARGE? IF THIS IS YOUR WAY OF KEEPING ME OUT OF THE MARCH, I WARN YOU, **THE PEOPLE WON'T STAND FOR IT!**

DON'T WORRY, DAVITCEK, YOU'LL BE THERE.

KEEP HIM ON HIS FEET ALL NIGHT NO FOOD, NO WATER, NO SLEEP. RELEASE HIM JUST IN TIME FOR THE MARCH. DO THEM GOOD TO SEE THEIR LEADERS FALLING BY THE WAYSIDE.

BIT ROUGH ON THE OLD CREEP.

DEMOCRACY IS A CANCER EATING AT THE HEART OF OUR SOCIETY. **ANY** ACTION WE HAVE TO TAKE TO STAMP IT OUT — HOWEVER REGRETTABLE — IS **JUSTIFIED.**

REVOLUTION

PART TWO!

GOOD MORNING, MEGA-CITY! IT'S 0800 ON THE DAY OF THE **DEMOCRATIC CHARTER MARCH**, AND THE BIG NEWS THIS MORNING IS THE **ARREST** OF MRS **BETHANN ROSIE**, LEADER OF THE **COMMITTEE** FOR THE **RESTORATION** OF **CIVIL LIBERTIES** ON CHARGES OF **BIGAMY.**

CITIZEN ROSIE, ONE OF THE LEADERS OF TODAY'S MARCH, IS NOT AVAILABLE FOR COMMENT. MEANWHILE, FOUR OF HER UNFORTUNATE "HUSBANDS" HAVE BEEN MAKING THEIR FEELINGS KNOWN...

IT'S DISGRACEFUL!

I FEEL CHEATED – **BETRAYED!** HOW COULD SHE **DO** THIS? I LOVED THAT WOMAN!

YOU HAVE TO WONDER IF SOMEONE OF BETHANN'S LOW MORAL STANDARDS SHOULD BE LEADING ANY KIND OF MARCH.

IS THERE ANY TRUTH IN THE SUGGESTION THAT JUDGES HAVE PUT PRESSURE ON YOU TO MAKE THESE STATEMENTS?

DON'T BE RIDICULOUS!

SO IT SEEMS OUR RESPECTED CIVIL LIBERTIES LEADER HAS BEEN TAKING RATHER TOO MANY LIBERTIES HERSELF.

MEANWHILE, EVIDENCE IS EMERGING THAT ANOTHER OF THE MARCH ORGANISERS IS NOT QUITE WHAT HE SEEMS...

MORTON PHILLIPPS, CHAIRMAN OF THE **FREEDOM LEAGUE**, CARE TO COMMENT ON THE RUMOUR THAT YOU **COLLABORATED** WITH THE **SOVS** DURING THE LAST WAR?

I DENY IT!

AND HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN THIS PHOTOGRAPH OF YOU WEARING THE UNIFORM OF OUR ENEMIES?

THAT - B-BUT THAT WAS TAKEN AT A DANCE! I WAS IN COSTUME -

LIAR!

I KNOW YOU, **MR SOV-LOVER PHILLIPPS!** HOW **MANY** HAVE YOU SENT TO SOV FIRING SQUADS? HOW **MUCH** BLOOD IS ON YOUR FILTHY HANDS?

B-BUT I'M INNOCENT...!

LIAR!

I KNOW YOU TOO, TRAITOR! DID I NOT WATCH YOU SENTENCING EVERY ONE OF MY CITI-DEF TO **DEATH**?

I-I ASSURE YOU, YOU'RE MISTAKEN!

THIS IS **PREPOSTEROUS!** I-I'VE NEVER SEEN THIS MAN BEFORE! **GO AWAY! LEAVE ME ALONE!**

A JUSTICE DEPT SPOKESMAN SAID NO ACTION WAS BEING CONSIDERED AGAINST MR PHILLIPPS.

NO MISTAKE!

YOU DON'T FORGET THE MAN WHO PUT THE ROPE AROUND YOUR NECK!

TAKEN WITH THE LACK OF OPPOSITION TO THE FORTHCOMING DEMOCRATIC CHARTER MARCH, THE QUESTION MUST BE ASKED: ARE THE JUDGES GOING SOFT? ARE THEY ALLOWING THE FREEDOM OF THE CITIZENS TO BE TAKEN JUST A BIT TOO FAR?

THEY'VE **RUINED** ME! I CAN'T GO TO THE MARCH NOW!

BUT YOU NEVER DID THOSE THINGS, MORTY!

IT DOESN'T MATTER. THE MUD'LL STICK. MY NAME'S BLACKENED – AND NOBODY WANTS A TRAITOR ON A FREEDOM MARCH.

CONTROL! KESTON HERE. JOB'S DONE – MORTON PHILLIPPS CAN PUT AWAY HIS HIKING BOOTS.

CHECK. RETURN TO BASE. DREDD WANTS THE ENTIRE WALLY SQUAD ON DUTY. BRIEFING 0900.

WALLY SQUAD – JUSTICE DEPT'S UNDERCOVER DIVISION.

UNDOUBTEDLY NEWS OF THE DISGRACED LEADERS DISCOURAGES MANY WOULD-BE MARCHERS. YET THE MOOD IN THE CITY IS STRONG.

BY 10.00 HOURS TRANSPORT TO THE ASSEMBLY POINT IS ALREADY OVERLOADED.

EARLY PROJECTIONS PUT THE FINAL FIGURE AT SOMEWHERE IN EXCESS OF 20 MILLION.

AMONG THE BANNERS THAT FLY ABOVE THE GATHERING MULTITUDE ONE IMAGE DOMINATES – THAT OF **HESTER HYMAN**. THE PEOPLE IDENTIFY WITH HER AND DRAW STRENGTH FROM HER COURAGE AND SACRIFICE.

MARTYR

HESTER

DEMOCRACY

IT'S NOW

SHE DIED FOR US

POWER TO THE PEOPLE

HESTER HYMAN

CITIZEN GORT HYMAN.

WHAT DO YOU WANT, DREDD?

A LITTLE CO-OPERATION.

CLIK

YOU SEE, HYMAN, FEELINGS ARE RUNNING PRETTY HIGH OUT THERE — THAT SPEECH YOU MADE DIDN'T HELP MATTERS. UNLESS WE CALM THINGS DOWN A LITTLE A LOT OF PEOPLE ARE GOING TO GET HURT.

THAT'S WHERE YOU CAN HELP.

SAY YOU WERE TO CHANGE YOUR MIND AND COME OUT **AGAINST** THE MARCH...

YOUR LATE WIFE ACTED FROM THE BEST MOTIVES, OF COURSE, BUT YOU NOW SEE THAT SHE WAS MISGUIDED. SHE DID NOT REALISE THE FULL AND DISASTROUS IMPLICATIONS OF A RETURN TO DEMOCRACY.

IN FUTURE THE **HESTER HYMAN TRUST** WILL WORK FOR PEACEFUL CO-OPERATION WITHIN THE PRESENT JUDICIAL SYSTEM.

YOU —! YOU'RE TRYING TO GET TO ME THE SAME WAY YOU GOT TO PHILLIPPS AND ROSIE! WELL, YOU'RE **WASTING YOUR TIME!** YOU CAN'T BLACKMAIL ME! I'VE BROKEN NO LAWS — I'VE MADE SURE OF THAT!

YEAH. QUITE A MODEL CITIZEN.

YOU'RE SO CLEAN I THOUGHT OF GIVING YOU A MEDAL. BUT THEN I THOUGHT OF SOMETHING BETTER. HERE —

JUSTICE DEPARTMENT

THEY'RE **INDUCTION ORDERS** TO THE **ACADEMY OF LAW.**

WITH SUCH A FINE UPSTANDING FATHER THOSE TWO BOYS OF YOURS HAVE GOT TO BE FIRST RATE **JUDGE MATERIAL.**

NO...

YOU **CAN'T!** NOT MY BOYS!

I'M SURE YOUR LATE WIFE WOULD HAVE BEEN VERY PROUD OF THEM.

YOU'RE MAKING A **MOCKERY** OF EVERYTHING HESTER STOOD FOR! SO MUCH FOR YOUR PRETENCE OF JUSTICE! YOU'RE CORRUPT – **EVIL!** YOU'LL DO ANYTHING TO GET YOUR WAY – TO HANG ON TO YOUR PRECIOUS POWER!

WRONG, CITIZEN.

I'LL DO ANYTHING TO PROTECT THIS CITY AGAINST DANGEROUS FOOLS LIKE YOU.

GORT HYMAN'S STATEMENT ROCKS THE CITY –

...IF ONLY HESTER COULD HAVE SEEN THE CHAOS SHE WAS WISHING ON US ALL. WITHOUT... WITHOUT THE JUDGES THIS CITY WOULD BECOME A JUNGLE, A NIGHTMARE.

I SEE NOW I WAS **WRONG.** I BEG YOU – **THINK AGAIN!** DON'T GO ON THIS MARCH OF INSANITY!

GORT! HOW DID THEY GET TO **HIM?**

ARCH STEWARD

YOU'RE FREE TO GO, CITIZEN.

KENZAL!

14

THEY...THEY'VE HAD ME ON MY FEET ALL NIGHT. I...I FEEL ILL...

GET HIM A DRINK!

YOU AND I ARE THE ONLY LEADERS LEFT NOW. CAN YOU WALK, KENZAL? WE NEED YOU IN THE MARCH.

I...I'LL TRY.

HYMAN'S DEFECTION CASTS A PALL OF UNCERTAINTY OVER THE PROCEEDINGS. CROWD PROJECTIONS ARE HURRIEDLY REVISED DOWNWARDS.

ALL THE SAME, BY MIDDAY AN ESTIMATED ***16 MILLION*** *MEGA-CITIZENS HAVE GATHERED, FILLING THE BROAD BOULEVARD 14, STRETCHING FOR FIVE KILOMETRES BACK INTO THE NEXT SECTOR.*

THEY'VE PULLED EVERY DIRTY TRICK BUT THEY STILL CAN'T STOP US! LOOK AT THIS CROWD! TOO MANY VOICES FOR THEM EVER TO SILENCE!

POWER TO THE PEOPLE

DEMOCRACY NOW

HYMAN

LET'S GO!

FORWARD FOR DEMOCRACY!

NEXT PROG: ***BLOOD ON THE BOULEVARD!***

IT IS THE BEGINNING OF THE REVOLUTION. 16 MILLION MEGA-CITIZENS UNITED IN A COMMON AIM:

AN END TO THE TYRANNY OF THE JUDGES.

A RETURN TO THE PRINCIPLES OF DEMOCRACY.

POWER TO THE PEOPLE!

REVOLUTION

PART THREE!

SCRIPT WAGNER & GRANT
ART JOHN HIGGINS
LETTERING T. FRAME

JUDGE DREDD

AND THE PEOPLE WITH THE POWER ARE READY AND WAITING –

THE MARCH IS GO. ASSAULT UNITS STAND BY.

KENZAL!

HE'S WEAK... DAMNED JUDGES! KEEPING THE OLD GUY UP ALL NIGHT ON A TRUMPED-UP CHARGE!

YOU'VE **GOT** TO KEEP GOING, KENZAL! WE'RE THE ONLY TWO LEADERS LEFT NOW!

WE'VE GOT TO CARRY THE FLAG FOR **DEMOCRACY!**

IT'S TIME

AS THE MULTITUDE SURGES THROUGH REMEMBRANCE SQUARE, STRATEGICALLY-PLACED JUDGES ACTIVATE THEIR SONIC CANNON –

THE LOW FREQUENCY SOUND WAVES ARE UNDETECTABLE. THEY HAVE AN UNSETTLING EFFECT ON THE MARCHERS...

THE MOOD OF CHEERFUL OPTIMISM DISSIPATES. PEOPLE BEGIN TO FEEL UNEASY.

SOME, ON THE FRINGES, BEGIN TO DRIFT AWAY.

IN THE BODY OF THE MARCH JUSTICE DEPT UNDERCOVER UNITS ARE ALREADY SOWING DISSENSION –

I GOT A **BAD FEELIN'** ABOUT THIS! AIN'T LIKE THE JUDGES TO STAND BY. THEY'RE **PLANNIN' SOMETHING!**

WELL, I AIN'T *STICKIN'* AROUND! DEMOCRACY AIN'T WORTH GETTIN' **MY HEAD** CRACKED FOR!

NOW! IS THE TIME

DEI

A STRANGE AIR OF DESPONDENCY SEEMS TO HAVE SETTLED OVER THE CROWD. MOST OF THE SINGING AND CHANTING HAS STOPPED. THERE APPEAR TO BE A NUMBER OF PEOPLE GIVING UP AND MOVING OFF.

COULD IT BE THIS CRY FOR DEMOCRACY IS NOT AS LOUD AS THE LEADERS WOULD HAVE US BELIEVE?

THE MARCH HAS HALTED! THERE'S SOME CONFUSION DOWN THERE! **KENZAL DAVITCEK**, LEADER OF THE **SONS OF THE CONSTITUTION**, APPEARS TO HAVE **COLLAPSED**.

I'M SORRY, BLONDEL.... YOU – YOU'LL HAVE TO GO ON WITHOUT ME...

DAVITCEK'S OUT, DREDD. BLONDEL DUPRE'S ON HER OWN.

CHECK.

ASSAULT UNITS, GET READY. LET'S MAKE THIS SHORT AND SWEET.

IN THE CROWD, INFILTRATORS STEP UP THEIR ACTION –

HEAR THE NEWS? OLD DAVITCEK'S **QUIT**! THE **COWARD**!

WHAT KINDA **MARCH** IS THIS ANYWAY WHEN THE LEADERS AIN'T EVEN GOT THE GUTS TO GO THROUGH WITH IT?

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY WE'LL EVER GET WHAT WE WANT FROM THE JUDGES – THAT'S TO **TAKE** IT!

RIGHT ON! DEMOCRACY!

THE VIOLENCE IS CAREFULLY ORCHESTRATED. IT SPREADS UP AND DOWN THE LINE –

DOWN WITH THE JUDGES!

FIGHT! FIGHT FOR DEMOCRACY!

NO! STOP! YOU'RE PLAYING RIGHT INTO THEIR HANDS! THERE MUST BE NO VIOLENCE!

MD

THIS IS **INCREDIBLE!** THE MARCH IS ERUPTING INTO CHAOS! I CAN SEE A JUDGE GOING DOWN UNDER A HAIL OF MISSILES –

ASSAULT UNITS **GO!**

THE JUDGES HAVE BEEN STUNG INTO ACTION. AND NOT BEFORE TIME! THEY'RE MOVING IN IN NUMBERS ALL ALONG THE ROUTE!

LEAVE US ALONE! THIS IS A PEACEFUL MARCH!

WAS!

GIVE PEACE A CHANCE!

FAMILY MAN! **FAMILY MAN!**

STAY DOWN – PLAY DEAD TILL IT'S OVER!

"FAMILY MAN" – THE CODEPHRASE IDENTIFYING JUSTICE DEPT UNDERCOVER UNITS.

THE MARCH BREAKS UP IN DISARRAY. PEOPLE PANIC – RUN...

JUDGES ALLOW THEM TO FLEE UNHINDERED. IT IS NOT IN THEIR INTERESTS TO MAKE TOO MANY ARRESTS. EVEN THE ISO-CUBES OF MEGA-CITY ONE HAVE THEIR LIMITS.

KEEP 'EM MOVING! ALL THE WAY HOME!

THAT NIGHT **CHIEF JUDGE SILVER** BROADCASTS TO THE CITY –

CITIZENS, IT IS NOT OFTEN A JUDGE HAS TO ADMIT HE HAS BEEN WRONG.

I NOW MAKE THAT ADMISSION.

AGAINST MY BETTER JUDGEMENT I ALLOWED TODAY'S MARCH TO GO AHEAD. IF THE **DISGUSTING** INCIDENTS WE WITNESSED ARE AN EXAMPLE OF DEMOCRACY AT WORK, THEN I TRUST EVERYONE OF YOU HAS LEARNED A VALUABLE LESSON.

FREEDOM IS A FINE IDEAL, BUT TOO MUCH FREEDOM IS A DANGEROUS THING.

YES, OUR LAWS ARE HARSH. YES, OUR FREEDOMS ARE SUBJECT TO CERTAIN RESTRICTIONS. NOT BECAUSE WE WANT IT THIS WAY – BECAUSE IT **MUST BE** THIS WAY.

THIS AFTERNOON'S EVENTS DEMONSTRATE ONLY TOO CLEARLY WHAT HAPPENS WHEN WE RELAX OUR RIGID CONTROL. IF IT HAD NOT BEEN FOR THE PROMPT ACTION OF MY JUDGES THERE IS NO TELLING WHAT DEVASTATION WOULD HAVE BEEN WREAKED UPON THIS CITY – ALL IN THE NAME OF DEMOCRACY.

SO LET ME HEAR NO MORE COMPLAINT. LET ME HEAR NO VOICES RAISED AGAINST US. LET ME INSTEAD HEAR **PRAISE** FOR THE **TRUE** GUARDIANS OF OUR FREEDOM – THOSE STALWART SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF **JUSTICE DEPT.**

AND ABOVE ALL, LET ME HEAR NO MORE FOOL'S TALK OF DEMOCRACY. **DEMOCRACY IS DEAD.**

THE REVOLUTION IS OVER!

GIVE US FREEDOM OR DEATH

DEMOCRACY

IN JUSTICE DEPT SECTOR HOUSES THE MASS OF PRISONERS ARE PROCESSED –

I TELL YOU, I DIDN'T DO NOTHIN'!

WE'LL SEE.

THIS IS **YOUR** DOING. YOU SET IT ALL UP!

THAT'S A SERIOUS ACCUSATION, CITIZEN. DO YOU HAVE **PROOF**?

I DON'T NEED PROOF! YOU'RE JUDGES, AREN'T YOU? YOU LIE AND CHEAT AND CONNIVE – YOU DO **ANYTHING** TO HANG ONTO YOUR PRECIOUS POWER.

ANY ACTION WE TAKE TO STAMP OUT PERNICIOUS IDEAS LIKE DEMOCRACY IS JUSTIFIED – FOR THE GOOD OF THE PEOPLE.

DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH! WHAT DO **YOU** KNOW ABOUT WHAT'S GOOD FOR THE PEOPLE?

DOING THINGS YOUR WAY? DOING WHAT WE'RE TOLD? FOLLOWING ORDERS? LIVING IN FEAR ALL OUR LIVES?

TAKE HER AWAY!

MY GRUD, YOU **DON'T UNDERSTAND**, DO YOU –?

YOU'VE WON THIS BATTLE, DREDD, BUT THE REVOLUTION ISN'T OVER. OH NO!

YOU CAN BEAT US WITH YOUR BOOTS AND YOUR DAYSTICKS, BUT YOU CAN'T CRUSH OUR IDEALS! FREEDOM – TRUTH – DEMOCRACY – THEY ALL LIVE WHERE YOU CAN'T TOUCH THEM – IN THE HEARTS OF THE PEOPLE!

AND ONE DAY THEY'RE GOING TO BEAT YOU!

THE END...OF THE BEGINNING

JUDGE DREDD

SCRIPT WAGNER & GRANT
ART LIAM SHARP
LETTERING T ERAME

KAREN BERGER BLOCK

Plip!

Plip!

Plip!

NOTICE THE NUMBER OF SMALL, CIRCULAR IMPRESSIONS THAT SHOW UP UNDER **ULTRAVIOLET**...

SUCKER MARKS

THEY GO RIGHT UP ALONG THE **CEILING** – STOP ABRUPTLY OVER THE PERCH

BUHDUM BUH...

SKRAAAWKKK!

FORENSIC

FORENSIC

A PET **VULTURE**?

TAKES ALL TYPES

THIS THING – IT **HAD** TO BE A ROBOT...

YES. THE POISON USED WAS A **SYNTHETIC**, TZ310 – EASILY-ENOUGH MADE BY **ANYONE** WITH A BASIC KNOWLEDGE OF CHEMISTRY

"WE FIGURE IT WAS AUDIO-DIRECTIONAL – PROBABLY PROGRAMMED TO HOME ON ITS VICTIMS' **HEARTBEAT** – HENCE THE VULTURE."

BDUM BDUM BDUM BDU

DUM BDUMBDUMBDU...M-M--BI

THE **SMELL** ALERTED THE NEIGHBOURS... VICTIMS HAVE BEEN **DEAD** ABOUT EIGHT TO TEN WEEKS... HARD TO TELL.

THE MAN **DIED** WHERE HE SLEPT. THE WOMAN MUST'VE WOKEN UP, **PANICKED**...

"LACERATIONS ON HER FEET SUGGEST SHE **STAMPED** REPEATEDLY ON IT..."

MASH MASH MASH

BDUMBDUMBDUMBDUMBDUMBDUMBDUMBDUMBDUM

UUH- UHH- UHH-

BDUMBUDUMBDUMBDUMBD.....

THUNK!

Plip Plip
Plip
Plip
FRANK AND RODA SWINDLEY. HE WAS FORTY-ONE, SHE WAS FORTY-FOUR. BOTH **UNEMPLOYED**. LIVED IN THE BLOCK THREE YEARS.
THE MOTIVE... **THEFT**
NO, AS FAR AS WE CAN TELL **NOTHING** WAS TAKEN
CHINK!
Plip
WE'RE LOOKING INTO POSSIBLE **ENEMIES** — ANYONE WHO MIGHT'VE BORNE A **GRUDGE** AGAINST THEM, HAD REASON TO WANT THEM **DEAD** BUT THEY WERE A **POPULAR** COUPLE.
SO YOU'VE **NO** LEADS..?
NOTHING **SOLID**. BUT REST ASSURED — WHOEVER **DID** IT, WE'LL FIND THEM. WE **ALWAYS** DO.
WISH I HAD **YOUR** CONFIDENCE...

HE'D HAD **NOTHING** AGAINST THE SWINDLEYS –

HE'D NEVER EVEN **MET** THEM. THEY'D BEEN CHOSEN AT **RANDOM** FROM THE BLOCK DIRECTORY. NO WAY THE JUDGES WOULD **EVER** LINK THEM TO HIM.

PJ! HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU TO **STOP** BOUNCING THAT BALL IN THE HOUSE!

BOINGA!

YES, MA

BUG WAS A SOPHISTICATED DEVICE, BUT NOTHING ANY **HALFWAY DECENT** ROBOTICS TEK COULDN'T COME UP WITH – AND THERE WERE **PLENTY** OF THEM IN THIS CITY.

WHO'D EVER SUSPECT A TWELVE-YEAR-OLD **JUVE**?

HIS NAME IS **PJ MAYBE**. THIS HAS BEEN HIS FIRST MURDER.

IT IS **FAR** FROM BEING HIS LAST.

JUST THE START... FOR NOW!

NEXT PROG: **THE BLIMPS!**

JUDGE DREDD

ALABAMMY BLIMPS

THE CURSED EARTH -

MAYDAY MAYDAY! THIS IS CHARTER FLIGHT BGMC FOUR THREE FIVER. WE ARE OFF COURSE AND **ON FIRE!**

DO YOU COPY, MEGA-CITY ONE? WE ARE GOING DOWN! REPEAT - **WE ARE GOING DOWN!**

THERE'S NO EXCUSE FOR YOU, HIVES! HAW! GOOD ONE, EH? HAW!

EXCUSE ME, SIR -

A RIB-TICKLER, SIR.

SIR RALPH BONKINGTON, BRIT-CIT AMBASSADOR TO MEGA-CITY ONE

I SAY, HIVES, NIP UP AND TELL THE PILOT TO KEEP THE SHIP LEVEL! BALLY BATHWATER WON'T STAY IN!

I BELIEVE THAT MAY HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE FACT THAT WE'RE **CRASHING**, SIR.

CRASHING -?

HAW! HIVES, YOU ARE THE DOG'S TAIL!

DOG'S TAIL, SIR...?

A BIT OF A **WAG!** HAW! SNORT!

SKRAANG!

FOXY LADY

I SAY! CARRYING THE JOKE A BIT FAR –

KERUNCH!

CRASSH!

BY HARRY–!

FADOOOM!

SPLUTT!

I SAY, YOU **WEREN'T** JOKING!

I NEVER JOKE, SIR.

THAT MUST BE WHY YOU'RE SUCH A CRASHING BORE, HIVES!

HAW! CRASHING – GET IT? SNORT! HAW!

WELL WELL, WHAT HAVE WE GOT HERE, BOYS?

LAUGHIN' JACKASS, BY TH' LOOK O' IT!

Y'ALL WANNA SHARE TH' HOOT WITH TH' **GOOD OL' BOYS**?

RESCUE PARTY!

ER, PLEASED TO MEET YOU, CHAPS! SIR RALF BONKINGTON AT YOUR SERVICE!

GOOD OL' BOYS

I DO DECLARE! PLEASED TA MEET Y'ALL, CHAPS! SIR **OTIS McCOY** AT YO' SERVICE!

SIR OTIS... I SAY!

McCOY... McCOY...

WOULD THAT BE ONE OF THE **HAMPSHIRE** McCOYS?

NO! IT'S TH' **ALABAMMY McCOYS**, BOY! TH' **FEUDIN'** McCOYS-!

FIGHTIN' McCOYS, TOO, OTIS!

-FEUDIN', **FIGHTIN'** McCOYS...!

DON'T FERGIT FEEDIN', OTIS BOY! WE DOES A HEAP O' FEEDIN'!

OKAY, TH' FEUDIN', FIGHTIN', **FEEDIN'** McCOYS!

ANYTHIN' ELSE WE DOES BEGINNIN' WITH **F**, BOYS?

WE **FUNS** AROUND A BIT.

WE **FLATES**, TOO!

DON'T BE **DUMB**, JETHRO! AIN'T NO SUCH WORD AS **FLATES**!

IS TOO!

AIN'T!

IS!

AW, TA HELL! WE'S TH' FEUDIN', FIGHTIN', FEEDIN', FUNNIN', **FLATIN'** McCOYS – AN' Y'ALL BETTER **JUS' REMEMBER THAT, BOY, OR YO' BRAINS GONNA BE ENDIN' UP AS COON BAIT!**

*A JUSTICE DEPT H-WAGON FLIES SOUTH OVER THE **CURSED EARTH** –*

ACCORDING TO THEIR LAST REPORTED POSITION THE BRIT-CIT AMBASSADOR'S FLIGHT CAME DOWN SOMEWHERE IN THE ALABAMA MORASS...

IT'S DANGEROUS SWAMPLAND PEOPLED BY **WILD REDNECKS** WHO'VE REGRESSED TO A SEMI-PRIMITIVE STATE. THE AMBASSADOR'S CHANCES OF SURVIVAL ARE SLIM.

ALABAMA MORASS

I'D SAY THEY WERE ZERO.

IN THAT CASE WE PICK UP THE PIECES AND GO HOME.

GROUNDSCAN'S PICKING UP A **HELLTREK** IN TROUBLE DOWN THERE. **MUTANCHEROS.**

7.

OKAY, ZAP 'EM.

AAAGH!

ZAP!

ZAP!

FIRST TIME JUDGES EVER DID ME A GOOD TURN!

HADDA COME A THOUSAND KAYS FOR IT.

KILROY WOZ HERE

AN HOUR LATER THE H-WAGON IS RUNNING SEARCH OVER THE VAST SWAMPLAND –

HEAT SCAN'S PICKING UP SOMETHING – GRID REF 421-20.

THAT'S IT, ALL RIGHT.

SET HER DOWN NEAR AS YOU CAN GET.

NO SIGN OF LIFE.

NOT HUMAN, ANYWAY.

STINE! THAT LOG—

DROKK! 'GATOR!

GGAH!!

D-DO SOMETHING!

HOLD YOUR FIRE! YOU MIGHT HIT STINE!

NEXT PROG: BELLY UP!

JUDGE DREDD
BRIT-CIT AMBASSADOR SIR RALF BONKINGTON HAS CRASH-LANDED IN THE ALABAMA MORASS. JUDGE DREDD LEADS THE RESCUE PARTY –
HOLD YOUR FIRE! YOU MIGHT HIT STINE!
STINE
PART 2
ALABAMMY BLIMPS
DROKK! HIDE'S LIKE ARMOUR PLATE –!
THE UNDERBELLY...!
RRRIPP!

RAAAGGH

M-MY LEG...!

BLOOD'S DRAWING THE PACK!

HI-EX!

CARELESS, STINE!

GET HIM BACK TO THE H-WAGON.

JUDGES SEARCH THE BURNT-OUT HULK. ONLY THE CHARRED REMAINS OF THE CREW ARE FOUND.

UNBELIEVINGLY THEY PIECE TOGETHER THE INCREDIBLE STORY OF THE AMBASSADOR'S ESCAPE –

LOOKS LIKE HE WAS HAVING A BATH WHEN THE CRASH OCCURRED – CATAPULTED HIM RIGHT OUT OF THE OBSERVATION WINDOW. THE MUD HERE CUSHIONED HIS LANDING.

THESE MUST BE HIS FOOTPRINTS HERE...

DREDD

WHAT ABOUT THOSE BOOT PRINTS... ONE OF THE **REDNECK** TRIBES?

COULD BE. RECKON THEY'VE TAKEN HIM – FOR WHAT PURPOSE, WE CAN ONLY SPECULATE.

DOESN'T SOUND GOOD.

H-WAGON! WE'RE GOING TO FOLLOW THIS ONE UP. STAY WHERE YOU ARE – WE'LL KEEP YOU POSTED.

THIS IS APPALLING, HIVES! I'M THE BRIT-CIT AMBASSADOR! I WASN'T MADE FOR **TRAMPING** THROUGH STEAMY, INSECT-RIDDEN JUNGLES, MILE AFTER MILE – **FEET BLISTERED – BACK BREAKING –**

IT'S A DASHED GOOD THING **YOU'RE** HERE, THAT'S ALL I CAN SAY! HAW! SNORT!

QUITE, SIR.

WHAT'RE Y'ALL DOIN' – AIN'T **RIGHT** A MAN SHOULD RIDE ON ANOTHER MAN'S BACK! **GEDOFFIMTHAR!**

YOU BOUNDER! HOW DARE YOU! I'VE A GOOD MIND TO HAVE HIVES BOX YOUR BALLY EARS FOR YOU!

AN' I'VE JUS' ABOUT HAD A GUTFUL O' YOU, BOY!

G.O.B

SPLUD!

SCRAWNY LITTLE RUNT – Y'ALL AIN'T GONNA FETCH MUCH ON THE SLAVE MARKET ANYHOWS. RECKON I'LL SAVE US GOOD OL' BOYS A WHOLE PASSEL O' HASSLE AN' BLOW Y'ALL TA KINGDOM COME.

I-I SAY! LET'S NOT BE RASH!

I'M THE AMBASSADOR OF BRIT-CIT, I TELL YOU! MY GRATEFUL NATION WILL REWARD YOU **HANDSOMELY** IF YOU HAND ME BACK UNHARMED!

THAT RIGHT? JUS' **HOW** HANDSOME WE TALKIN' HERE, BOY? A HUNNERD CREDS...?

BY JOVE, NO! A LOT MORE THAN THAT! A **MILLION** AT LEAST!

A MILLION – **SHOO-OOT!** Y'ALL AIN'T WORTH NO MILLION CREDS, LITTLE PUSBAG LIKE YOU!

I ASSURE YOU, THE LITTLE PUSBAG MOST CERTAINLY **IS**.

MILLION CREDS! WHEEE-OOO! WE GOT OURSELVES A LIVE 'UN HERE!

THUD!

GLUP

OH MY GOOD GAWD—

RUN FOR YOUR LIVES! IT'S THE ALABAMMY BLIMPS!

NEXT PROG: MANEATERS!

JUDGE DREDD

DEEP IN THE HEART OF THE ALABAMA MORASS THE BRITCIT AMBASSADOR'S ABDUCTORS RUN INTO A FULL-FRONTAL **BLIMP** ATTACK —

RUN FOR YOUR LIVES! IT'S THE **ALABAMMY BLIMPS!**

G.O.B

Y'ALL AIN'T GOIN' NOWHERE, McCOY!

SQULLCH!

HOPE Y'ALL DON'T MIND ME DROPPIN' IN, ABNER!

CRAZY MAISY — **AGGHHH!**

Y'ALL AIN'T TAKIN' ME ALIVE, BIG MAMMY!

BLAM

Y'ALL GOOD OL' BOYS IS ALL TALK AN' NO TEETH!

SMAK

LOOKIT 'EM RUN, BIG MAMMY!

BLAM

CHICKENLIVERS!

WHAT D'Y'ALL EXPECT —

THEY'S ONLY **MEN!**

SPTOO!

SCRIPT J WAGNER & A GRANT
ART S DILLON
LETTERING T FRAME

BIG MAMMY AND HER ALABAMMY BLIMPS PART 3 MANEATERS

MADAM! MY SAVIOUR!

LOOKEE HERE, BIG MAMMY!

DUNNO WHAT THEY IS, BUT THEY SURE AIN'T MCCOY!

I'M **SIR RALF BONKINGTON**, BRIT-CIT AMBASSADOR TO MEGA-CITY ONE. THIS IS MY MAN, **HIVES**.

CHARMED.

Y'ALL HEAR THAT! TH' LITTL' UN'S CHARMED!

OH, LORDY LORD!

MISTER - Y'ALL AIN'T NEVER MET NO **BLIMP** BEFORE!

AHHHH!

POKE!

LOOKIT THAT! AIN'T HARDLY A PINCH O' MEAT ON HIM!

OW!

HOW DARE YOU! I'LL STAND FOR NO FAMILIARITY! I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW I'M A BLUE-BLOODED MEMBER OF THE BRIT-CIT ARISTOCRACY!

BLUE BLOOD, HUH?

SPTOO

RECKON I'LL TRY ANYTHIN' ONCE!

B-DAM
B-DAM

GUNFIRE!

ABOUT THREE KAYS WEST—!

RIDE!

I SEE THEM!

BLAM

BLAM

AAARGH!

SMAK!

SPLAT!

LET'S HAVE IT – WHY'D YOU FIRE ON US?

WE'S **REDNECKS**, AIN'T WE? THIS HERE'S OUR MORASS! WE ALLUS FIRES AT STRANGERS –

WHO THE HELL ARE Y'ALL ANYWAYS?

MEGA-CITY ONE JUDGES, IN PURSUIT OF THE BRIT-CIT AMBASSADOR.

HAVE YOU SEEN THIS MAN?

WHY, SHOOT, YEAH! THAT THAR'S OUR MILLION CRED MEAL TICKET –

LEAST WAYS HE WAS, TILL THE **BLIMPS** GOT HIM!

BLIMPS?

BIG MAMMY AN' HER **ALABAMMY BLIMPS** – THE MEANEST, BADDEST, SICKEST TRIBE O' REDNECKS IN TH' WHOLE MORASS!

IF'N Y'ALL ARE FIXIN' TO GO AFTER THAT THAR 'BASSYDOR, I'D ADVISE Y'ALL TO FERGIT IT! THEM BLIMPS IS MANEATERS – AN' I MEAN **MANEATERS!**

I BELIEVE I MAY SEE A WAY **OUT** OF THIS BEASTLY PREDICAMENT, HIVES !

REALLY, SIR ?

THAT BIG ONE AT THE BACK – SEE THE WAY SHE LOOKS AT ME WITH THOSE HUNGRY EYES ? I DO BELIEVE SHE'S SMITTEN !

SMITTEN, SIR ? WITH **YOU**, SIR ?

OH, YES ! DON'T SOUND SO SURPRISED ! I'M QUITE THE LADIES' MAN, Y'KNOW !

Y'ALL HEAR THAT ? TH' LITTL' RUNT THINKS BIG MAMMY'S FELL IN **LOVE** WITH HIM !

HAW HAW HAW

SHE'S GONNA LOVE YOU ALL RIGHT, BOY – 'CEPT IT AIN'T GONNA BE HER FANCY Y'ALL ARE TICKLIN' ! IT'S GONNA BE TH' **INSIDE** O' HER **BELLY** !

I BEG YOUR PARDON.

AIN'T Y'ALL REALISED YET ? THE **BLIMPS** IS **CANNIBALS** !

WE ALL IS FER THE **POT** !

BIG PAPPY

NEXT PROG: **CUPBOARD LOVE** !

SUNSET ON THE ALABAMA MORASS, WHERE JUDGE DREDD'S SEARCH PARTY ARE LOOKING FOR BRIT-CIT AMBASSADOR SIR RALF BONKINGTON, ABDUCTED BY THE SAVAGE TRIBE KNOWN AS THE **ALABAMMY BLIMPS** –

PRINTS COME RIGHT UP TO THE WATER'S EDGE. THEY HAD A BOAT WAITING.

THESE BLIMPS – WHERE THEY TAKING HIM?

DUNNO! NEVER BIN HERE BEFORE. THAT THAR'S ALL BLIMP TERRITORY – NO MAN EVER GOES IN THAR LESS'N HE'S PLUMB CRAZY – OR JUST WANTS TA GIT HISSELF **ATE!**

I MEAN, US FEUDIN', FIGHTIN', FEEDIN', FUNNIN', FLATIN' **McCOYS** IS MEANER THAN A 'GATOR ON A SPIKE, BUT WE GAWD'S OWN ANGELS COMPARED TA THEM **CANNIBAL WOMEN!**

FLATIN'?

MUST BE LOCAL DIALECT

LET THAT REDNECK GO – HE'S NO MORE USE TO US

H-WAGON! GET ALOFT! SEE IF YOU CAN LOCATE THOSE BLIMPS

WILCO!

JUDGE DREDD

ALABAMMY BLIMPS PART 4

BIG MAMMY!

THE RAIDIN' PARTY'S BACK!

GOOD HUNTIN', BIG MAMMY?

YOU BET, GIRLS!

WE BRUNG US SOME FRESH MEAT!

SLAP

OTIS McCOY! WHEE-DOGGIE! WE BIN WAITIN' A LONG TIME TO BOIL YOU, BOY!

I HOPE I STICKS IN YER CRAW!

THIN PICKIN'S THIS'N'S GONNA MAKE!

G-GET OFF! BALLY SAVAGES!

GIT IN THAR!

GET THOSE POTS ON – BREAK OUT TH' MOONSHINE! WE GONNA HAVE US A CELEBRATION! AIN'T EVERY DAY WE HAS THE McCOYS FER DINNER!

I SAY, HIVES, HAVE YOU NOTICED? THERE DON'T SEEM TO BE ANY **MEN** AROUND...

I WOULD VENTURE TO SUGGEST THEY HAVE LONG SINCE BEEN **EATEN**, SIR.

C-CRIKEY!

DADDY.

THE BOYS

LITTLE JOE

UNCLE TOM COB

HERE LIE THE BONES OF PA HARKER — A GOOD MAN TO THE VERY LAST BITE!

THAT'S RIGHT — BLIMPS ATE 'EM, EVERY ONE.

B-BUT THAT'S MONSTROUS! WHY?

GUESS Y'ALL GOTTA KNOW REDNECK MEN AFORE Y'ALL UNNERSTAND THAT.

SEE, WE'S A PRETTY LAZY, SHIFTLESS, NO-ACCOUNT BUNCH O' INDIVIDUALS — AIN'T THAT RIGHT, BOYS?

DANG TRUE, OTIS!

NUTHIN' WE LIKES BETTER'N DRINKIN' HOOCH, LYIN' ROUND AN' MISTREATIN' OUR WOMENFOLK.

WELL, BIG MAMMY NEVER DID COTTON TO MEN MUCH, BUT FOLKLORE HAS IT THAT ONE DAY SHE GOT SO ALL-FIRED SICK OF HER GOOD FER NOTHIN' HUSBAND SHE JUS' UPPED AN' **ATE** HIM.

MOST USEFUL THANG HE'D EVER DONE, SHE SAID.

IT WAS BACK IN THE DAYS O' TH' BIG FAMINE — COULDN'T GIT NO MEAT NOHOWS.

RECIPES

WHEN TH' OTHER WOMENFOLK SEED WHAT BIG MAMMY DONE, THAR WAS NO STOPPIN' 'EM. THEY EMBARKED ON AN ORGY O' VIOLENCE AN' GLUTTONY THAT DIDN'T END TILL EVERY MAN AN' BOY WAS PICKED TA TH' BONE. AFTER THAT I GUESS THEY JUS' ACQUIRED TH' TASTE.

G.O.B

WHEE-DOGGIE! MUSTA BIN SOMETHIN'! WISH I COULDA BIN HERE TA SEE IT!

Y'ALL'S HERE NOW, HIRAM. Y'ALL GONNA SEE IT FIRST HAND!

ULP!

H-WAGON! WE'RE PICKING SOMETHING UP ON **HEAT SCAN.**

LOOKS LIKE NUMEROUS CAMPFIRES BELOW THE FOREST CANOPY. LOCATION THREE KAYS DUE WEST OF YOUR POSITION.

MAINTAIN SURVEILLANCE. ON OUR WAY.

RIGHT, BOYS, WE'RE READY FER Y'ALL. WE'RE GONNA HAVE THREE TONIGHT AN' THREE TOMORROW.

REPORT TA TH' BUTCHER, **OTIS McCOY** –

JETHRO McCOY –

MAKE 'EM SICK, BOYS!

AN' **YOU** – TH' **SCRAWNY** ONE!

M-ME?

AH, REALLY, I THINK I'D PREFER TO SIT THIS ONE OUT.

HIVES, YOU TAKE MY PLACE. RUN ALONG NOW! THERE'S A GOOD CHAP!

WITH RESPECT, SIR, I MUST DECLINE.

I BEG YOUR PARDON, HIVES?

GOOD OL' BOYS

GET STUFFED! I'LL BOW AND SCRAPE FOR YOU – I'LL FETCH AND CARRY FOR YOU – BUT I'M **DAMNED** IF I'LL **DIE** FOR YOU, YOU LITTLE WIMP!

HIVES!

C'MON, BOY! SUPPER'S A-WAITIN'!

MADAM! I PROTEST!

YOU'RE MAKING A BIG MISTAKE! I'M THE BRIT-CIT AMBASSADOR – THEY'LL PAY A HUGE REWARD FOR MY SAFE RETURN!

MONEY? WHAT WE NEED MONEY FER WHEN WE GOT FOOD FOR FREE?

IN THAT CASE, I **DEMAND** THE RIGHT TO **FIGHT** FOR MY LIFE! THAT'S HOW YOU PRIMITIVE TRIBES DO IT, ISN'T IT?

AND AS THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE A **MAN** AROUND TO **CHAMPION** YOU, I SHALL JUST HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL ONE HAPPENS ALONG...

...HOWEVER LONG THAT MAY BE!

MAN?

SPTOO!

MAN AIN'T BIN BORN THAT'S A MATCH FER BIG MAMMY!

SMAK!

FERGIT TH' POT. WE'RE GONNA BAKE THIS 'UN IN HIS SKIN!

ZING!

ZING!

ZING!

NEXT PROG: BIG MAMMY v DREDD
BATTLE OF THE TITANS!

SCRIPT WAGNER & GRANT
ART S DILLON
LETTERS T FRAME

THE ALABAMA MORASS, WHERE JUDGE DREDD HAS COME TO RESCUE ABDUCTED BRIT-CIT AMBASSADOR, SIR RALF BONKINGTON. THE TRAIL ENDS IN THE CAMP OF THE NOTORIOUS MANEATERS, THE **ALABAMMY BLIMPS** –

WE'RE MEGA-CITY JUDGES! RELEASE THE AMBASSADOR AND SAVE YOURSELVES A LOT OF GRIEF!

BLIMPS DON'T TAKE ORDERS FROM NO **MEN!**

AHHH!

PLENTY MORE WHERE THAT CAME FROM! YOUR CHOICE!

YEAH? WELL WHAT IF WE CHOOSES TA SLIT THIS HERE 'BASSADOR'S **THROAT**? HOW YA'LL GONNA LIKE THAT, BOY?

TELL 'IM, BIG MAMMY!

IMPASSE

WE'LL SEE

THEY TELL ME YOU'RE A **FIGHTIN'** WOMAN, BIG MAMMY. WHAT SAY WE SETTLE THIS THE EASY WAY? FAIR FIGHT – ONE ON ONE – YOU AGAINST ME.

UNLESS, OF COURSE, YOU'RE CHICKEN.

CHICKEN –! Y'ALL MUST GOT ROCKS IN YORE HEAD, BOY! MAN AIN'T BIN **BORN** BIG MAMMY CAN'T HAVE FER DINNER – IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE!

JUDGE DREDD

ALABAMMY BLIMPS PART 5

KEEP TH' KNIFE ON HIM, BELLE.

WHILE I'M LICKIN' TH' LOUDMOUTH, TH' REST O' YOU TRY TO WORK YORE WAY ROUND, GIT TH' DROP ON THEM OTHER LIZARDS.

YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO.

EAT THAT MAN ALIVE, BIG MAMMY!

WHEE-DOGGIE!

DON'T PULL YORE PUNCHES JUS' 'COS I'S A WOMAN, BOY!

WHAPP!

UNNN!

'COS I SURE AS SHOOT AIN'T PULLIN' MINE!

THWAP

UGGHH!

NICE WORK SO FAR, JOE.

SHUT UP.

THUD!

MEN!

AIN'T NONE O' YOU WORTH A DAMN!

SPTOO!

GONNA GIVE IT TA YOU JUS' LIKE I GAVE IT TA BIG PAPPY!

UNGGG!

SLAM

WATCH 'EM ON YOUR LEFT.
I SEE THEM.

NOT TALKIN' SO LOUD NOW, BOY!

GOT TO TWIST--

UN'NNF!

NOW!
WHAP!

BLAM! BLAM

BACK OFF!

AHHHH!

BLAM!

GREET

Y'ALL TRICKED US...!

JUS' LIKE A MAN!

BIG PAPPY

AN' NOW THE GLOVES ARE OFF, FATSO!

HUH-?

H-HEY!

DREDD

CRASH!

BIGGY PAPPY

THEY'RE RUNNING.

LET 'EM GO. NOT OUR PROBLEM.

WE'LL INFORM TEXAS CITY – THEY CAN TAKE WHATEVER ACTION THEY THINK FIT.

JOLLY GOOD SHOW, CHAPS! CAPITAL! CAPITAL! I REALLY DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU!

THEN SHUT UP.

GUESS YOU BIT OFF A BIT MORE THAN YOU COULD CHEW THIS TIME, BIG MAMMY.

CLIK!

QUEEN OF THE ALABAMMY BLIMPS YOU MAY BE, BUT YOU'RE JUST PLAIN **CREEP** TO ME.

THE END.

THE MAN IS THE WEAPON –

FINGERS RIGID AS STEEL BOLTS –

THE EDGE OF THE HAND, HARD AND DEADLY AS AN AXEBLADE –

CRA-AAKK!

THE BALL OF THE FOOT, THUDDING INTO THE HEART WITH THE FORCE OF A JACKHAMMER –

CRUNCH

JUDGE DREDD

RETURN OF DEATH FIST

LONG MOMENTS BEFORE THE SILENCE OF DEATH IS SHATTERED –

EEEEEEE

VICTIMS ARE BROTHERS.. JOHN, RICK AND RUN RUN FUNG – SONS OF GANG BOSS **HO LO FUNG**.

YOU PUT HIM AWAY LAST YEAR, DIDN'T YOU?

IT'S **HIM**..

WHO?

DEATHFIST.

DEATHFIST... YOU MEAN –

HEY, SURE, WHOEVER DID THIS WAS GOOD, BUT YOU CAN'T BE POSITIVE. BETTER WAIT TILL FORENSIC –

I DON'T NEED FORENSIC. I'VE SEEN THIS CREEP'S WORK FIRST HAND –

STAN LEE IS BACK IN TOWN!

STAN LEE, A.K.A. DEATHFIST. ASSASSIN. FOREMOST MARTIAL ARTIST EVER TO COME OUT OF THE RADLANDS OF JI.

ONCE BEFORE THEY HAD MET, AND DREDD'S DEFEAT WAS THE TALK OF THE CITY.

NOW HE KNOWS, WITH THE CERTAINTY OF A MAN IN WHOSE MIND THAT BEATING HAS RANKLED FOR A LONG YEAR...

HIS ENEMY IS BACK!

THE **FUNGS**, HUH..? IT'S **FAMILY FUNG** HE WAS WORKING FOR LAST TIME WE TANGLED. COULD BE SOME **REVENGE** MOTIVE...

CONTROL! WE FOUND THE BODIES OF JOHN, RICK AND RUN RUN FUNG IN KIM MAN ALLEY. LOCATE FOURTH BROTHER, SAM SAM FUNG. HE **MAY** BE ASSASSIN'S NEXT TARGET.

ALL UNITS BE ON LOOKOUT – SUSPECT **STAN LEE**, A.K.A. **DEATHFIST**!

APPROACH WITH CAUTION!

SUSPECT IS MARTIAL ARTS EXPERT.

HE IS UNARMED...

...AND HIGHLY DANGEROUS !

FAMILY FUNG

Y-YOU !

JUST SAY THE WORD, MR FUNG, AND -

CREM ! NO, LING -

CRACK!

GREM — YOU... KILLED HIM!

I PERFORMED A **SERVICE** FOR YOUR FAMILY. I HAVE WAITED ONE YEAR FOR YOU TO KEEP **FAITH** WITH OUR BARGAIN.

I-I KNOW! I'VE GOT THE **MONEY** RIGHT HERE!

WE WEREN'T TRYING TO HOLD OUT ON YOU, DEATHFIST, IT'S JUST WE, UH... WE LOST YOUR ADDRESS...

ANYWAY, YOU'VE GOT IT NOW, OKAY? LOOK — THERE'S AN EXTRA FIVE THOU FOR YOUR TROUBLE...

MONEY IS NOT ENOUGH!

UNGG!

YOU BROKE OUR AGREEMENT. YOU PLACED ME IN DANGER BY FORCING ME TO COME HERE.

I CANNOT REACH YOUR FATHER, SO IT IS ONLY RIGHT I TAKE MY REVENGE UPON HIS **SONS**.

YOU ARE THE LAST!

RAP! RAP!

DREDD! WE'RE AT SAM SAM FUNG'S OFFICE! WE'RE TOO **LATE**!

BODIES ARE STILL WARM. CAN'T BE MORE THAN A FEW MINUTES –

DROKK!

THERE HE GOES!

JOANS

SAM FUNG

HE'S ON THE ROOFTOPS – HEADING EAST TOWARDS FORMOSA STREET!

I SEE HIM!

BLAM!

ZING

KRAK!

YZZT

AND HERE IN THE HEART OF MEGA-CITY'S CHINATOWN IT IS QUITE **COMMON** FOR BIG NAME CELEBRITIES TO DROP IN ON CHANG'S CHINEE HOTTIE HOUSE —

CRUMP!

STOP RIGHT THERE, CREEP!

WE GOT YOU COLD, BUSTER! WE'RE TAKIN' YOU IN!

NOT YET, CRUMB.

YOU – KEEP THOSE CAMERAS ROLLING.

ME AN' STAN LEE GOT A SCORE TO SETTLE!

NEXT PROG: DREDD'S MARTIAL PLAN!

CHANG'S
CHINEE HOTTIE HOUSE
THEY FACE EACH OTHER WARILY...
ONE CONFIDENT IN THE KNOWLEDGE THAT HE HAS BEATEN HIS FOE BEFORE –
THE OTHER DETERMINED THAT THIS TIME THE OUTCOME WILL BE DIFFERENT
STAN LEE – DEATHFIST. THE GREATEST MARTIAL ARTIST EVER TO COME OUT OF THE RADLANDS OF JI ...
JUDGE DREDD – THE IRON MAN OF MEGA-CITY LAW
JUDGE DREDD
CRA-AK!
EAT WITH

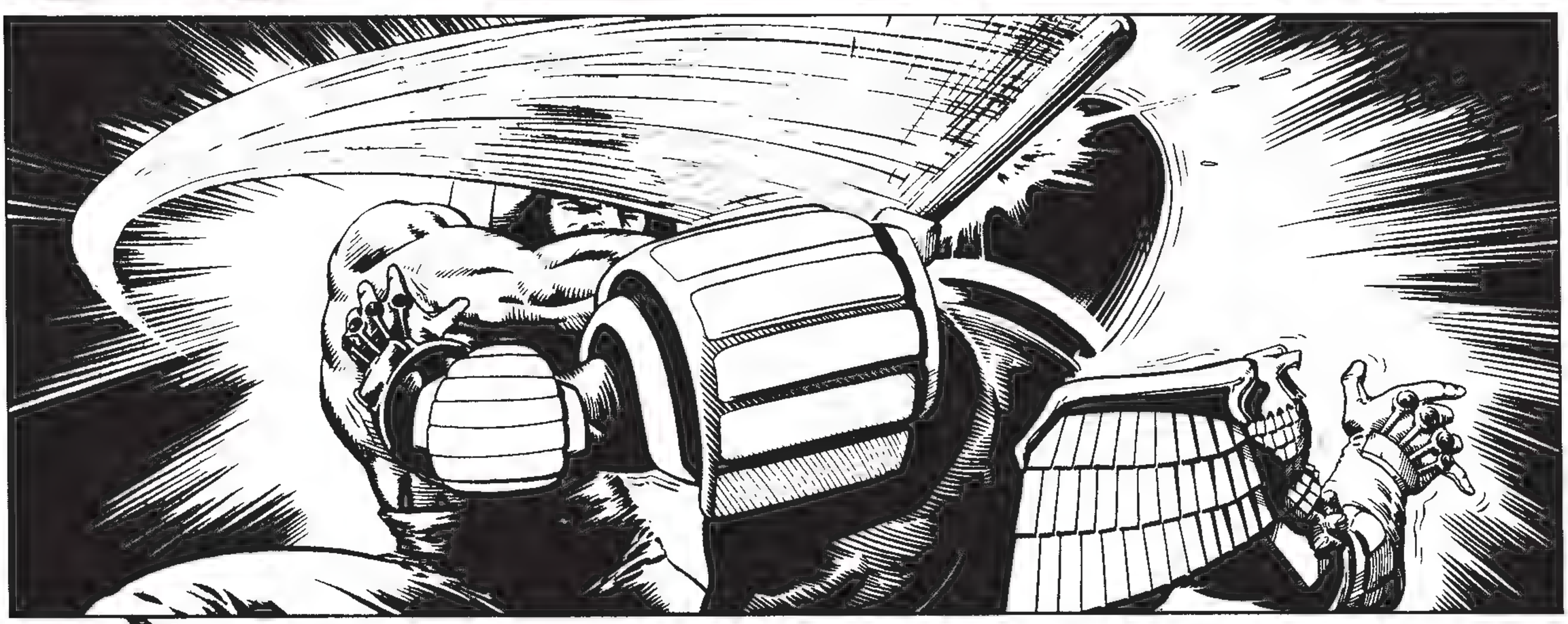
THIS IS INCREDIBLE! ONLY MOMENTS AGO WE WERE DOING A SIMPLE DOCUMENTARY ON THE PHENOMENON OF THE CHINEE HOTTIE - NOW HERE WE ARE WITH A RINGSIDE SEAT ON THE BATTLE OF ALL TIME!

DEATHFIST STAN LEE IS BACK IN THE MEG FOR A RETURN BOUT WITH THE CITY'S PREMIER LAWMAN - AND THE JUDGES ARE JUST STANDING BY AND LETTING IT HAPPEN!

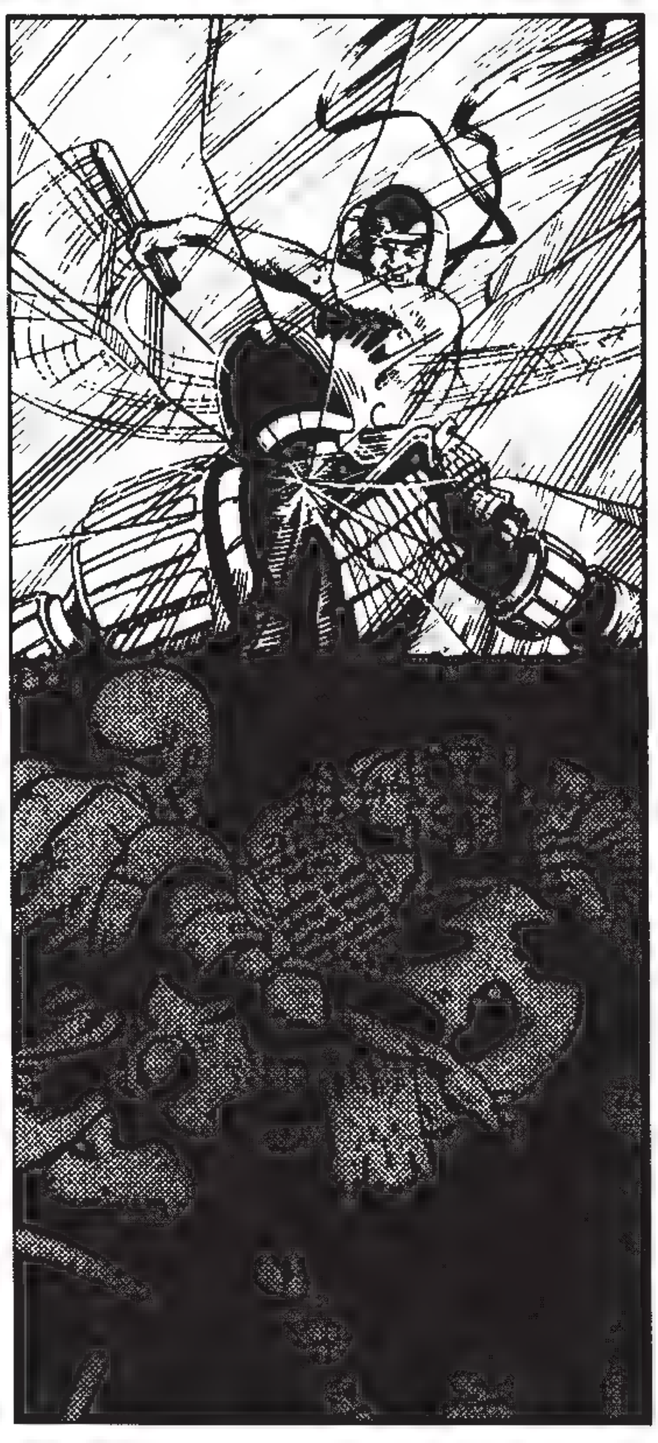
DON'T SWITCH OFF YOUR SETS! DON'T EVEN BLINK! THIS IS COMING TO YOU LIVE! YOU MAY NEVER SEE ITS LIKE AGAIN!

THE HOTTIE

UUHHFFF



WHAKK!



DREDD IS **HURT!** DEATHFIST IS GOING IN FOR THE COUP DE GRACE!

KRASSHH

HE'S RUNNING FOR IT!

HOLD YOUR FIRE!

SHIKK!

HOTTIES FLAMBE WHILE-U-WATCH

AIIEEEEE!

GET THE CAMERA IN THERE!

EVERYONE — STAY BACK!

BRINE SOAKED TITTIES 'NET YOUR OWN!"

YOU SHOULD NEVER HAVE COME BACK, CHARLIE CHAN!

NOBODY BEATS ME TWICE!

WHAPP!

BUT I AM NOT NOBODY -

I AM **DEATHFIST!**

NOW I COMPLETE...

...WHAT I SHOULD HAVE...

...DONE BEFORE!

TWO STRONG MEN LOCKED IN MORTAL COMBAT!

ONE FIGHTING FOR HIS LIFE, FOR FREEDOM...

...THE OTHER, FOR THE HONOUR OF THE JUDGES OF MEGA-CITY ONE!

NO... WAY -

AHHH

NO WAY!

WHAPP!

CRUNKKK!

DEATHFIST'S NOT MOVING! HE'S NOT GETTING UP FROM THAT! JUDGE DREDD'S STANDING OVER HIM...!

NOBODY MAKES A FOOL OF THE LAW.

YOU'RE **BOOKED**, CREEP!

LATER. THE GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE –

THAT WAS A FOOLHARDY RISK YOU TOOK, DREDD. YOU HAD LEE COLD. HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN ARRESTED THEN AND THERE.

INSTEAD YOU CHOSE TO RISK LOSING HIM, ENDANGERING THE LIVES OF INNOCENT CITIZENS IN THE PROCESS – NOT TO MENTION 34,000 CREDS WORTH OF DAMAGE TO CHANG'S CHINEE HOTTIE HOUSE.

I HAD MY **REASONS**, CHIEF JUDGE.

WHAT? PERSONAL REVENGE?

REVENGE DIDN'T COME INTO IT.

THE LAST TIME STAN LEE WAS HERE HE MADE A MONKEY OUT OF ME – AND THROUGH ME, THE LAW.

THIS TIME I JUDGED IT IMPORTANT TO MAKE A **PUBLIC DEMONSTRATION** – LET THE PEOPLE KNOW JUST WHERE THEY STAND. WORTH TAKING A FEW **RISKS** TO GET THAT MESSAGE HOME...

THE LAW MAY OCCASIONALLY BEND... BUT IT **NEVER** BREAKS.

HMM...THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT. HAD TO BE SURE.

VERY WELL, DISMISSED.

OH... AND DREDD –

DAMNED GOOD FIGHT!

THE END [OR IS IT?]

NEXT PROG:
KILLKRAZE!

JUDGE! JUDGE! I WANNA REPORT AN ASSAULT!
CASH
JUDGE DREDD
WHAT'S YOUR NAME, KID?
YOU THE VICTIM?
PROCTOR, SIR – MOON PROCTOR.
Y-YES, SIR. I'VE GOT THE MARKS TO PROVE IT.
I SEE.
WHO DID IT?
M-MY MUM AND DAD! I WARNED THEM THEY WERE B-BREAKING THE LAW, BUT THEY WOULDN'T LISTEN!
YOU DID THE RIGHT THING REPORTING IT.
LEAD THE WAY.

APARTMENT 51 M, ROGER HOLLIS BLOCK –

1 M
LLIS
CK

MUM! DAD! SOMEONE HERE TO SEE YOU!

CREM! J-**JUDGE DREDD**!

YOU'RE GONNA GET IT! YOU'RE GONNA GET IT!

SHUT UP, KID. I'LL HANDLE THIS.

YOU ASSAULT THIS BOY?

I-I BEG YOUR PARDON?

YOU **DEAF** OR SOMETHIN'?

DID YOU OR DID YOU NOT STRIKE THIS BOY REPEATEDLY ON THE POSTERIOR?

WE-WE GAVE HIM A **SPANKING**, BUT –

THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH **THAT**, SURELY? WE'RE HIS PARENTS – IT'S OUR **RIGHT**!

WRONG! **NO** CITIZEN HAS THE RIGHT TO COMMIT VIOLENCE ON ANOTHER.

I TOLD YOU! I TOLD YOU!

BUT HE WAS INSOLENT! HE KEPT ANSWERING BACK! I THOUGHT YOU JUDGES **BELIEVED** IN DISCIPLINE...!

YOU HAVE A COMPLAINT THAT CALLS FOR CORPORAL PUNISHMENT, YOU BRING IT TO US – THAT'S OUR JOB.

INSTEAD YOU CHOSE TO TAKE THE LAW INTO YOUR OWN HANDS. WELL **I'M** HERE TO BRING YOU UP SHORT.

GET YOUR COATS – I'M TAKING YOU IN!

REALLY, THIS – THIS IS UNBELIEVABLE!

YOU SEE WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO US!

LITTLE TROUBLEMAKER! I'VE A GOOD MIND TO –

DON'T EVEN **THINK** IT!

LEAVING YOUNG MOON WITH A NEIGHBOUR DREDD TAKES THE PROCTORS TO THE NEAREST SECTOR HOUSE...

THERE THEY ARE PUT THROUGH THE MILL –

WHY? WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS TO US? IT WAS JUST A SPANKING! YOU WANT OUR BOY TO GROW UP **RIGHT**, DON'T YOU?

VIOLENCE BREEDS VIOLENCE, PROCTOR. A BEATEN CHILD BECOMES A BEATER. THERE'S ONLY **ONE** GROUP OF PEOPLE LICENSED TO COMMIT VIOLENCE IN THIS CITY AND THAT'S **US**.

SAVVY?

SECTOR HOUSE

Y-Y-YES, SIR!

WE'VE FOUND NOTHING ELSE INCRIMINATING, SO I'M LETTING YOU OFF WITH A **CAUTION**. BUT I **WARN** YOU – ONE MORE STEP OUT OF LINE AND YOU'LL BE SPANKING THE INSIDE OF A **CUBE**. GOT IT?

CHASTENED, THE PROCTORS RETURN TO THEIR APARTMENT –

SO YOU'RE **BACK**, ARE YOU? WHAT HAPPENED?

WE GOT TWELVE MONTHS' **PROBATION**. AND WE HAVE TO ATTEND **PARENTAL GUIDANCE** CLASSES

HUH! THAT'S NOT MUCH AFTER WHAT YOU DID! YOU SHOULD'VE BEEN PUT AWAY FOR LIFE! YEAH, THAT'S WHAT I'D'VE DONE!

WHY YOU IMPUDENT LITTLE—

GO ON! GO ON! PUT YOURSELF INSIDE, CREEPO!

HARRY! NO!

THAT'S BETTER! NOW GET MY **DINNER** READY! I'M HUNGRY—THAT OLD BAG NEXT DOOR DIDN'T GIVE ME **NOTHING**. I WANT ICE CREAM AND CAKE!

NO!

OKAY, SO WE CAN'T SPANK HIM, BUT I **DRAW THE LINE** AT BEING ORDERED ABOUT LIKE A SLAVE IN MY OWN HOUSE

STARVIN' ME, HUH?

RIGHT! LET'S SEE WHAT **JUDGE DREDD** HAS TO SAY ABOUT THAT!

MUSTA REALLY ENJOYED YOUR INTERROGATION, HUH, DAD? REAL SUCKER FOR PUNISHMENT—

HELLO, IS THAT JUSTICE DEPT...?

KLUNK

ALL RIGHT, SON, ALL RIGHT. ALL THE CAKE AND ICE CREAM YOU CAN EAT.

THE PROCTORS' LIFE, NEVER MUCH TO CROW ABOUT, RAPIDLY DESCENDS INTO NIGHTMARE—

I'M NOT GOING TO BED TONIGHT. I'M STAYING UP TO WATCH THE VID. YOU CAN WRITE ME A NOTE FOR SCHOOL IN THE MORNING, DUMBO.

YES, MOON!

LATTERS

I'VE NEVER HAD A DOG! WHY HAVEN'T YOU **BOUGHT** ME A DOG? IF YOU WON'T BUY ME ONE, THEN **YOU** CAN BE MY DOG! THAT'S RIGHT, STUPID – **YOU!**

FORGET IT!

ALL RIGHT, THEN – I'M GONNA JUMP OUT THE WINDOW! HA! YOU TRY CONVINCIN' THE JUDGES YOU DIDN'T **THROW** ME!

MOON – STOP!

THAT'S IT, HARRY! YOU CAN DO IT!

COME ON, STUPID, ROLL OVER! DO SOME TRICKS!

ARF ARF!

GRAAASH

ROUTINE **PROBATION** CHECK –

THEY TREATING YOU ALL RIGHT, KID?

YEAH, I GUESS.

PAT! PAT!

GRR

PLAYING TOGETHER AS A FAMILY – THAT'S WHAT I LIKE TO SEE.

IN THE END THE PROCTORS CAN TAKE IT NO LONGER –

WE'VE GOT TO GET **RID** OF HIM, MADGE.

KILL HIM? BUT HE'S OUR SON, HARRY! OUR OWN FLESH AND BLOOD!

BESIDES, THE JUDGES WOULD CATCH US FOR SURE!

THEN THERE'S ONLY ONE THING FOR IT...

AND SO IT IS THAT ONE DAY WHEN YOUNG MOON COMES HOME FROM SCHOOL –

RATFACE! SMELLY! I'M HOME!

WHAT THE HECK'S THIS...?

Dear Moon,
We have sold everything and gone on a Helltrek. We're going to start a new life without you.
Goodbye forever.
Mum & Dad

WHAAAT? THEY CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! I'LL CALL THE JUDGES! I'LL HAVE THEM ARRESTED!

I'LL SEE THEM IN A CUBE FOR THE REST OF THEIR LIVES!

BUT AT THE WEST WALL –

WE'RE TOO LATE. THE HELLTREK LEFT SIX HOURS AGO.

WELL, WHAT'RE YOU WAITIN' FOR? GET AFTER THEM! BRING THEM BACK!

WHAT FOR? TO CUBE 'EM UP FOR DESERTING A MINOR? NOT WORTH OUR TIME OR TROUBLE.

I GAVE YOU AN **ORDER**, BUCKETHEAD! I WANT THEM BACK! I **WANT THEM BACK!**

I KNOW WHAT YOU WANT!

YOU-YOU HIT ME! YOU HIT ME!

YEAH.

DIFFERENCE IS, I DID IT **LEGAL**

JUVE HOME – MOVE!

THE END.

WORLD WAR III SCENARIO

CURSED EARTH OUTLAWS SCENARIO

WILD WESTVILLE SCENARIO

KILLKRAZE COMBAT PARK

KILLKRAZE COMBAT PARK LIES ON RECLAIMED LAND BETWEEN THE CITY AND THE NORTHWEST HAB ZONE —

FRONTIER PLANET SCENARIO

ROARING TWENTIES SCENARIO

SPACE ATTACK SCENARIO

SCALE: 1:1000

EACH MORNING THE PODS AND HOVS AND COACHES ROLL IN TO DISGORGE THEIR CARGO OF DAY TRIPPERS...

SCRIPT MAGNUS & GRANT

ART LIAM SHARP

LETTERING FRANK

WELCOME TO KILLKRAZE COMBAT PARK! ENTER THROUGH THE APPROPRIATE TURNSTILE!

KILLKRAZE THE BEAR SEZ: HAVE A ROOTIN', TOOTIN', SHOOTIN' DAY OUT, FOLKS!

"CHOOSE ANY ONE OF OUR SIX THRILLPACKED BATTLE SCENARIOS! ENGAGE IN THE FIGHTING FANTASY OF YOUR DREAMS!"

"RIDE WITH THE OUTLAWS OF THE CURSED EARTH!"

"EXPERIENCE THE HEAT OF SPACE BATTLE!"

KILLKRAZE

"TAKE A NOSTALGIC JOURNEY BACK TO THE VIOLENT DAYS OF THE ROARING TWENTIES!"

"AUTHENTIC COSTUMES! AMAZING SETS! ONLY THE BULLETS AND THE BLOOD ARE FAKE!"

JUDGE DREDD

OLLY NORTH BLOCK PARTY BOOKING!

BOOKING SLIP

GO RIGHT IN, BOYS! COLLECT YOUR EQUIPMENT FROM THE QUARTERMASTER'S STORE!

SHRED

WWIII

STORE

WCN

WHICH SIDE, PLEASE?

WESTERN CAPITALIST NATIONS, BUB - SAME AS IN THE REAL ONE!

MAT SEDDON WAZ 'ERE.

HEY! THEM IMRAN KHANNERS ARE TAKIN' THE **AYRAB** SIDE! LOUSY TRAITORS!

WE'RE GONNA NEED SOME **GUN FODDER**! THEY DON'T STAND **NO** CHANCE AGAINST **REAL** WAR VETS!

YEEHAA!

I WANNA BE JESSE JAMES! I WANNA!

YOU CAN'T, SON - **I'M** JESSE, AND YOUR MUM'LL BE **FRANK**.

YOU BE **BILLY THE KID**, HUH?

WILD WEST

THESE GUNS LOOK DANGEROUS, OSCAR.

DON'T WORRY - THEY FIRE HARMLESS **RED PAINT PELLETS**. YOU GET HIT AND YOU'VE GOT TO GO TO **BOOT HILL** BEFORE YOU CAN REJOIN THE GAME.

I STILL SAY THIS IS A CRAZY PLACE TO START OUR **HONEYMOON**!

AW, YOU'RE GONNA LOVE IT, HON! I'M **AL CAPONE** AN' YOU'RE MY **MOLL**, SEE? WE JUST RIDE AROUND SHOOTIN' OTHER GANGSTERS UP! WHAT COULD BE BETTER?

ROARING WESTIES

HURRY UP, YOU LATECOMERS! SHOOTIN' STARTS IN FIVE MINUTES!

ALL SET, WORLD WAR THREE?

CHECK!

WILD WESTVILLE?

CHECK!

SPACE ATTACK?

CHECK!

ROARING TWENTIES?

CHECK!

FRONTIER PLANET?

CHECK!

GD

©S.A.S

DUERSE NELSON

KILLKRAZE IS GO!

PHEEEEE!

PHEEEEE!

REF

PHEEEEE!

RE

DUERSE WILSON

WHICH ONE O' YOU LOWDOWN VARMINTS IS BILLY TH' KID?
HEY! THAT'S ME!

GO ON, SON! YOU GONNA LET SOME TINPOT LAWMAN SPEAK TO YOU LIKE THAT?

DANG RIGHT I AIN'T! GO FOR YOUR GUN, SHERIFF!
THIS IS THE GOOD BIT, DAGMAR!

AAAH!
TOO SLOW, KID!

THAT PAINT PELLET KNOCKED HIM RIGHT OVER...!
BOY, WHAT AN ACTOR!

COME ON, SON. GUESS YOU'VE GOT A TRIP TO BOOT HILL...
SON...?
SON...?

B-BLOOD!
IT'S REAL!
HE-HE'S DEAD!

IT-IT CAN'T BE — THEY - THEY'RE JUST PAINT PELLETS!

YOU DIRTY SPUGFACE! YOU KILLED MY BROTHER!

YOU KILLED MY BROTHER!

KPOW! KPOW!

OH MERCY—!

GRAN!

LOOK OUT! THE KID'S GOT REAL BULLETS TOO!

SHE'S GONE WILD! WE GOTTA TAKE HER!

EMMY! GET DOWN!

YOU'RE NOT GETTING THEM BOTH!

YOU'LL ALL DIE FIRST!

BDANG!

BDOOM!

IN CONTROL—

GRUD! WHAT THE HELL'S HAPPENING OUT THERE—?

AND IN OTHER COMBAT ZONES—

LOOK OUT, HONEY! THEY'RE SHOOTING REAL LEAD!

RATATATAT

SUBWAY

KKRAAAM!

HON...

OH GRUD!

MURDERERS!

SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG!

CEASE FIRING! CEASE FIRING!

BLAM

THEY'RE NOT RESPONDING! THEY'VE GONE **KILL CRAZY!**

WE'VE GOT TO CALL THE JUDGES!

CONTROL TO ANY UNIT VICINITY **KILLKRAZE COMBAT PARK!** WE HAVE A REPORT OF A SERIOUS DISTURBANCE!

DREDD HERE. RESPONDING!

OVER

FOLLO THE REAR

NEXT PROG: **KILL KRAZY!**

JUDGE DREDD
SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG AT KILLKRAZE COMBAT PARK!
DREDD TO CONTROL! HURRY IT UP WITH THOSE RIOT SQUADS!
WE GOT WORLD WAR THREE ON REPLAY!
FADOOM!
N-NG!
KDOWW!
BADAM!
KILLKRAZE

IN KILLKRAZE COMBAT PARK CONTROL – **PANIC!**

THERE'S PEOPLE DYING LIKE **FLIES** DOWN THERE!

THEY'VE GONE **KILL CRAZY!** THEY WON'T STOP!

MY GRUD! HOW DID THEY GET **REAL** AMMO!

CHIEF OVERSEER

AND IN THE SIX THRILL-PACKED BATTLE SCENARIOS –

VADOOOM!

BOY, THEM SHELLS ARE REALISTIC!

GET THEM KHAN BLOCKERS!

VADOOM!

AIEEE!

HELL! THEY **ARE** REAL!

THEY CAN'T BE! THEY'RE JUST SUPPOSED TO FIRE **PAINT PELLETS!**

TAKKATAKKA

AGH!

HELL! ARNIE, LISTEN — I-I DIDN'T MEAN...I...

WHERE'S THE TROUBLE?

EVERYWHERE! SOMEHOW THEY'VE GOT HOLD OF **LIVE** ROUNDS! THEY'RE **SLAUGHTERING** EACH OTHER!

HI, I'M KILLKRAZE THE BEAR...

KILL THEM ALL!

AN IMRAN! AN IMRAN!

FORGET ARNIE! KHANNER ATTACK!

DROKK! **CEASE FIRE!**

THIS IS THE LAW! I'M ORDERING YOU TO CEASE FIRE!

VADOOM

RIGHT! YOU CREEPS WANT TO PLAY AT WAR, I'LL GIVE YOU WAR!

STUM GRENADES!

FDOOOSH!

ARMED

GAS MASKS ON!

COUGH! CHOKE!

OLLY NORTH WAR VETS DON'T DIE SO EASY!

STANDARD EXECUTION – RAPID FIRE!

IN ANSWER TO DREDD'S CALL **RIOT SQUADS** POUR IN –

HI! I'M KILLKRAZE THE BEAR! HAVE A ROOTIN', TOOTIN', SHOOTIN' DAY OUT, FOLKS!

SOMEBODY SHUT – THAT THING OFF!

DONE!

IN EACH COMBAT ZONE FIGHTING IS QUICKLY, CLINICALLY QUELLED –

RIOT FOAM!

SPACE ATTACK CONTROL! WHAT'RE YOU WAITING FOR? **SWITCH OFF** THAT **ANTI-GRAV!**

WHAT THE –?

OH-OH!

FRONTIER PLANET QUELLED! MED-SQUADS PRONTO – WE'VE GOT MULTIPLE CASUALTIES!

IN THE ROARING TWENTIES SECTOR –

THEY SHOT MY WIFE! WE WERE ONLY MARRIED THIS MORNING! THEY DESERVED WHAT THEY GOT!

SO DO YOU – **THIRTY YEARS!**

SOME DAY OUT, HUH?

IN KILLKRAZE CONTROL—

YOU THE OWNER?

YES, SIR. DAVID KRAZMER, SIR.

YOU GOT ANY IDEA HOW YOUR CUSTOMERS HAPPENED TO BE ISSUED WITH **LIVE** AMMUNITION?

YES, AS A MATTER OF FACT I'VE MANAGED TO TRACE IT. A SIMPLE CLERICAL ERROR!

D FOR DUMMY— I FORGOT TO TYPE IT ON THE MUNITIONS REQUISITION... THE-THE REST WAS ALL DONE BY COMPUTER.

WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT? SUCH A SIMPLE LITTLE ERROR—AND HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE DEAD!

STILL, UH... ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN. I'LL MAKE SURE IT NEVER HAPPENS AGAIN.

JUST A SIMPLE LITTLE ERROR, HUH?

ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN...

HE'LL MAKE SURE IT NEVER HAPPENS AGAIN...

YES! YES! THAT'S RIGHT!

IS THAT BEFORE OR **AFTER** YOU GET **OUT**? **IF** YOU GET OUT!

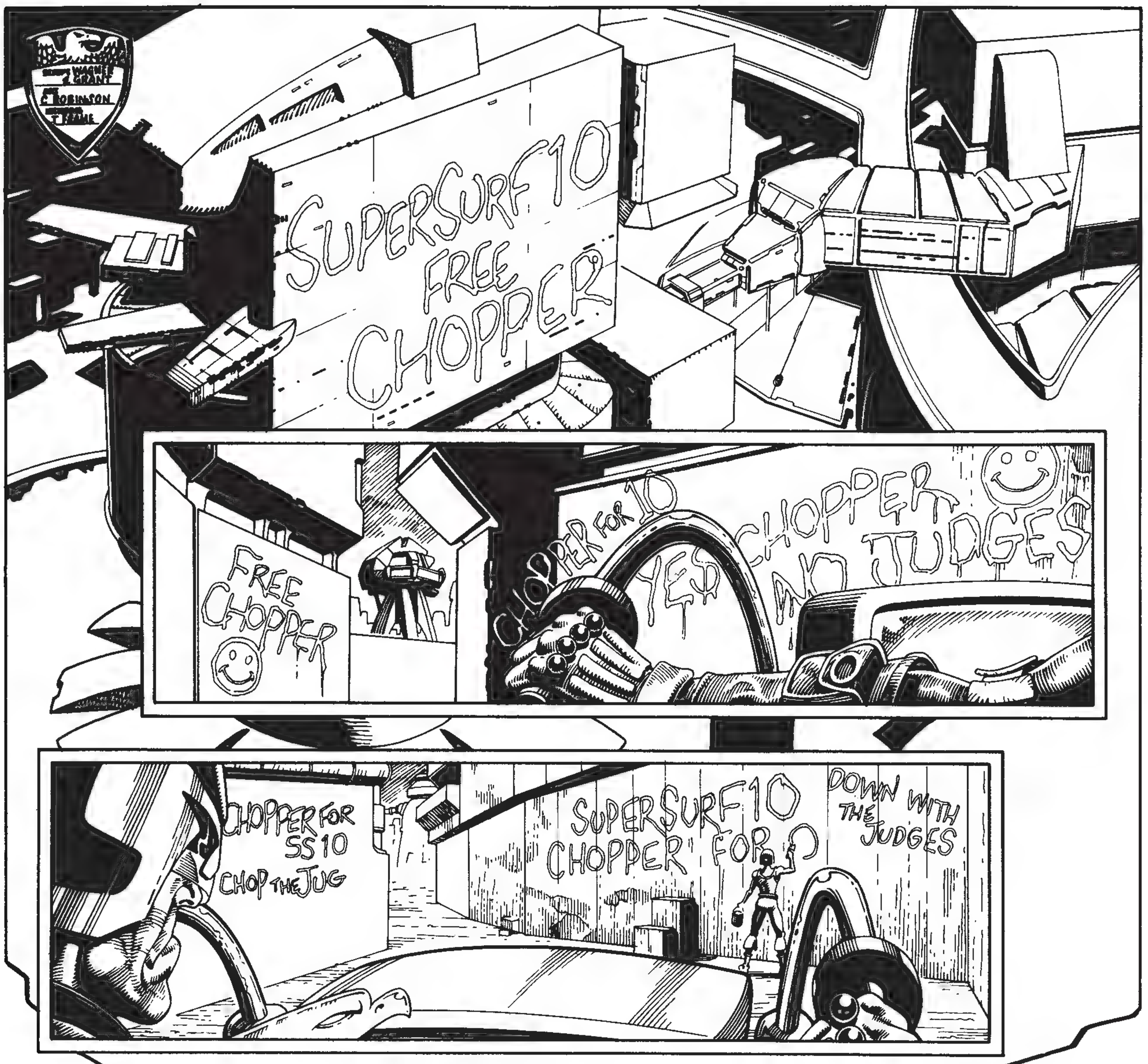
OUT? B-B-BUT...!

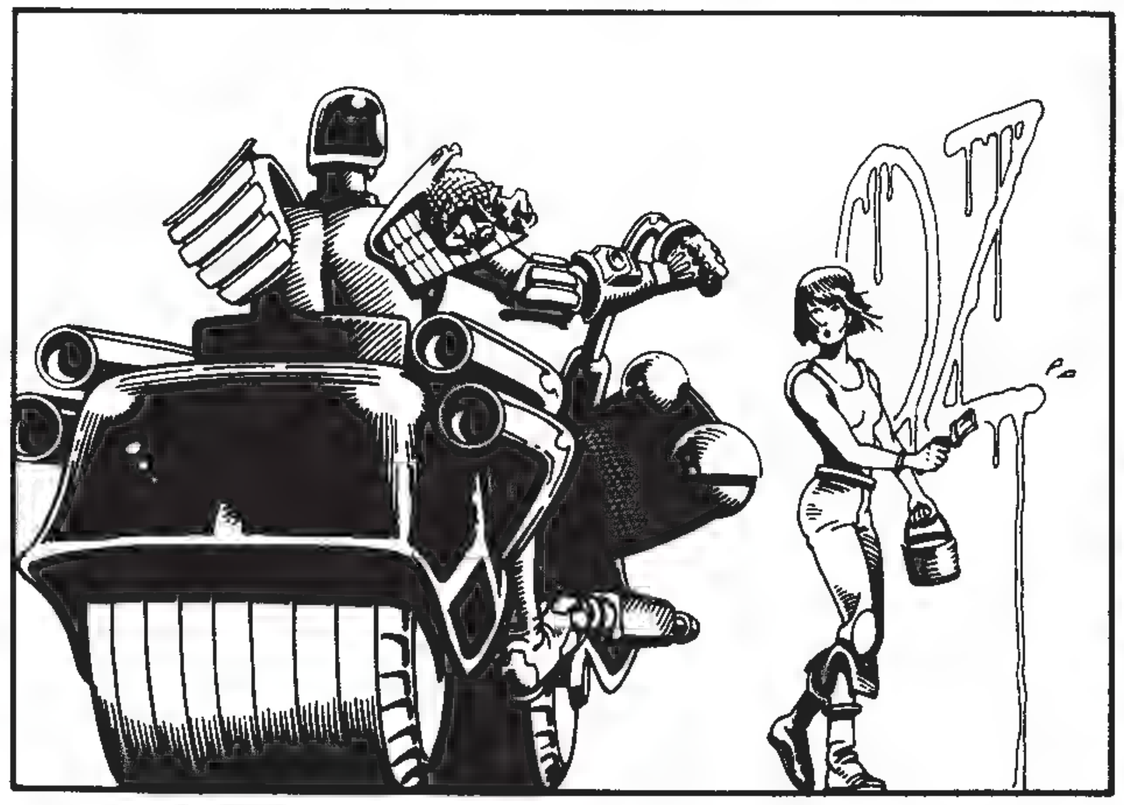
THE SENTENCE IS **LIFE**! TAKE HIM AWAY!

D FOR **DUMMY**, ALL RIGHT!

THE END.

FREE CHOPPER
SUPERSURF 10
JUDGE DREDD IN OZ PART 1
JUDGE
DREDD


SUPERSURF 10
FREE
CHOPPER
FREE
CHOPPER
CHOPPER FOR 10
YES
CHOPPER
AND JUDGES
CHOPPER FOR
SS10
CHOP THE JUG
SUPERSURF 10
CHOPPER FOR
DOWN WITH
THE JUDGES



CONTROL! I GOT ANOTHER CHOPPER FAN. PICK HER UP. HOLDING POST 9 ON PEACH.
DREDD
CHOPPER

YOU ARE GOING TO LET HIM GO, AREN'T YOU? YOU'VE **GOT** TO!

I ♥ CHOPPER

G POST O

WE NEED HIM!

FLABLIFTING! AND A SURPRISE VICTORY FOR NEWCOMER *HIGGY SPOTTISWOODE* IN TODAY'S CITY FINALS.

Sport on 94

HIGGY LIFTED A TOTAL OF 2473 KILOGRAMS AND SET A NEW **WORLD RECORD** IN THE FIVE METRE **HOIST** AND **DROP**.

SKYSURFING! AND WITH **SUPERSURF 10** ONLY ONE MONTH AWAY THERE IS STILL **NO** SIGN OF JUSTICE DEPT GIVING WAY TO THE GROWING PUBLIC **OUTCRY** FOR THE **RELEASE** OF **CHOPPER**, OUR OWN FORMER CHAMPION.

WE NOW BRING YOU THIS REPORT FROM OUR MAN IN **OZ**, BAROLD CRAIGO...

G'DAY!

TWO YEARS AGO THE **JUDGES** IN THE **SYDNEY-MELBOURNE CONURB** GAVE PERMISSION FOR THE **WORLD SKYSURFING CHAMPIONSHIPS** TO BE LEGALLY STAGED HERE. IN THIS FAIR CITY. NOW THE WHOLE OF **OZ** IS BUZZING WITH THE NAME OF THE MAN WHO HAS **DOMINATED** THE SPORT EVER SINCE.

OZ

THE NAME IS **JUG MCKENZIE** AND THE MAN IS HERE WITH ME TODAY. **JUG** – THANK YOU FOR TAKING TIME OFF FROM YOUR BARBIE.

DON'T MIND IF I KEEP TUCKIN' IN HERE, BAZ. I'M HUNGRY ENOUGH TO EAT A RANCID 'ROO THROUGH A CANE CHAIR.

JUG – THEY CALL YOU THE **WIZARD OF OZ**. WORLD CHAMPION IN **SUPERSURF 8** AND **9** – CAN YOU MAKE IT THREE IN A ROW?

STREWTH, BAZ! CAN ME DAD PICK HIS NOSE? THAT TITLE'S IN THE BAG!

SIMPLE, BAZ – **BRUUPPP!** – I JUST OPEN ME MOUTH AND THE WORDS COME OUT!

YOU'VE DESCRIBED YOURSELF AS THE BEST SKY SURFER OF ALL TIME. HOW CAN YOU SAY THAT WHEN YOU'VE NEVER FACED THE GREATS LIKE **YAKAMOTO, GOODVIBES, CHOPPER...**

BUT **CHOPPER'S** VICTORY IN **SUPERSURF 7** RANKS AS ONE OF THE MOST STUNNING EXHIBITIONS OF SURFING EVER WITNESSED.

AMATEUR. STRICTLY AMATEUR. HE'S JUST NOT IN MY CLASS.

MEAN TO SAY, IF HE'S AS GOOD AS HE'S CRACKED UP, WHY ISN'T HE HERE?

'SCUSE ME, JUG, BUT CHOPPER IS CURRENTLY DOING 18 IN A MEGA-CITY ONE **ISO-CUBE.**

SO YOU SAY, BAZ. ME, I RECKON HE'S **CHICKEN.** 'WAY I HEARD IT HE **BEGGED** TO BE LOCKED UP JUST SO HE WOULDN'T HAVE TO FACE THE WIZARD.

AND I'LL TELL YOU SOMETHING FOR NOTHING, BAZ, CAN'T SAY I BLAME HIM. HE'S GOT LESS CHANCE THAN A MARSUPIAL IN A MICROWAVE!

WITH COMMENTS SUCH AS THESE, McKENZIE HAS GOT MEGA-CITY SURF FANS SEETHING. BUT SO FAR FROM JUSTICE DEPT THERE HAS ONLY BEEN STONEY SILENCE.

Sport on 94

CHOPPER VERSUS THE WIZARD OF OZ WHO IS THE GREATEST SKY SURFER OF ALL TIME?

SADLY, THAT IS A QUESTION THAT IS UNLIKELY EVER TO BE ANSWERED.

ONLY SURFING HAS KEPT HIM SANE.

CHOPPER FOR OZ!

FREE CHOPPER

CHOPPER FOR SUPERSURF

ISO-BLOCK 111

IT HAS BEEN MANY THINGS TO MARLON SHAKESPEARE – A SUPREME JOY... A MEANS OF EXPRESSING HIMSELF, OF **BEING** SOMEONE... A SYMBOL OF HIS REBELLION AGAINST THE SOCIETY HE HATES SO MUCH.

NOW IT IS HIS ONLY LIFELINE.

IN HIS DREAMS HE IS STILL OUT THERE, FREE AS A BIRD. THE WIND WHIPPING THROUGH HIS HAIR.

ONCE MORE IN HIS ELEMENT, AT ONE WITH THE NIGHT SKY. AND HIS BOARD, HIS OLD FRIEND, RESPONDING TO HIS EVERY TOUCH...

THE ~~MIDNIGHT~~ SURFER RIDES AGAIN.

AND IN HIS DREAMS HE RELIVES HIS MOMENT OF GLORY. THE DAY HE DID WHAT NO OTHER SURFER HAD EVER DONE – SHOT THE FOX BACKWARDS...

...AND THE WHOLE CITY KNEW HIS NAME!

CHOPPER! CHOPPER!

AND HE DREAMS OF FREEDOM. OF BREAKING LOOSE, OF TAKING HIS BOARD AND RIDING IT UP – UP – UP INTO THE SKY.

ON AND ON, NEVER STOPPING, DEEP INTO THE COSMOS WHERE NO ONE CAN EVER FIND HIM. NO JUDGE CAN EVER AGAIN CATCH THE MIDNIGHT SURFER.

MARLON SHAKESPEARE –

ON YOUR FEET. COME WITH ME.

WHAT'S THIS ABOUT, DREDD – TAKING ME FOR A BEATING?

STILL THE REBEL, HUH? LET'S SEE HOW LIPPY YOU ARE WHEN YOU'VE GOT ANOTHER 15 YEARS UNDER YOUR BELT.

DREDD

PRISONER MARLON SHAKESPEARE FOR TRANSFER TO ISO-BLOCK 83.

EXAMINE YOUR POSSESSIONS. SIGN HERE, HERE AND HERE.

CHOPPER

MY BOARD...

I SAID EXAMINE IT, CREEP — NOT MAKE LOVE TO IT. SIGN.

TRANSFER? HOW COME?

DIDN'T YOU HEAR? NO, DON'T SUPPOSE YOU WOULD'VE...

YOU'RE A **STAR** AGAIN, SHAKESPEARE. **SUPERSURF 10** COMING UP IN **OZ** — THERE'S A BIG CAMPAIGN TO HAVE YOU RELEASED TO TAKE PART. WE'RE MOVING YOU TILL THINGS COOL DOWN A BIT.

EXIT

SUPERSURF 10... THREE YEARS. HAS IT BEEN THAT LONG?

THERE HE IS!

CHOPPER!

CHOPPER

CHOPPER

THEY'RE SURGING, DROKK IT! HOLD THEM BACK!

FREE CHOPPER

FOR OZ

UNGGH!

USE YOUR DAYSTICKS!

FREE CHOPPER

CHOPPER! CHOPPER!

CHOP

FREE CHOPPER

THE KEY!

POWER ON!

CHOPPER

COME BACK HERE. SHAKESPEARE!

NEXT PROB: NO HIDING PLACE!

JUDGE DREDD

OZ PART 2

THE PRISONER'S ESCAPING! BRING HIM DOWN!

CHOPPER

DREDD

BULLETS JUST ZINGING ME! MUST DO SOMETHING ABOUT THOSE JUDGES!

BADAM!

CHO

UGGH!

SPANGGG!

GOTTA KEEP LOW!

EAT IT, DREDD!

CHOPPER IS OUT!

CHOP

YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, CREEP!

CONTROL! PRISONER MARLON SHAKESPEARE IS ON THE LOOSE! ALERT ALL AERIAL UNITS!

IT IS THREE YEARS SINCE HE WAS LAST ON A BOARD. AT FIRST HIS CONTROL IS AWKWARD, CLUMSY.

NOTHING THE UNTRAINED EYE WOULD SPOT. BUT CHOPPER KNOWS.

NEARLY WIPED OUT THERE.

MUST THINK – EASE THE FLOW.

CHOP PERRY MAISONETTES

HEY, LOOK – CHOPPER!

NUDGE THE JUDGE

HE'S OUT!

GO FOR IT, CHOP!

CHOPPER FOR OZ!

CHOPPER FOR OZ!

SHEFFIELD

BADAM BADAM!

DAMN!

HOP THE JUG

BADAM

BADAM!

SHFFFF

SRAANNG

SPANNNG

SPANNG

SHFFF

USSOOOWF

SPANNGG

EVERY JUDGE IN THE CITY'S GOING TO BE LOOKING FOR ME! GOTTA FIND SOME PLACE TO HIDE UP!

JUDGES TONIGHT ARE STILL COMBING THE CITY FOR FORMER WORLD POWER-BOARD CHAMPION **MARLON SHAKESPEARE**, ALIAS **CHOPPER**, WHO ESCAPED TODAY WHILE BEING TRANSFERRED TO A SECRET HIGH-SECURITY ISO-BLOCK.

TOMMY McARD

THE ESCAPE FINALLY PUTS PAID TO ANY HOPE, HOWEVER REMOTE, THAT JUDGES WOULD SHOW MERCY AND RELEASE HIM TO PARTICIPATE IN SUPERSURF 10, TAKING PLACE NEXT MONTH IN OZ.

TAP TAP

TAP TAP

HUH?

CH-CHOPPER!

STOP GAWKIN' AND LET ME IN.

CHOPPER

BEEN HIDIN' IN A BLOCK AIR VENT ALL DAY. NEED A PLACE TO LIE LOW FOR A WHILE, FLIP — JUST TILL THE HEAT'S OFF.

YOU'RE CRAZY! JUDGES HAVE BEEN HERE LOOKIN' FOR YOU ALREADY! THEY COULD COME BACK ANY TIME!

FLIP

NO PLACE IN THIS CITY'S SAFE FOR YOU, CHOPPER. YOUR NAME'S EVERYWHERE. WHOLE CITY'S BEEN HOPIN' THE JUDGES'D LET YOU GO TO OZ, TAKE ON MCKENZIE.

WHO?

JUG MCKENZIE. HE'S BEEN WORLD CHAMP SINCE THEY PUT YOU AWAY. REAL LOUDMOUTH OZZER. REALLY BEEN PUTTIN' IT TO US, MAN — LIKE, WITH A SHOVEL.

EVERYBODY WAS **COUNTIN'** ON YOU TO PUT HIM IN HIS PLACE. GUESS YOU'VE BLOWN THAT NOW...

GIMME A BREAK, FLIP! I HAD TO TAKE MY CHANCE —

'SIDES, THEY'D NEVER HAVE LET ME GO. YOU KNOW HOW DREDD HATES MY GUTS.

TOMMY MC

LISTEN, YOU GOT ANY DECENT GARMS? I GOTTA GET OUTA THIS STINKIN' CUBE SUIT.

FISH SUBSTITU PIKE FLAVO

YEAH — YOUR MUM GAVE ME ALL **YOUR** OLD SURFIN' GEAR...

SHE SAID IT NEVER DID **YOU** ANY GOOD – SHE HOPED IT WOULDN'T DO **ME** ANY GOOD NEITHER.

MY SPARE **POWER CELLS** TOO! FLIP, I LOVE YA!

FISH SUBSTITUTE PIKE FLAVOR

BOARD WAX

GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT... NO PLACE IN THIS CITY'LL EVER BE SAFE FOR ME.

SO WHAT'RE YOU GONNA DO? WHERE'LL YOU GO?

NEWS SPEAK

FLI

THERE'S **ONE PLACE** EVERYONE SEEMS TO WANT ME.

OZ NEEDS CHOPPER

CHOPPER FOR OZ

OZ?

CHOPPER! CHOPPER! CHOPPER! FOR OZ!

ON A **BOARD**? YOU GOTTA BE MENTAL!

WHERE ELSE IS THERE FOR ME?

CHOPPER

YOU'LL NEVER MAKE IT, CHOP.

YEAH, MAYBE.

BUT I'M GONNA TRY.

GOOD LUCK, BUDDY!

CHOPPER FOR OZ!

NEXT PROG:
TO SEE THE WIZARD.

AND THEN THE **WEST WALL** LOOMS IN SIGHT, A LAST FORBIDDING OBSTACLE

HE CIRCLES, GAINING HEIGHT – STEELING HIS NERVE...

THERE IS NO TIME FOR SUBTERFUGE. EVERY JUDGE IN THE CITY IS LOOKING FOR HIM.

OZ PART 3

THEN HE DIVES, HUGGING LOW TO THE BOARD, MINIMISING RESISTANCE, GAINING SPEED. FASTER – FASTER –

ONE CHANCE, THAT'S ALL. ONE LONE SURFER AGAINST THE WALL GUNS AND RADAR.

HE SHOUTS HIS DEFIANCE, KNOWING HIS VOICE WILL BE SUCKED AWAY ON THE HOWLING WIND –

CHOPPER FOR OZ!

JUDGE DREDD

HE STAYS HIGH UP AMONG THE CITY'S TOWERING BLOCKS, WORKING HIS WAY STEADILY WEST...

...MORE THAN ONCE HAVING TO CONCEAL HIMSELF FROM SEARCHING HOVER PATROLS

CH-CHOPPER!

SHHHHH

YOU BET, CHOPPER! I WON'T GIVE YOU AWAY! YOU SHOW THOSE STINKIN' JUDGES!

UNIDENTIFIED FLIER COMING ON FAST, QUADRANT 9!

GOT HIM ON VID!

SKYSURFER!

CLIC

SHAKESPEARE!

CLIC

LASERS 9 - 11 - 13 - 15 - TRAIN AND FIRE!

CRAA-AKK!

CRA-AAK!

CRA-AAK!

AHHH!

ZAAKKK!

CRAA-ACK!

CRAA-AKK!

ZZA-AAK!

HE'S USING THE CONVOY! HOLD YOUR FIRE!

JUST A BURN. THEY HAVEN'T GOT ME YET!

ZZAA-AKK!

THEN HE IS FREE AND SPEEDING AWAY—

USING THE COVER OF THE RAVAGED LANDSCAPE, VANISHING INTO THE BLACKNESS OF THE CURSED EARTH NIGHT.

PURSUIT PODS GO!

NOTHING ON RADAR!

INFRA-RED SWEEP NEGATIVE!

MUTIE ROLE

CONTINUE SEARCHING! HE'S GOT TO BE DOWN THERE SOMEWHERE!

CONTROL TO DREDD! ESCAPED PRISONER MARLON SHAKESPEARE HAS CROSSED THE WEST WALL. PURSUIT PODS ARE SEARCHING.

UNDERSTOOD.

WE'VE ARRESTED HIS PAL, FLIP TILLIS CREEP ADMITS AIDING AND ABETTING THE ESCAPE. HE CAN TAKE SHAKESPEARE'S PLACE.

HE WAITS UNTIL THE WHINE OF THE PURSUIT PODS DIES AWAY INTO THE DISTANCE, AND EVEN THEN HE DOES NOT MOVE.

DAMN JUDGES ARE TRICKY. COULD BE TRYING TO BLUFF ME OUT.

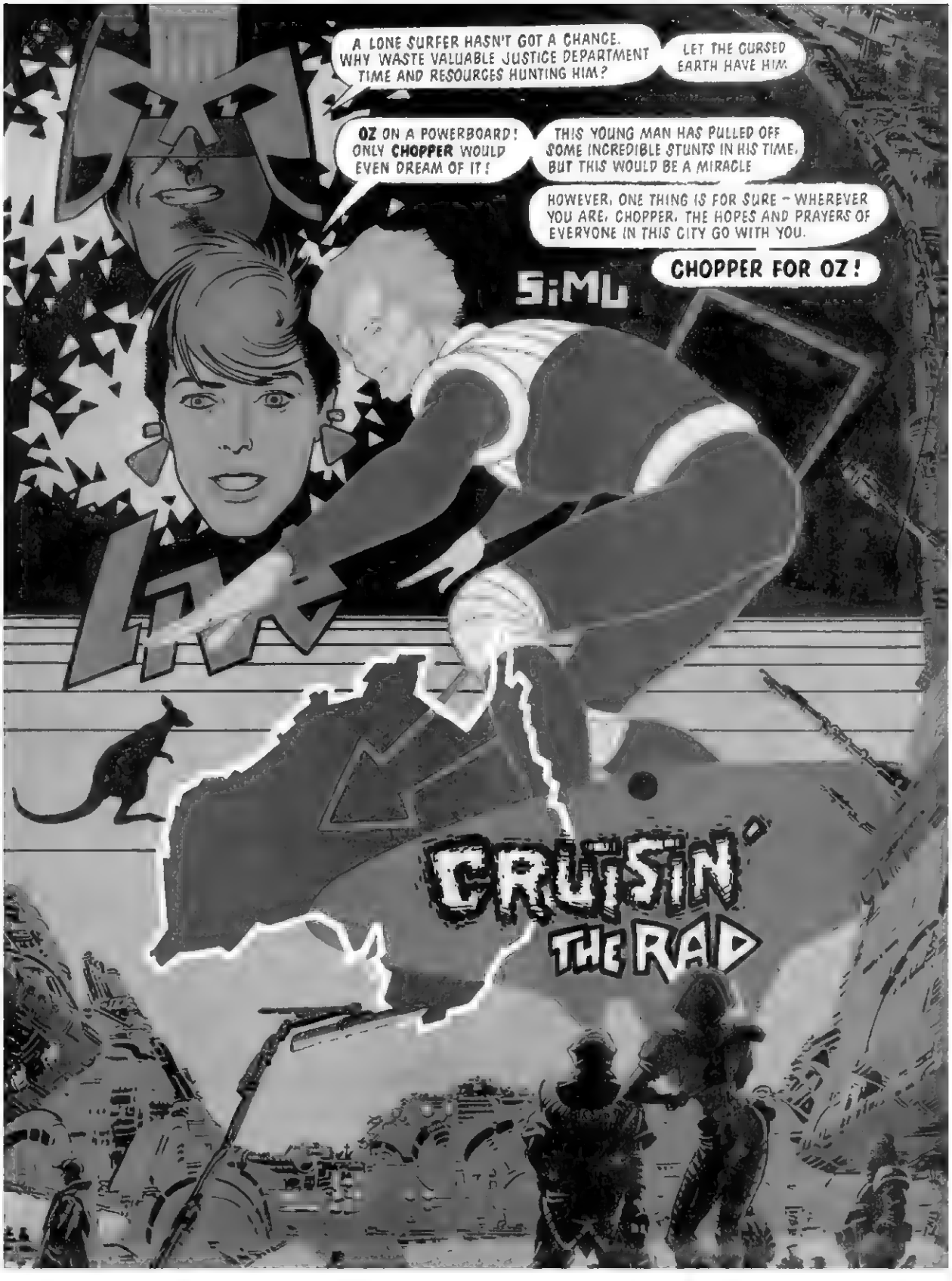
Ooo

ONLY WHEN AN HOUR HAS PASSED DOES HE STEAL CAUTIOUSLY FROM BENEATH THE OVERHANG TO CONTINUE HIS JOURNEY.

THE FIRST, DANGEROUS STEP — AND SIXTEEN THOUSAND KAYS STILL TO GO. WEST ACROSS THE CURSED EARTH... TOWARDS THE WIDE PACIFIC... TOWARDS **OZ** — AND **SUPERSURF 10.**

NEXT PROG:
AN EARTH CURSED!

NEWSFLASH! WE HAVE JUST HEARD THAT ESCAPED PRISONER MARLON SHAKESPEARE – ALIAS "CHOPPER" – HAS BEEN SEEN CROSSING THE CITY'S WEST WALL AND IS NOW AT LIBERTY SOMEWHERE IN THE CURSED EARTH.
WE'RE TAKING YOU STRAIGHT OVER TO VARNEY CROSS, WHO IS WAITING OUTSIDE TOMMY MCARDLE BLOCK...
JUDGE DREDD, YOU'VE ARRESTED CHOPPER'S FRIEND, FLIP TILLIS. MAY I ASK, SIR, ON WHAT CHARGES?
AIDING AND ABETTING A KNOWN CRIMINAL.
CHOPPER'S HEADING FOR OZ! HE TOLD ME! HE BEAT THE JUDGES AND NOW HE'S GOING TO BEAT THAT LOUD-MOUTH MCKENZIE!
CHONK
SHUT UP!
OZ? IS IT TRUE?
SO WE BELIEVE
AND WHAT EFFORTS ARE BEING MADE TO RECAPTURE HIM?
NONE
JUDGE DREDD
OZ PART 4


A LONE SURFER HASN'T GOT A CHANCE. WHY WASTE VALUABLE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT TIME AND RESOURCES HUNTING HIM?
LET THE CURSED EARTH HAVE HIM.
OZ ON A POWERBOARD! ONLY CHOPPER WOULD EVEN DREAM OF IT!
THIS YOUNG MAN HAS PULLED OFF SOME INCREDIBLE STUNTS IN HIS TIME. BUT THIS WOULD BE A MIRACLE
HOWEVER, ONE THING IS FOR SURE – WHEREVER YOU ARE, CHOPPER, THE HOPES AND PRAYERS OF EVERYONE IN THIS CITY GO WITH YOU.
CHOPPER FOR OZ!
SiML
CRUISIN' THE RAD

HE STAYS HIGH UP, WHERE THE AIR IS THIN, TO MAXIMISE CRUISING SPEED.

FAR BELOW, THE CURSED EARTH IS CLOAKED IN DARKNESS, BROKEN ONLY BY POCKETS OF RADGLOW AND THE OCCASIONAL LIGHTS OF A MUTANT SETTLEMENT...

...DECEPTIVELY INVITING FROM THE FRIGID HEIGHTS TEN THOUSAND FEET UP.

BUT HE DARE NOT STOP. HE KNOWS THE JUDGES ARE AFTER HIM. HE MUST KEEP ON THE MOVE, STAY ONE JUMP AHEAD.

DAWN. A MAGNIFICENT SIGHT. THE RISING SUN DIFFUSED INTO MYRIAD RAINBOWS BY THE THIN MORNING RADMIST.

POWER CELL'S ON THE RED. HAVE TO LAND.

ON THE GROUND HE SLOTS IN A SPARE CELL AND CHECKS HIS ROUTE ON THE FAXMAX HE GOT FROM FLIP...

ABOUT EIGHTY KAYS SHORT OF MEMPHIS...

BEST HEAD DUE WEST, KEEP WELL AWAY FROM TEXAS CITY.

TOO DARNED COLD UP THERE. RECKON I CAN AFFORD TO FLY A BIT LOWER. MUST'VE LOST THE THE JUDGES BY NOW.

GEEZ! WHAT IN THE NAME OF -

GEDDOFF!

MY BOARD!

YOU WANT THAT YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE **ME** FIRST! **GIMME!**

POWER ON!

AND I'LL HAVE MY PACK, TOO!

SEEN A LOTTA **WEIRD** THINGS IN THE CITY. BUT THAT CRACKS ALL! THIS PLACE IS AS **BAD** AS THEY SAY. GOING TO BE A LOT SAFER STAYING **OFF** THE GROUND.

HALF AN HOUR LATER, AND THE VAST PYRAMIDS OF MEMPHIS LOOM BELOW –

FARO'S KINGDOM... I'VE HEARD OF IT, NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE IT.

GUESS IF YOU'VE GOTTA BE CRAZY, YOU MIGHT AS WELL DO IT IN STYLE!

ONE THOUSAND KAYS BEHIND HIM THE CITIZENS OF MEGA-CITY ONE EAGERLY DEVOUR EVERY SCRAP OF NEWS –

REPORTS HAVE BEEN COMING IN FROM ALL OVER THE CURSED EARTH. CHOPPER HAS SUPPOSEDLY BEEN SEEN IN PLACES AS FAR APART AS MILWAUKEE, TERRE HAUTE AND THE FLORIDA RADLANDS.

A PROSPECTOR CLAIMS TO HAVE SEEN THE FUGITIVE SKYSURFER SHOT DOWN BY MUTANTS IN THE OZARK MOUNTAINS. THERE HAVE BEEN EIGHT OTHER REPORTS OF HIS BODY BEING FOUND – SO FAR ALL UNCONFIRMED.

NEWS ON 47

BUT WE MUST FACE UP TO THE FACT THAT, EVEN IF THIS INFORMATION IS INCORRECT, THERE IS LITTLE HOPE THAT CHOPPER CAN SURVIVE THIS DAUNTING CHALLENGE.

CHOPPER CAN'T DIE! HE'LL MAKE IT, WON'T HE, DAD!

ONE MOMENT! THIS JUST IN –

A TEXAS CITY UNIVERSITY ARCHAEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION HAS JUST REPORTED SIGHTING CHOPPER OVER MEMPHIS! THIS IS A **DEFINITE** SIGHTING! **CHOPPER HAS REACHED MEMPHIS!**

'RAAAY!

CHOPPER FOR OZ!

GO CHOP! DON'T STOP!

DUE WEST OVER THE PARCHED TULSA FLATS, GIVING TEXAS CITY A WIDE BERTH. THEN SOUTH ACROSS THE WHITE WASTES AND THE TREACHEROUS SWAMPLANDS OF THE PECOS. HEADING FOR THE RIO GRANDE.

WHEN TIREDNESS FINALLY OVERCOMES HIM HE DISCONNECTS HIS THROTTLE AND SLEEPS TIED TO HIS BOARD, RATHER THAN RISK THE DANGERS BELOW.

ONCE, SHOTS COME RIPPING UP FROM SOME UNSEEN GUN BELOW -

KRAKK!

PTTANGG!

-THOUGH WHO FIRED THEM HE WOULD NEVER KNOW.

BY LATE AFTERNOON -

THE RED RIVER - THE **RIO GRANDE**! I'M IN **MEX-ZONE**!

EAT IT, JUDGES! YOU'LL NEVER TOUCH ME NOW!

CHOPPER FOR OZ!

NEXT PROB: **BIRDMEN OF THE SIERRA MADRE!**

HE SEES THEM FAR IN THE DISTANCE, CIRCLING LAZILY ON THE UPDRAFTS OVER THE SIERRA MADRES AT FIRST HE TAKES THEM FOR SOME HUGE MOUNTAIN CONDORS

ONLY WHEN HE GETS CLOSER DOES HE REALISE –

GREM! SOME-SOME KIND OF MUTIE **BIRDMEN!**

THEN THEY ARE ALL AROUND HIM –

HEY, MUCHACHOS! YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?

WHAT EES EET – THE GIANT BUDGIE?

BUDGIE? WE DON' NEED NO STEENKIN' BUDGIE!

JUDGE DREDD IN OZ PART 5

HEY, GONZALES, CLAWS OFF! I SEE HEEM FIRST!

SON OF A FLYING PEEG! VAMOS! I GOT A WIFE AN' THREE KEEDS TO FEED!

HELL! THEY GOT ME DOWN FOR BIRDSEED!

CLAWS OFF, JOSE!

WOK!

THOD!

MY BILLYCORD!

SNIK

AAAHH

HEY, DIABLO! YOU GEEV HEEM BACK!

SHARE HEEM OUT! SHARE HEEM OUT!

SHARE NOTHEENG! VAMOS, DUNGBIRDS!

HE'S TAKING ME TO HIS NEST!

HEY! NO WAY, JOSE!

PAPA! ME!

NO, ME! I'M STARVEENG HERE, PAPA!

THINK FAST, CHOPPER!

GEEV!

I FIGURED WHEN I WENT OUT IT'D BE ON A BOARD, KISSIN' SKY – NOT IN A BEANFEAST FOR SOME OVERGROWN CHICKENS –

Yiii

BIFF

WRAP YOUR BEAK ROUND THIS, MUCHACHO!

THE OTHER MUTANTS SWARM IN –

WAP

STEENKIN' GRINGO! KEEL HEEM!

SPLAT

RUDAAA

HOW'S THAT FOR CHICKEN ON THE BONE, PAL!

PAPA! HELP!

LOOKS LIKE THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY OUT OF THIS –

STRAIGHT DOWN!

OKAY, BIRDBRAINS, YOU WANT A FIGHT, YOU'VE GOT ONE!

ROAR!

THOD!

ONE IN THE GIBLETS!

MY WEENGS!

MADRE DIOS...

WHAT I DO...

TO DESERVE...

THEEEEES?!

SUPER SPEEDY

BACK ON HIS BOARD AND FOREWARNED, NO BIRDMAN CAN TOUCH THE FORMER WORLD CHAMPION—

SRWARK!!

AY YI YI! HE IS WORSE THAN SPEEDY GONZALES!

WEEK!

SPWOKK!

ZOOOSH!

CHOD!

SO LONG, BIRDBRAINS! STICK TO **WORMS** IN FUTURE!

—OR **JUDGES**! YOU SEE ANY JUDGES, FEEL FREE!

MEANWHILE, IN MEGA-CITY ONE—

LATEST REPORT PUTS HIM OVER THE MEX-ZONE BORDER, HEADING FOR THE SIERRA MADRE RANGE.

GOT TO HAND IT TO THE CREEP, HE'S GOT GUTS.

THINK HE'LL MAKE IT, DREDD?

WHO KNOWS?

IF HE DOESN'T, WE'RE GOING TO HAVE ONE UNHAPPY CITY.

YEAH.

STILL, NOTHIN' NEW ABOUT THAT.

NIGHT COMES. DOWN ACROSS THE COASTAL PLAIN AND THEN, STRETCHING OUT AHEAD OF HIM SEEMINGLY WITHOUT END, THE VAST PACIFIC...

FIVE THOUSAND KAYS DOWN, ELEVEN MORE TO GO. I CAN DO IT!

I CAN DO IT!

NEXT: ON THE BEACH!

JUDGE DREDD

SCRIPT WAGNER/GRANT
ART SIMPSON/REX
LETTERING T.FRAME

OZ PART 6

THE SURVIVORS

SO EXHAUSTED IS HE AFTER HIS ORDEAL THAT HE FALLS TO THE SAND AND SLEEPS, THE SOFT WHISPER OF THE SURF LULLING HIM...

SO EXHAUSTED THAT HE DOES NOT STIR WHEN THE MIDNIGHT BEACH ERUPTS...

...AND THE SOFT, LEATHERY BODIES SCRAMBLE ACROSS HIM IN THEIR RUSH TO THE SEA—

—INTO THE ARMS OF THEIR WAITING ASSASSINS.

HE SLEEPS ON, UNAWARE OF THE PAGEANT OF LIFE AND DEATH BEING PLAYED OUT AROUND HIM. NEW LIVES, NEW HOPES — ALL TOO OFTEN CRUELLY SNUFFED OUT BEFORE THEY CAN BEGIN TO FULFIL THEIR POTENTIAL.

YET NOT ALL ARE EXTINGUISHED. SOME GET THROUGH. THE STRONG — THE QUICK — THE LUCKY...

...SLEPT ALL NIGHT...

DUMB. ANYTHING COULD'VE GOT ME.

SO WHAT NOW...?

ELEVEN THOUSAND KAYS LEFT AND NEARLY ALL OVER OCEAN...NEAREST LAND'S THIS VOLCANIC ATOLL TWO THOUSAND KAYS AWAY, THE CONA REYS...

DOWN TO MY LAST POWER CELL. DON'T EVEN KNOW IF IT'LL GET ME TWO THOU...

...AND WHAT DO I DO WHEN I GET THERE? AIN'T EXACTLY GOING TO BE BRISTLING WITH SKYSURF SHOPS ON CONA REY...

TO CROSS THE WATER... A NEAR IMPOSSIBLE TASK. ALMOST CERTAIN SUICIDE, AND HE KNOWS IT. YET WHAT ARE HIS OPTIONS...?

ISO 780

RETURN TO MEGA-CITY ONE? A **CUBE** FOR THE REST OF HIS LIFE? NEVER! HIS POWER CELL WOULDN'T GET HIM THAT FAR ANYWAY.

THE CURSED EARTH? HE'D BEATEN IT ONCE. IT HAD BEEN SURPRISINGLY EASY. BUT THAT WAS FROM TWO KAYS UP, ON A BOARD.

DOWN THERE IN THE RAW RAD IT WOULD BE A DIFFERENT STORY. HE WOULDN'T LAST A WEEK.

WHAT THEN? HEAD UP TO MEGA-CITY TWO - PICK UP THE CELLS HE NEEDS? BAD MOVE. THEY'D ARREST HIM FOR SURE. JUDGES STICK TOGETHER.

NO... THERE IS ONLY THE OCEAN...AND **OZ.**

LAST SANDWICH, TOO. HUH! IF I DON'T DROWN, I'LL STARVE.

DON'T S'POSE I COULD EAT YOU, LITTLE FELLA...?

NAH.

GUESS EVERYONE DESERVES A CHANCE IN LIFE.

GOOD LUCK!

POWER ON!

IT'S ONE O'CLOCK IN THE **BIG MEG** AND HERE IS THE NEWS!

A MEGA-CITY TWO FISHING VESSEL REPORTS SIGHTING A **LONE SKYSURFER** FIFTY KAYS OFF THE PACIFIC COAST. POSITIVE I.D. IS IMPOSSIBLE, BUT LET'S FACE IT, MEGACITES – IT'S **GOTTA** BE **CHOPPER!**

'RAAAY!

GO, CHOP! DON'T STOP!

CHOPPER FOR OZ!

HEY, BUCKETHEAD! I JUST HEARD! **CHOPPER'S** HIT THE BIG BLUE! THAT'S ONE IN THE EYE FOR YOU!

WATCH THE SLAB, MOUTH!

OH MOLEY-

KANG!

CONTROL! WE GOT A PILE UP, STRINGER AND BRICKMAN!

AND ONE IN THE EYE FOR YOU **TOO.** CREEP -- NOT TO MENTION **FIVE** IN THE **CUBES.**

I DON'T CARE! **CHOPPER FOR OZ!**

I WOULDN'T COUNT ON IT!

CREEP'S STILL GOT A **LONG** WAY TO GO.

CHOPPER NEWS ON 47

NEXT PROG: ENTER THE JUDDA!

JUDGE DREDD IN OZ PART 7

FORMER WORLD POWERBOARD CHAMPION **CHOPPER** HAS ESCAPED FROM HIS ISO-CUBE AND IS MAKING HIS WAY ACROSS THE PACIFIC OCEAN TOWARDS **OZ** AND **SUPERSURF 10.**

MEANWHILE, IN MEGA-CITY ONE...

GRUD – 'PORTERS!

WHO THE HELL–?

WE ARE THEY WHO WERE BEFORE AND WHO SHALL BE AFTER!

WE ARE THE DISINHERITED – AND THE INHERITORS!

WE ARE **JUDDA!**

ENTER THE JUDDA

JUDGE **DRUFEN** — WHERE DO WE FIND HIM?

WE'LL ASK THE QUESTIONS! THIS IS A RESTRICTED AREA, CREEP!

YOU — **AAAHH!**

GRUD!

BAM

SOME KIND OF SHIELD —

SPANG!

SECURITY! WE HAVE THREE ARMED TELEPORTERS, MIKRON LAB!

SECURITY! DO YOU **READ** ME?

ON OUR WAY, EISMAN!

VAP!

SPARE YOURSELF FURTHER PAIN, IMPOSTOR — **WHERE IS BRUFEN?**

YOU'RE UNDER **ARREST**, PAL —!

FORGET HIM! LEVEL FOUR. WEAPONS TRIAL.

FIRST THIS ONE BURNS.

SIZZLE

MAKE HASTE. BRUFEN IS OUR PRIORITY.

AAAAHH!

IN THE NAME OF JUDDA!

VAM! VAM!

SECURITY TO ALL PERSONNEL! RED ALERT! INTRUDERS!

RANGE

REPEAT, RED ALERT! JUDGES DOWN! ADOPT EMERGENCY PROCEDURES!

R/NCE

VEEEEEEEE!

WHOMP!

SKREEKUFF

VVRIZZZZZZ

HMMM...STILL NOT CALIBRATED PROP-

EH?

YES, IT IS HE.

WHO THE DEVIL-?

IMPOSTOR! **YOU** ARE THE DEVIL!

OH MY GRUD-

IN THE NAME
OF JUDDA !
BUJEEN

THIS IS BRUFEN. SCRUB THOSE INTRUDERS – GET A MEAT WAGON DOWN HERE.

WILCO.

WHILE I'M ON, YOU GOT THE WHEREABOUTS OF JUDGES **MACNAMEE**, **DREDD** AND **DEFOE**?

SURE... MACNAMEE'S DOWN AT MEG-COM RUNNING A RANDOM CHECK... DREDD'S BUSTIN' HEADS, SIXTH AND SICILY...

DEFOE'S CURRENTLY ON THE BOWL, SECTOR HOUSE 109.

WHY ARE YOU ASKING, BRUFEN?

BRUFEN?

THREE YET TO DIE.

SIMEON – **DEFOE**.

ZALMAN – **MACNAMEE**.

DREDD IS **MINE**.

RANGE

JUDDA GO WITH US!

ALL RIGHT, I WANT TO KNOW WHO STARTED THE TROUBLE.

JUDGES SUCK

C'MON! I'M WAITING HERE!

UHHHH

LISTEN, PAL, YOU THINK I ENJOY TALKING TO MYSELF?

IN THE NAME OF JUDDA!

IN THE NAME OF GRUD-!

SECRET OF THE JUDDA!

JUDGE DREDD IN OZ PART 8

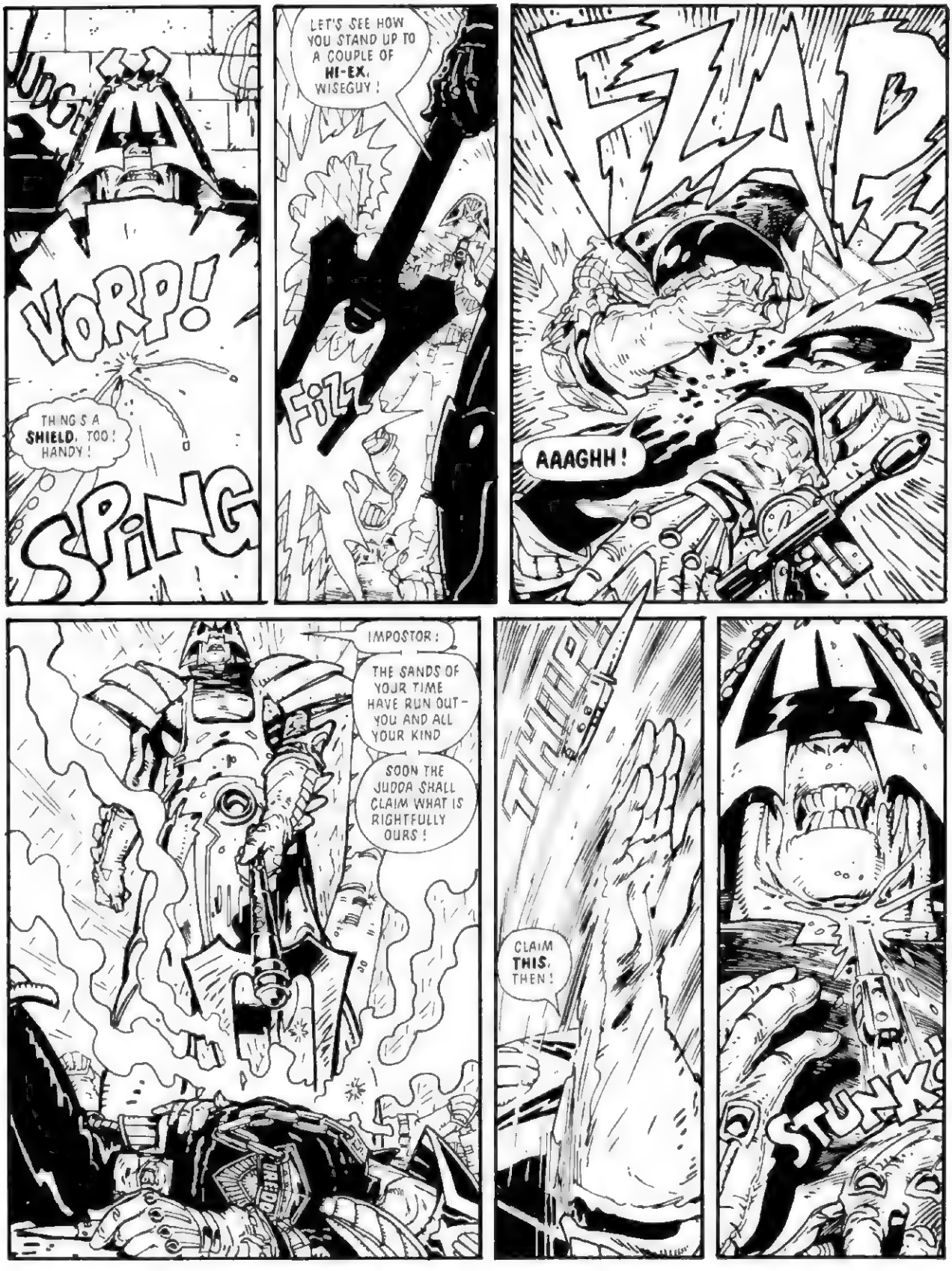
FORMER WORLD POWERBOARD CHAMPION **CHOPPER** HAS ESCAPED FROM HIS ISO-CUBE AND IS MAKING HIS WAY ACROSS THE PACIFIC TOWARDS **OZ** AND **SUPERSURF 10**. MEANWHILE, MEGA-CITY ONE JUDGES HAVE A NEW EMERGENCY ON THEIR HANDS – THE **JUDDA**...

DROKK! PERP TOOK THE BLAST!

CHOPPER CHANCES ARE ZERO

THAT'S NO TOASTING FORK! GOTTA PUT THIS CREEP ON A SLAB!

BLOOD OF THE JUDDA

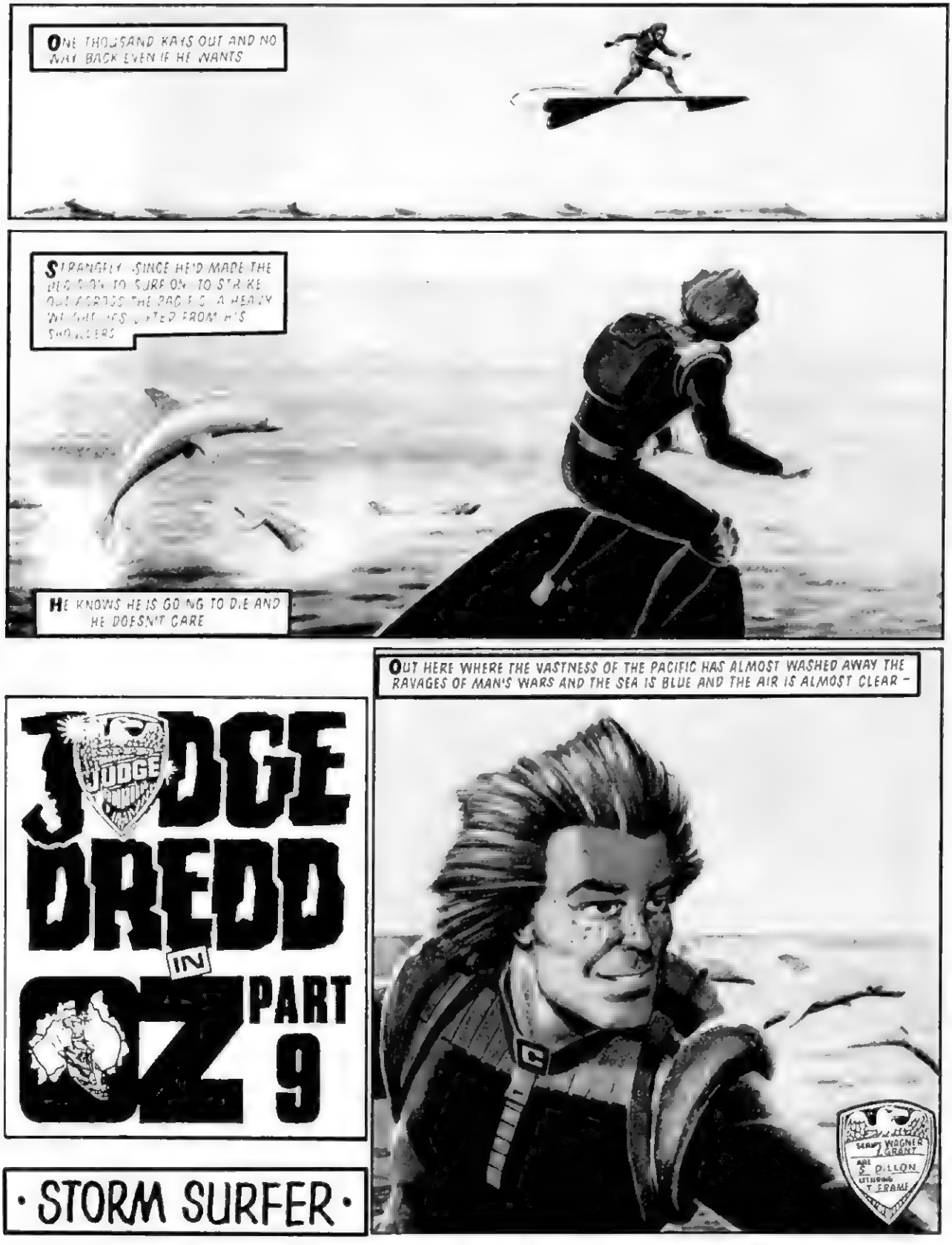

JUDGE
VORP!
THING'S A SHIELD, TOO! HANDY!
SPING
LET'S SEE HOW YOU STAND UP TO A COUPLE OF HI-EX, WISEGUY!
FIZZ
ZAP!
AAAGHH!
IMPOSTOR!
THE SANDS OF YOUR TIME HAVE RUN OUT - YOU AND ALL YOUR KIND
SOON THE JUDOA SHALL CLAIM WHAT IS RIGHTFULLY OURS!
CLAIM THIS, THEN!
STUNK

NGRAAAA
WHOMP!!
CONTROL - DREDD. UNIDENTIFIED ATTACKER JUST TELEPORTED IN. TOOK A POT SHOT AT ME. DRESSED LIKE SOME KIND OF JUDGE - DON'T RECOGNISE THE UNIFORM THOUGH
SOUNDS LIKE THE TRIO WHO JUST HIT TEK DIVISION.
CONTROL, THIS IS STEIN, TEK SECURITY. JUDGE BRUFEN IS DEAD - REPEAT, DEAD. HE'S BEEN BURNT ALIVE, JUST LIKE EISMAN
TEK
NO SIGN OF THE PERPS, THOUGH
BUT BRUFEN REPORTED HE'D KILLED THEM
COULDN'T HAVE BEEN BRUFEN
HELL! WHOEVER IT WAS ASKED FOR LOCATIONS ON DREDD, DEFOE AND MACNAMEE!
SECTOR HOUSE 100

CONTROL TO DEFOE AND MACNAMEE! CODE RED ALERT!
SCREEEE
BELIEVE YOU MAY BE TARGETS FOR ASSASSINATION! SUSPECTS ARE USING TELEPORTERS!
BE ON YOUR GUARD!
PULL
THOD
UH?
KRASH!
IN THE NAME OF JUDDA!
SIZZZLE!
YAAAARH!
DEFOE!
AAAHH!
SLASH!
VIIP

CONTROL – FREAN, SECTOR HOUSE 109! THEY GOT TO DEFOE PENDER TOO – NEAR SLICED HIM IN HALF!
DROKK!
MACNAMEE – ACKNOWLEDGE CODE RED ALERT!
MACNAMEE! COME IN, MACNAMEE!
SUDDENLY AS THEY APPEARED, THE JUDDA ARE GONE.
LATER, AT THE GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE –
GARMS ARE OF EASILY SYNTHESISED MATERIALS NO MANUFACTURERS MARKS NO CLUES THERE
EAST-MEG? SOME KIND OF RENEGADE GROUP? WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR THEM TO TRY SOMETHING
COULD BE COULD BE LOCAL WE JUST DON'T KNOW
WE'RE STILL EXAMINING THE WEAPON AND TELEPORTER DEVICE. DESIGN'S MORE SIMILAR TO MEGA-CITY THAN EAST-MEG
BUT WHOEVER THEY ARE, THEY'VE GOT SOME DAMNED GOOD TEKS ON THEIR SIDE

JUDDA, THEY CALLED THEMSELVES WHAT DID THE CREEP SAY...?
TIME HAD RUN OUT FOR ME AND MY KIND THE JUDDA WOULD CLAIM WHAT IS RIGHTFULLY THEIRS
YOU RECKON THEY FIGURE ON MOVING IN ON US ?
HMM THEIR CHOICE OF TARGETS MIGHT BEAR THAT OUT – YOU, BRUFEN, MACNAMEE, DEFOE . ALL KEY PERSONNEL.
I DON'T LIKE IT! THEY COULD STILL BE IN THE CITY – THERE COULD BE MORE OF THEM
I WANT EVERY JUDGE ON FULL ALERT – THAT'S 24 HOUR! IF ANY OF THEM ARE FOUND, TAKE THEM ALIVE! WE NEED SOME ANSWERS!
EXCUSE ME, SIR .
WHERE DID THEY COME FROM – WHAT DO THEY WANT HERE? WHO ARE THE JUDDA ?
I DON'T KNOW ABOUT WHERE OR WHY, CHIEF JUDGE, BUT I THINK I CAN TELL YOU WHO.
I SENT A SKIN SCRAPE FROM OUR FRIEND HERE DOWN FOR GENETIC ANALYSIS THAT'S IT BAR-CODED THERE
JUDDA
THE COMPUTER ALSO PICKED OUT THESE OTHER ONES FROM OUR RECORDS.. YOU'LL NOTICE THEY'RE PRACTICALLY IDENTICAL –
MEANING THEY COME FROM THE SAME PERSON – OR A CLONE ?
YES NOW HERE'S THE INTERESTING BIT –
THE OTHER THREE BELONG TO JUDGES FARGO, RICO . . AND DREDD.
MEANWHILE, OVER THE PACIFIC...


ONE THOUSAND KAYS OUT AND NO WAY BACK EVEN IF HE WANTS
STRANGELY SINCE HE'D MADE THE DECISION TO SURF ON TO STRIKE OUT ACROSS THE PACIFIC A HEAVY WEIGHT HAS LIFTED FROM HIS SHOULDERS
HE KNOWS HE IS GOING TO DIE AND HE DOESN'T CARE
JUDGE DREDD IN OZ PART 9
OUT HERE WHERE THE VASTNESS OF THE PACIFIC HAS ALMOST WASHED AWAY THE RAVAGES OF MAN'S WARS AND THE SEA IS BLUE AND THE AIR IS ALMOST CLEAR –
STORM SURFER
SCRIPT WAGNER GRANT
ART & D'LLON
LETTERING T. FRAME

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE HE FEELS REALLY FREE.

POWER'S DOWN TO 40 PER CENT. I WAS RIGHT – NO WAY I'M GOING TO MAKE CONA REY.
STORM COMING UP TOO GONNA BE FUN.
THEN IT'S ALL AROUND HIM. THE RAIN STINGS HIS EYES CLOSED AND HE MUST FLY BY INSTINCT –
– FIGHTING AGAINST THE WIND THAT THREATENS EVERY MOMENT TO RIP HIM FROM HIS SLENDER BOARD

CRAAK
WISH OLD FLIP COULD SEE ME!
WONDER WHAT HE'S DOING NOW?
COME ON, STORM! GET ME IF YOU CAN!

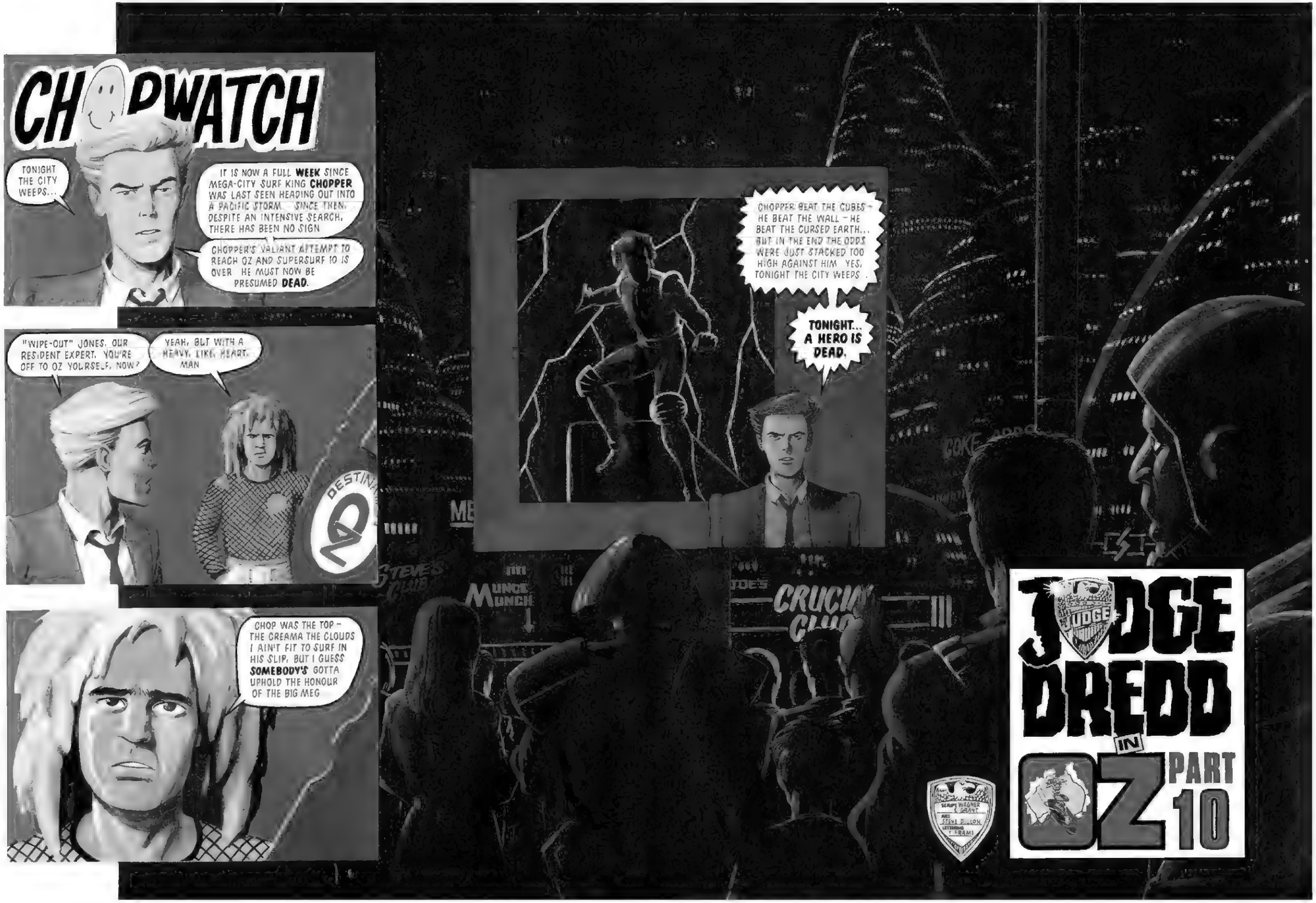
GOOD EVENING, MEGA-CITY, AND WELCOME ONCE AGAIN TO CHOPWATCH.
IT IS EIGHT HOURS SINCE CHOPPER WAS SIGHTED OFF THE COAST OF MEX-ZONE SINCE THEN THERE HAS BEEN NO WORD
CHOPWATCH
WEATHER SATELLITES SHOW A TROPICAL STORM OF HURRICANE FORCE ONE THOUSAND KAYS WEST OF HIS LAST KNOWN POSITION IF CHOPPER IS HEADING INTO THIS, IS THERE ANY HOPE THAT HE CAN SURVIVE ?
MEX ZONE
I PUT THAT QUESTION TO OUR STUDIO POWERBOARD EXPERT, "WIPE-OUT" JONES
HURRICANE? FORGET IT, MAN!
I GOTTA LOT OF RESPECT FOR THE CHOP - I MEAN, HE'S MY NUMBER ONE BUT WHEN YOU ANKLE IT RIGHT DOWN HE'S JUST A MAN ON A FLYIN' PLANK.
WIPE OUT JONES
IT BREAKS MY HEART, BUT I GOTTA BE HONEST CHOPPER R.I.P. - SO LONG, PAL
JUDGE DREDD, IT'S JUST BEEN ANNOUNCED THAT YOU'LL BE LEAVING FOR OZ NEXT WEEK DOES THIS MEAN YOU BELIEVE CHOPPER'S CHANCES OF SURVIVAL ARE GOOD ?
I'D SAY HIS CHANCES ARE ZERO
STILL, SHAKESPEARE ESCAPED FROM AN ISO-CUBE - HE MADE IT ACROSS THE CURSED EARTH - CREEP MAKES A HABIT OF DOING THINGS HE SHOULDN'T BE ABLE TO
IF BY SOME MIRACLE HE DOES MAKE IT TO OZ, I WANT THE FIRST THING HE SEES TO BE MY SMILING FACE
INTERVIEW TERMINATED.

G'DAY!
THIS IS BAROLD GRAIGO IN THE SYDNEY/MELBOURNE CONURB IN THE HEART OF OZ WHERE THE CREAM OF THE WORLD'S SKYSURFERS HAVE BEGUN TO ARRIVE FOR NEXT MONTH'S SUPERSURF 10.
ALREADY THE AIR IS THICK WITH BOARDERS PUTTING IN SOME EARLY PRACTICE IN THIS SECTION OF THE CITY SPECIALLY SET ASIDE BY THE OZ AUTHORITES
JUG MCKENZIE, WORLD SKYSURF CHAMPION FOR THE PAST TWO YEARS – WHAT IS YOUR REACTION TO THE NEWS THAT CHOPPER IS ON HIS WAY TO WREST BACK THE TITLE YOU HAVE HELD SINCE HIS IMPRISONMENT?
HANG ON A MINUTE, BAZ – I'M DOING A COMMERCIAL HERE
OKAY, JUG, SUCK THAT TUBE LIKE YOU REALLY MEANT IT! LOOK HAPPY NOW!
CUE VOICE OVER –
GLUG GLUG GLUG
"THUNDER CHUNDER XXXX – JUG MCKENZIE, THE WIZARD OF OZ, WOULDN'T GIVE A –
BRUUUPPP!
– FOR ANYTHING ELSE!

BEAUT, JUG! LOVE YOU, BABY!
NOW, BAZ – THE ANSWER TO YOUR QUESTION –
FRANKLY, I DON'T GIVE A ROO'S POO.
I-I BEG YOUR PARDON
CAN'T YOU UNDERSTAND PLAIN OZZER, BAZ? YOU KNOW WHAT A ROO IS? YOU KNOW WHAT A POO IS? PUT 'EM TOGETHER AN' WHAT'VE YOU GOT?
I'LL TELL YOU – NEW ZEALAND!
Thargnote: JUG IS EXPRESSING A PURELY PERSONAL OPINION NEW ZEALAND IS A VERY NICE PLACE.
UH... I'M NOT QUITE FOLLOWING THIS INTERVIEW, JUG.
THEN LET ME PUT IT SIMPLY FOR YOU... I'M NOT INTERESTED IN CHOPPER BECAUSE CHOPPER'S NEVER GOING TO GET HERE YOU JUST CAN'T SKYSURF ACROSS THE PACIFIC, BAZ.
JUG
LET'S BE HONEST – THE GUY'S BRAINS HAVE GONE WALKABOUT!

HE LOSES TRACK OF HOW LONG HE'S BEEN RIDING THE STORM
THE HOWLING WIND AND RAIN, THE WILD EXHILARATION, EVERY MOMENT BALANCED ON A KNIFE EDGE – THERE IS NO ROOM FOR ANY OTHER THOUGHT BUT THE BATTLE...
ONE MISTAKE AND HE IS SWEPT FROM THE BOARD
...DANGLING BY HIS BILLYCORD, TOSSED LIKE A LEAF –
NOT GONNA BEAT ME THAT EASY!
HELL MIGHT AS WELL NOT'VE BOTHERED! BOARD'S RUNNIN' ON RED – I'M OUTA HERE!

WELL, NEVER FIGURED I'D MAKE IT GOTTA BE RIGHT ONCE IN MY LIFE. .
THERE IS NOWHERE TO GO BUT DOWN
FOR THE LAST TIME HE STRUGGLES TO HIS FEET, TAKING CONTROL OF THE PLUNGING BOARD, DIVING – DOWN, DOWN, HEADLONG TOWARDS THE RAGING OCEAN
AND IT SEEMS, AS HIS DEATH RUSHES UP TO GREET HIM, THAT HE HEARS VOICES RISING ABOVE THE SCREAM OF THE WIND –
CHOPPER!
CHOPPER!
CHOPPER
CHOPPER!
CHOPPER!
CHOPPER!
CHOPPER!
CHOPPER!
CHOPPER!
CHOPPER!
CHOPPER!
CHOPPER!
CHOPPER!
CHOPPE
CHOPPER!
CHOPPER!
CHOPPER!
NEXT PROG · REQUIEM FOR A SURFER!


CHOPWATCH
TONIGHT THE CITY WEEPS...
IT IS NOW A FULL WEEK SINCE MEGA-CITY SURF KING CHOPPER WAS LAST SEEN HEADING OUT INTO A PACIFIC STORM. SINCE THEN, DESPITE AN INTENSIVE SEARCH, THERE HAS BEEN NO SIGN
CHOPPER'S VALIANT ATTEMPT TO REACH OZ AND SUPERSURF 10 IS OVER. HE MUST NOW BE PRESUMED DEAD.
"WIPE-OUT" JONES, OUR RESIDENT EXPERT. YOU'RE OFF TO OZ YOURSELF, NOW?
YEAH, BUT WITH A HEAVY, LIKE, HEART, MAN
CHOP WAS THE TOP - THE CREAMA THE CLOUDS I AIN'T FIT TO SURF IN HIS SLIP, BUT I GUESS SOMEBODY'S GOTTA UPHOLD THE HONOUR OF THE BIG MEG
CHOPPER BEAT THE CUBES - HE BEAT THE WALL - HE BEAT THE CURSED EARTH... BUT IN THE END THE ODDS WERE JUST STACKED TOO HIGH AGAINST HIM. YES, TONIGHT THE CITY WEEPS.
TONIGHT... A HERO IS DEAD.
JUDGE DREDD IN OZ PART 10
SCRIPT WAGNER & GRANT
ART STEVE DILLON
LETTERING T FRAME

AWW, G'DAY, DREDD! WELCOME TO OZ!

TICKLED TO SEE YOU, MATE. NAME'S **BRUCE**. I'VE BEEN DETAILED TO BE YOUR PERSONAL LIAISON OFFICER.

OZ PORTS

WHILE YOU'RE HERE YOU'LL BE EXTENDED **HONORARY OZ JUDGESHIP** – THAT MEANS YOU CAN SHOOT ANYBODY YOU TAKE A FANCY TO.

ONLY JOKIN'! WE'RE A FRIENDLY BUNCH HERE. WE LIKE TO MAINTAIN GOOD RELATIONS WITH OUR CITIZENS.

SO IF YOU DO HAVE TO SHOOT, REMEMBER – **SMILE**.

HA HA! ONLY JOKIN'!

TELL YOU WHAT, THOUGH, RECKON YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME. OL' CHOPPER'S SHARK-BAIT, MATE – COUNT ON IT.

MAYBE.

DON'T KNOW WHY YOU DIDN'T JUST LET HIM OUT ANYWAY. NO HARM IN A LITTLE SKYSURFIN', SURELY?

YOU BREAK THE LAW, YOU DO YOUR TIME. THAT'S THE WAY IT IS IN MEGA-CITY ONE – THAT'S THE WAY WE LIKE IT.

AWW, HEY, YOU GUYS OUGHTA LIGHTEN UP! LIVE A LITTLE! GET DOWN TO THE BEACH, GET YOUR SHIRT OFF, WRAP YOURSELF ROUND A FEW TUBES –

SSHHHHFF

DOWN!

CREEP!

LEG SHOT!

STREWTH! TAKE IT EASY, JOE!

AAAAAAHH!

THAT WAS ONE OF THE COMPETITORS! FELLA WAS ONLY BUZZIN' US FOR A LAUGH!

YEAH?

DON'T SEE HIM LAUGHING.

GEEZ — THESE MEGGERS AIN'T EXACTLY OVER-ENDOWED WITH A SENSE OF HUMOUR!

WHILE DREDD WAITS, **OZ** IS GRIPPED BY **SUPERSURF FEVER**. ONE BY ONE THE BIG NAMES ARRIVE, AND IN THE RAZZMATAZZ THE NAME OF CHOPPER IS ALMOST FORGOTTEN...

JAN LE PLANQ, THE FLAMBOYANT FRENCH CHEF DU SERF –

ALLEZ PLANQ!

OUI OUI JEAN LE!

NICOLAI STAL, SOV-BLOCK SUPREMO THE RED MACHINE. HIS BOAST IS HE PRACTISES TWELVE HOURS A DAY.

NO INTERVIEWS! WHERE IS PRACTICE AREA?

STAL

FROM THE ANDEAN CONURB, THE FLYING **GONZO** BROTHERS, **HECTOR** AND **DAVE**.

FROM BRIT-CIT **CYRIL "LORD" BUNGAY**, HOLDER OF THE ALL-EUROPA CROWN.

DALLAS HALL, THE TEXAS-CITY TIGRESS.

SWIFT UHURU, THE PAN-AFRICAN BULLET.

HECTOR

DAVE

STEINBECK AND **TABERLY**, MEGA-CITY TWO.

GHOSTMAN PATEL. HE'D HONED HIS SKILLS IN THE TWISTING MAZE OF CALCUTTA.

TEN DAYS TO THE BIG S – SEVENTEEN DAYS SINCE CHOPPER WAS LAST SEEN AN **ELIMINATION HEAT** IS HELD

BAM!

REF

A SIMPLE TEST OF SPEED FOUR TIMES AROUND THE HARBOUR

REF

OVER TWO HUNDRED HAVE ENTERED FOR SUPERSURF. ONLY SIXTY WILL TAKE PART IN THE FINAL CONTEST

PATEL!

GONZALEZ!

McKENZIE!

FINISH

JONES!

HO!

CHEEVER!

AND THAT'S THE SIXTY!

AND SO ENDS ALL SPECULATION ABOUT MEGA-CITY ONE'S FABLED FLIER, CHOPPER. EVEN IF BY SOME MIRACLE HE DID TURN UP, HE COULD **NOT** TAKE PART IN SUPERSURF 10. THE STARTING LINE-UP IS DECIDED

THAT AFTERNOON, A MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR THE LOST SURFER —

I NEVER MET YOU, CHOPPER, AND NOW I NEVER WILL. AN' MAYBE THAT'S A GOOD THING, 'COS ONE OF US WOULD HAVE TO LOSE.

IF THERE'S SKYSURFING UP IN HEAVEN, CHOPPER, I BET YOU'LL BE RUNNING RINGS ROUND THE ANGELS. GOOD LUCK TO YOU, WHEREVER YOU ARE.

SURF ON, CHOP, OLD CHAP.

RIDE THE BIG ONES.

I, LIKE, KNEW CHOPPER TAKE IT FROM ME, HE WAS THE BEST — THE BEST THERE EVER WAS.

NOW HE'S DEAD

IT JUST AIN'T FAIR.

SO LONG, CHOPPER!

HE IS BARELY 300 METRES UP, DIVING TOWARDS HIS DEATH. WHEN HE SEES IT – A FAINT GLOW THROUGH THE SHEETING RAIN...

MOLEY – ! IT CAN'T BE !

A SHIP !

HIS POWER CELL IS DEAD. HE MUST USE THE BOARD'S MOMENTUM, TWIST IT TOWARDS HIS GOAL –

FLATTEN OUT – CUT RESISTANCE !

YOU'RE GONNA MAKE IT ! YOU'RE GONNA MAKE IT !

JUDGE DREDD IN OZ PART 11

SHIPWRECKED

HE CLINGS THERE WHILE THE SHIP BUCKS AND THE SEA LASHES OVER HIM, DETERMINED TO BREAK HIS HOLD –
BUT HE WON'T LET GO! HE WON'T!
AND IN TIME – HOW MANY HOURS LATER? – THE STORM PASSES
WELL ..IF THIS DOESN'T BEAT ALL
IT AIN'T EXACTLY OZ. BUT SOMEBODY UP THERE MUST LIKE ME!
HELLO?
ANYBODY THERE?
HELLO?
PLACE IS EMPTY.
HELLO?

IS THAT YOU, JIM LAD?
N-NO – IT'S CHOPPER
CHOPPER, EH?
WELL, WHAT'RE YE DO.N' ABOARD MY SHIP, CHOPPER? DID BLACK SPOT SEND YE?
NO – I CAME ON MY OWN – ON MY BOARD I'M ON MY WAY TO OZ.
OZ, EH?
ALL THE WAY TO OZ ON THIS LITTLE DIDDY THINGY! AHH, THE MARVELS OF MODERN TECHNOLOGY!
YE HATES ME, DON'T YE, MATEY?
HUH?
CHOPPER

I SAYS, YE HATES ME! I CAN SEE IT IN YER EYES - SMOULDERIN', BLACK HATE! YE'D GIVE ANYTHIN' TO DO THE DIRTY ON ME, WOULDN'T YE?
N-NO!
LISTEN, PAL, I JUST LANDED HERE TO GET OUT OF THE STORM! LET ME RECHARGE MY POWERCELL AND GET A BITE TO EAT AND I'LL BE ON MY WAY!
EAT? EAT?
I'M FORGETTIN' MESELF! 'COURSE YE MUST BE HUNGRY. COME DOWN TO ME GALLEY AN' I'LL FIX YE UP A FEAST!
POOR SORT O' SHIP'S COOK I'D BE IF I DIDN'T! GROWIN' LAD NEEDS HIS VITTALS!
NOW YOU'RE TALKIN'!
NOW SIT YE DOWN AN' I'LL WHIP UP A PIPIN' PLATE O' BOSUN'S BROTH!
SAY, WHERE IS EVERYBODY? WHERE'S ALL THE CREW?
CREW?
GONE! EVERY LAST MAN JACK OF 'EM, ROT THEIR LIVERS! LEFT ME TO RUN THE SHIP ON ME OWN!
THEY NEVER LIKED ME SEE. SPECIALLY THAT ARMSTRONG...
DIDN'T LIKE ME COOKIN'! DIDN'T LIKE ME STUPID VOICE -
CHOPPER

YOU DON'T LIKE IT NEITHER, DO YE, CHOPPER LAD ?
H-HEY! THROTTLE DOWN!
IT-IT'S A GREAT VOICE! REALLY, UH... NAUTICAL!
NAUTICAL, EH? THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I'D'VE SAID NAUTICAL. THERE - I DID SAY IT!
HELL! THIS DROID'S GOT A CIRCUIT LOOSE!
ANYWAY, THIS ARMSTRONG SAYS "WHY CAN'T WE HAVE A HUMAN COOK? HUMAN COOK'S BETTER."
RIGHT, SAYS I, WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT! AN I CHOPS HIM AN' I GUTS HIM AN' I COOKS H M - QUICK AS YE L KE!
HUH ?
I DOES HIM UP REAL NICE WITH A SPRIG O' PARSLEY AN' SOME LEMON SAUCE AND YE KNOW, ARMSTRONG WAS RIGHT - HUMAN DOES COOK BETTER
'COS I SETS HIM AFORE THE CAP'N AN' HE EATS HEARTY. AN' HE SAYS, 'COOKIE, YE'VE EXCELLED YERSELF! WHAT IS IT ?"
IT'S ARMSTRONG, SIR, SAYS I - WITH A SPRIG O' PARSLEY AN' LEMON SAUCE
'COURSE HE HAD TO GO AN' THROW UP ALL OVER ME NICE CLEAN TABLECLOTH WHAT ELSE COULD I DO? I HAD TO CHOP HIM!
THEN THE CREW GETS WIND OF IT AN' STARTS PLOTTIN' AGAINST ME. WELL, THEY'LL DO FOR THE POT AS WELL, SAYS I, AN' I CHOPS 'EM TOO!
LISTEN, Y-YOU'RE JOKIN', AREN'T YOU?

'COURSE I AM, MATEY! LAUGH A MINUTE, THAT'S OL' COOKIE!
NOW WHAT WOULD YE LIKE AFTER YER BOSUN'S BROTH –
NICE SLICE O' CAP'N, MAYBE? PLATE O' NAVIGATOR STEW?
HOW ABOUT ABLE-BODIED SEAMAN WILKINS AU GRATIN?
MMFFFF!
WHY YE DIRTY SWAB! SPIT IN ME GALLEY, WILL YE?
THE GALLEY DOOR – IT-IT'S LOCKED!
SO WE SEE YE REVEALED IN YER TRUE COLOURS; I KNEW ALL ALONG YE HATED ME – JUST WAITIN FER THE CHANCE TO SHOW IT, EH?
WELL, YE'RE NEXT FER THE POT, JIM LAD!
NEXT PROG: CHOPPER CHOPPED?

MARLON SHAKESPEARE, ALIAS **CHOPPER**, HAS ESCAPED FROM A MEGA-CITY ISO-CUBE AND IS CROSSING THE PACIFIC TOWARDS **OZ** AND **SUPERSURF 10**

BUT NOW, ABOARD A SHIP IN MID-OCEAN...

ARR, JIM LAD! I DID FER THE CREW AN' I'LL DO FER YOU, TOO!

HOLD STILL, DAMN YE!

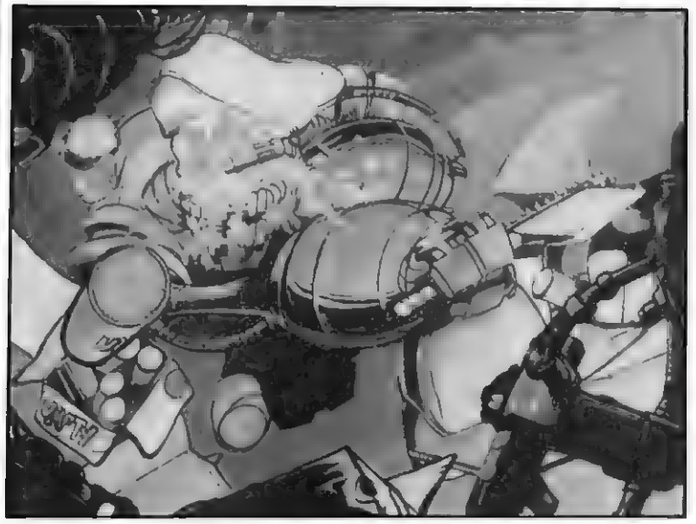
CHONKK!

CHOPPER FOR OZ!

JUDGE DREDD IN OZ PART 12

SHRAKK!

OO-AAH!



YOU CRAZY ROBOT! THERE'S NO NEED FOR THIS! JUST OPEN THAT DOOR AND LET ME GO!

WHY SHOULD I, MATEY? YE HATES ME, DON'T YE?

NO! I NEVER MET YOU TILL HALF AN HOUR AGO!

'COURSE YE HATES ME! YE **MUST**!

LOOK AT THE **MESS** YE'VE MADE O' ME KITCHEN!

CHANGO
LOOK! I'M SORRY ABOUT THE MESS! I'LL CLEAN IT UP!
I'M NOT GOING TO WIN ANY SLUG OUT WITH THIS MANIAC. GOTTA HUMOUR HIM –
A FINE OFFER, MATEY, BUT YOU WON'T BE CLEANIN' NOTHIN' FROM THE INSIDE O' A POT!
OKAY! KILL ME IF YOU WANT! BUT AT LEAST GRANT ME ONE REQUEST –
BEFORE I DIE, PLEASE – PLEASE – I MUST HAVE ANOTHER PLATE OF YOUR BOSUN'S BROTH!
OH, YE LIKED IT, DID YE?
THAT'S GRATIFYIN', MATEY! I DON'T SUPPOSE IT'LL DO ANY HARM TO LET YE HAVE A PLATE JUST A PLATE, MIND –
THERE... THERE'S ONE THING I'D LIKE EVEN MORE. I ..I GUESS IT'S TOO MUCH TO ASK. .
SPILL .T, CHOPPER LAD I'LL BE THE JUDGE...
I'D. .I'D LIKE A PIECE OF MR ARMSTRONG – WITH A SPRIG OF PARSLEY AND LEMON SAUCE. JUST LIKE YOU DID HIM FOR THE CAPTAIN. IT... IT SOUNDED SO GOOD BUT I... I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU'VE GOT ANY LEFT
WELL YE SUPPOSES WRONG! I'VE GOT A WHOLE HALF TORSO RIGHT HERE IN ME FREEZER!
COOK
GOOD MORNIN', MR ARMSTRONG, SIR! POUND O' YER BEST RUMP, PLEASE: SIR!

PHEW! DONE IT!
CLANGG!
I KNEW IT! I KNEW ALL ALONG YE HATED ME!
TIME I BLEW!
DOOR'S LOCKED. GOTTA BE THE WINDOW.
IF I CAN JUST REACH THAT
ARMSTRONG'S OFF, JIM LAD! YE'RE FOR THE POT!
CHUNNG!

I'M COMING FOR YE LAD.
DAMN! BOATHOOK DIDN'T EVEN DENT HIM!
CLANGG!
SKEWERS, IS IT, JIM LAD?
PREFER TO GO OUT AS A KEBAB, DOES YE? NOTHIN' I LIKES BETTER THAN A SPOT O' FOREIGN COOKERY!
GEEZ! THERE'S GOTTA BE SOMETHIN' I CAN USE.
I'LL RUN YE THROUGH TOP TO TAIL AN' TURN YE ON A SLOW SPIT!
FLARE GUN! PERFECT!
GO FRY, COOKIE!

SHIVER ME! FLAMBEED!
YE BACKSTABBIN' SWAB – I ALWAYS KNEW YE HATED ME!
BELOW –
MY BOARD. . .! COULDN'T CROSS THE SHIP WITH THIS, NEVER MIND THE PACIFIC! IT'S FINISHED – IT'S ALL BEEN FOR NOTHING!
WAIT A MINUTE! THE SHIP!
OF COURSE – THE SHIP CAN TAKE ME TO OZ!

IT TAKES A FULL DAY TO FIGURE OUT THE INTRICACIES OF THE AUTOPILOT BUT AFTER THAT, THE COMPUTER DOES THE REST..
ALONG THE WAY HE RECHARGES HIS POWER CELL AND DOES HIS BEST TO PATCH UP HIS BUTCHERED BOARD –
AND AT LAST –
OZ!
SOMEBODY'LL PICK HER UP SOON ENOUGH
STOP ENGINES START
POWER ON!
CHOPPER FOR OZ!

OZ CONTROL TO JUDGE DREDD –
A SKYSURFER HAS BEEN SIGHTED 40 KAYS OFFSHORE AND HEADING THIS WAY
WE HAVE POSITIVE I.D. – IT'S YOUR MAN!
STREWTH, JOE – HE MADE IT! CHOPPER MADE IT!
AND EVEN IN THE MEGA-CITY LAWMAN'S STERN VISAGE THERE IS A HINT OF ADMIRATION.
NEXT PROG: CHOPPER FOR CUBES?

JUDGE DREDD IN OZ PART 13

THIS IS BAROLD CRAIGO AT THE CON-URB HARBOUR! I CAN SEE HIM COMING IN NOW. JUST A DOT ON THE HORIZON!

THE HARBOUR IS LINED WITH UNBELIEVING SURF FANS WAITING TO WELCOME THEIR HERO – THE MAN THEY THOUGHT WAS DEAD!

WORD HAS REACHED THE COMPETITORS IN THE FORTHCOMING **SUPERSURF 10** AND THEY'VE ALL COME OUT TO GREET HIM:

HERO'S WELCOME!

"HIS BOARD IS PATCHED – HIS FACE IS GAUNT – HE LOOKS LIKE HE'S BEEN THROUGH HELL – AND WELL HE MIGHT!

"ALL THE WAY FROM MEGA-CITY ONE ON A FLIMSY POWERBOARD! NOBODY BELIEVED IT COULD BE DONE! BUT HE'S MADE IT! HE'S HERE!

"CHOPPER FOR OZ!"

WAGNER & GRANT
ART RAMSEY KITSON
LETTERS FRAME

RIPPER, CHOP!
WE'D GIVEN YOU UP FOR DEAD!
HECTOR AN' ME, WE TAKE THE SHOTTLE, BUT I GOTTA HAN' EET TO YOU – EES SOME FLYEENG!
WAY TO GO, CHOP! LIKE, WAY – TO – GO!
HEY! WIPE-OUT! GOOD TO SEE YOU!
JUG McKENZIE, THE WIZARD OF OZ – PUT IT THERE, MATE!
FIGURED I WAS TOPPA THE WOZZER, BUT LOOKS LIKE I'VE GOT SOME COMPETITION. IS THIS EVER GONNA BE SOME RACE, EH?
COULD BE
JUG
CHOPPER
HE'S COMING IN TO LAND ON THE QUAY! I'M GOING TO TRY TO GET THROUGH TO SPEAK TO HIM!
CHOPPER! HAROLD CRAIGO, CHANNEL 94 MEGA-CITY!
ACROSS THE CURSED EARTH – ACROSS THE PACIFIC! AN INCREDIBLE FEAT! TELL THE CITIZENS BACK HOME – HOW ON EARTH DID YOU DO IT?
A GOOD BOARD, I GUESS A LOT OF DETERMINATION AND A WHOLE SKYFUL OF LUCK
YOUR LUCK'S JUST RUN OUT CREEP!

YOU'RE UNDER ARREST
DREDD!
HEY! YOU CAN'T DO THAT!
JUST WATCH ME! CREEP BROKE THE LAW –
I'M TAKING HIM BACK TO MEGA-CITY ONE TO DO HIS TIME!
IN MEGA-CITY ONE – THE CROWD HERE IS STUNNED AND ANGRY: ALL THIS WAY FOR NOTHING! JUDGE DREDD IS TAKING HIM INTO CUSTODY! THERE WILL BE NO SUPERSURF 10 FOR CHOPPER!
IT'S NOT FAIR! THEY GOT NO RIGHT!
FREE CHOPPER!
YEAH, RIGHT! FREE CHOPPER!
FREE CHOPPER!
FREE CHOPPER!
THE CALL IS TAKEN UP, SPREADING FROM BLOCK TO BLOCK UNTIL THE WHOLE CITY RINGS WITH IT –
CHOPPER!
CHOPPER!
CHOPPER!
CHOPPER
CHOPPER!
CHOPPER
CHOPPER!
CHOPPER!
CHOPPER!
LISTEN TO THEM, CHIEF JUDGE! THIS CITY'S GOING TO BOIL OVER!
TAKE NO ACTION FOR THE MOMENT
BUT, SIR –
WE CAN HARDLY BOOK THE WHOLE CITY ON A SHOUTING RAP. LET'S JUST WAIT...

LET 'IM GO!
FLAMIN' MEGGO!
LET THE MAN GO!
KEEP THAT CROWD BACK THERE!
WHAT'S YOUR BEEF, ANYWAY? CREEP'S NOT ELIGIBLE FOR SUPERSURF 10 THE SIXTY FLIERS HAVE ALREADY BEEN CHOSEN
ORGANIZER
STUFF YER FLAMIN' RULES! THE MAN'S JUST SURFED THE FLAMIN' PACIFIC! IF THAT DOESN'T QUALIFY, NONE OF US HAVE!
'SRIGHT! NO CHOP - NO US!
GOT THAT? CHOPPER FLIES OR SUPERSURF 10 IS DEAD!
WELL, PUT LIKE THAT, I SUPPOSE WE CAN MAKE AN EXCEPTION...
GOOD ON YER!
WHAT'RE YOU GONNA DO NOW, JUDGE MAN?
YEAH...WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?
WHAT I CAME FOR! FORGET SUPERSURF 10 - YOU'RE GOING BACK TO THE CUBES, WITH AN EXTRA EIGHT YEARS FOR ESCAPING!
SORRY, JOE, CAN'T LET YOU DO THAT

EASY NOW...
WHAT THE HELL IS THIS, BRUCE?
YOU CAN SEE THE CROWD, MATE WE LET YOU TAKE CHOPPER AND WE'VE GOT A FULL-SCALE RIOT ON OUR HANDS – PLUS NO SUPERSURF
CAN'T LET THAT HAPPEN I'M PUTTIN' YOU IN PROTECTIVE DETENTION TILL IT'S ALL OVER.
THIS IS INCREDIBLE! JUDGE DREDD HIMSELF IS BEING PLACED UNDER ARREST!
YOU REALISE THIS IS BREAKING EVERY CONVENTION BETWEEN OUR C.TIES?
HANG CONVENTION, JOE – WE WANT TO SEE A RACE!
EAT IT, DREDD! CHOPPER FOR SUPERSURF 10!
'RAAAAAY!
'RAAAAY!
RIPPER!
'RAAAAY!
NEXT PROG: RE-ENTER THE JUDDA!

THE FIRST TIME YOU ESCAPED YOUR FATE – THIS TIME YOU SHALL NOT!
IN THE NAME OF JUDDA – BURN!
JUDGE DREDD IN OZ PART 14
McCARTHY/87
RE-ENTER THE JUDDA

OZ OBSERVER

THE VOICE OF THE SYDNEY–MELBOURNE CONURB

DATELINE: WEDNESDAY 18 JANUARY 2110

6

SKYSURF SENSATION

CHOPPER ALIVE!

DREDD ARRESTED!

CONURB CITIZENS STOOD aghast today as skysurf hero Chopper, real name Marlon Shakespeare, came back from the dead.

"The Chop" had made the epic journey from Mega-City One on a fragile skysurfboard to take part in next week's Skysurf 10 only to be arrested by MC-1 Judge Dredd.

Mega City Judge in arrest shock scandal

SUPERSURF 10? CHOPPER WILL FLY!

CHIEF JUDGE DISMISSES RUMOURS OF WAR

THE CITY IS BUBBLING WITH THE NEWS –

CHOPPER'S GONNA RACE! HE'LL SHOW THAT LOUDMOUTH OZZER MCKENZIE!

DUNNO... MCKENZIE'S GOOD BEEN NOBODY TO TOUCH HIM PAST TWO YEARS...

ONLY 'COS CHOPPER'S BEEN INSIDE.

WHAT ABOUT THAT DREDD? **HAWWW!**

THEY SAY THEY'RE GONNA KEEP HIM INSIDE TILL SUPERSURF'S OVER! DON'T WANT HIM SPOILIN' THE RACE! **HAWWW!**

'BOUT **TIME** THAT CREEP GOT A TASTE OF HIS OWN MEDICINE! **HAWWWW!**

Sport on 94

CHOPPER'S BOUND TO BE TIRED AFTER HIS ORDEAL– PLUS HE'LL BE BREAKING IN A NEW BOARD ONLY SEVEN DAYS BEFORE THE CONTEST. BOTH THESE FACTORS WILL WEIGH IN JUG MCKENZIE'S FAVOUR.

BUT THE WORLD KNOWS NOW THAT CHOPPER IS NO ORDINARY SURFER.
HE SPENDS THE NIGHT IN ONE OF THE CONURB'S GLITZIEST HOTELS, SLEEPING BETWEEN SILKEEN SHEETS WITH ROOM SERVICE ON CALL TO CATER FOR HIS EVERY WISH – ALL PAID FOR BY SUPERSURF ORGANISERS
JUDGE IN LOVE VICARS SHOP
A FAR CRY FROM HIS SIX METRES SQUARE ISO-CUBE...
RAP RAP
CHOPPER
HEY HEY, CHOP!
HIYA, WIPEOUT – OR G'DAY AS THEY SAY IN THESE PARTS!
THEY SAY A LOT MORE THAN THAT THESE OZZERS STILL DON'T BELIEVE YOU'RE, LIKE, GONNA WIPE THE SKY WITH THE FLYIN' MOUTH
I'M NOT SO SURE I WILL EITHER THEY SAY McKENZIE'S PRETTY GOOD
AH, YOU CAN TAKE HIM
C'MON, BOARD UP. I'LL FLY YOU ROUND THE PRACTICE COURSE.

G'DAY! BAROLD CRAIGO REPORTING FROM THE SYDNEY-MELBOURNE CONURB! I'M PLEASED TO SAY THAT MEGA-CITY'S OWN CHOPPER HAS JOINED THE OTHER COMPETITORS ON THE PRACTICE COURSE.
HE'S WARMING UP NOW WITH HIS NEW OZ-MADE BOND! SPECIAL AND MY FIRST IMPRESSION IS THAT HE LOOKS FIT AND WELL AND RARING TO GO!
VIIIPP!
MEANWHILE, SPARE A THOUGHT FOR JUDGE DREDD, CURRENTLY LANGUISHING IN THE DIPLOMATIC DETENTION QUARTERS OVER ON BOB HAWKE BOULEVARD.
HERE IN OZ, OLD STONEYFACE IS DEFINITELY NOT THE LAW. HOWEVER, RUMOURS THAT HE WILL STAND TRIAL FOR BEING A FLAMIN' SPO (SPORT HAVE BEEN DENIED BY OZ AUTHORITIES!
CHOPPER
FOR THREE DAYS HE HAS BEEN WAITING, EXPECTING THEM AT ANY MOMENT... YET NOT KNOWING FOR SURE THAT THEY WILL COME...
JUDD'S WARRIORS... HIS BRAVE NEW BREED...
HIS WHEREABOUTS WERE FRONT PAGE NEWS. SURELY IT WAS A BAIT THEY COULDN'T REFUSE...

THEY'RE HERE!
DISRUPTOR'S ON.
THE FIRST TIME YOU ESCAPED YOUR FATE— THIS TIME YOU SHALL NOT!
IN THE NAME OF JUDDA — BURN!
DROKK! GOTTA MOVE—
FOR A MOMENT THEIR IMAGES FLICKER—
BUT REMAIN!
HE IS ARMED!
IT IS A TRAP! TELEPORT!
VAP
SPOK!

FIELD DISRUPTION! TELEPORTERS ARE INOPERATIVE!
BAM!
SPANG
THEY HAVE LURED US HERE! I CANNOT ALLOW US TO BE TAKEN ALIVE! IN THE NAME OF JUDDA, BROTHER—
NO WAY, CREEP!
YOU..CANNOT STOP ME...DY NG!
NO?
CURSE YOU, DREDD-!
THAT'S WHAT THEY ALL SAY!
SMAK!

CHOK!
CHUDD
BAFF!
STREWTH!
CRASH!
SPLURR
HE'S STILL ALIVE! GET HIM INTO MED BAY - FULL SECURITY GUARD!
YOUR TRAP WORKED, MATE!
YEAH... WE GOT OURSELVES A COUPLE OF LIVE JUDDA.
NOW ALL WE'VE GOT TO DO IS MAKE THEM SING
NEXT:
THE LOST TRIBE!

JUDGE DREDD IN OZ PART 15

"IN THE BEGINNING WAS JUDD

"JUDD WAS ALL-WISE AND ALL-SEEING. AND RIGHTEOUSNESS SHONE FROM HIM. BUT THE RULERS OF HIS CITY WERE ONE WITH THE DEVIL. AND WHEN JUDD CAME FORWARD TO TAKE HIS RIGHTFUL PLACE THEY CONSPIRED AGAINST HIM AND CAST HIM OUT INTO THE WILDERNESS

"THERE IN THAT BARREN PLACE JUDD LABOURED, AND CREATED HE THE JUDDA — PURE IN MIND AND RIGHTEOUS IN HEART. YEA, EVEN LIKE UNTO JUDD HIMSELF...

THE LOST TRIBE

"AND WHEN JUDD SAW THAT THEY WERE READY, HE SENT THEM FORTH TO SMITE THE DEVIL IN HIS LAIR —"

SCRIPT WAGNER & GRANT
ART B. McCARTHY (ATTENDING T. FRAM)

WE ARE THEY WHO WERE BEFORE – WHO SHALL BE AFTER! JUDDA... **JUDDA!**

SAME OLD PSEUDO-BIBLICAL CLAPTRAP – LIKE IT'S BEEN DRUMMED INTO HIM WITH A SLEDGEHAMMER.

GIVE HIM ANOTHER FIVE CCS OF THE TRUTH JUICE.

DREDD

COME ON, ZALMON. WE DON'T WANT THE SERMON – **WHERE'S THE JUDDA BASE?**

SKIP!

THE MAN IN THE CHAIR STRUGGLES DESPERATELY TO RESIST...YET HE CAN FEEL THE WORDS RISING IRRESISTIBLY IN HIS THROAT...

THEY WILL DEFEAT HIM – FORCE A BETRAYAL AND ALL WILL BE LOST... THAT MUST NOT HAPPEN!

HE KNOWS HIS DUTY...

IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR THE **POISON CAPSULE**, FORGET IT. WE FOUND IT WHEN WE CHECKED YOU OVER.

DREDD! WE'VE ANALYSED THE TWO JUDDA TISSUE SAMPLES. ZALMON'S MATCHES MEGA-CITY GENETIC STRAIN 0008 – JUDGE COGLIN'S LINE.

THE OTHER – SIMEON – IS STRAIN 0001. FARGO'S... AND **YOURS**.

YES... IT ALL FITS. THE **JUDDA**... THE **LOST TRIBE OF JUDGES!**

FLASHBACK.

MEGA-CITY ONE. SHORTLY AFTER THE FIRST JUDDA ATTACK.

YOU'RE TELLING ME **TISSUE** FROM THE JUDDA'S BODY MATCHES **JUDGE FARGO'S LINE?**

A **CLONE**... A **DUPLICATE** CREATED FROM THE **DNA** OF THE **FATHER** OF OUR **OWN** JUDGE SYSTEM?

THAT'S IT. **YOUR** STRAIN, DREDD – YOUR **CLONE-BROTHER.**

BUT HOW? WHO **MADE** HIM? HOW COULD THEY HAVE GOT **HOLD** OF THE GENETIC MATERIAL...?

I THINK THE ANSWER TO THAT IS OBVIOUS. **JUDD... JUDDA...** YOU ALL KNOW YOUR HISTORY.

YOU MEAN... **MORTON JUDD?**

I REMEMBER HIM WELL... I WAS JUST A STREET JUDGE THEN...THE WARS WERE OVER THE CITY WAS MESSED UP WORSE THAN A GUTFUL OF SHRAPNEL, BUT **FARGO** WAS SLOWLY PULLING THINGS BACK TOGETHER...

"TOO SLOW FOR SOME PEOPLE – JUDGE **MORTON JUDD** FOR ONE. HE WAS **HEAD** OF **GENETICS** AT THAT TIME...A POWERFUL VOICE ON THE **COUNCIL OF FIVE...**"

I HAVE A VISION – A VISION OF THIS CITY UNDER TOTAL, ONE HUNDRED PER CENT JUDICIAL CONTROL. A DOCILE OBEDIENT POPULATION –

DREAM ON, JUDD!

IT CAN BE DONE! THE ANSWER IS **GENETIC MANIPULATION.** IF **JUDGES** CAN BE CLONED, WHY NOT THE **CITIZENS?**

THERE WERE MANY WHO SUPPORTED JUDD'S VIEWS. I HAVE TO ADMIT I WAS AMONG THEM.

BUT THOSE WERE HEADY TIMES. WE THOUGHT WE COULD DO **ANYTHING.**

FARGO, IN HIS WISDOM, THOUGHT OTHERWISE...

IN THESE DAYS OF HARSH LAWS AND STRICT CONTROLS IT IS SOMETIMES ALL TOO EASY TO PLAY GOD. WE MUST NEVER FORGET THAT OUR **PRIME DUTY** IS TO **SERVE.** OUR JOB IS TO POLICE THE CITIZENS WE HAVE – NOT **CREATE** THE CITIZENS WE WOULD **LIKE.**

I MUST EXERCISE MY **VETO.**

"JUDD COULDN'T ACCEPT THE CHIEF JUDGE'S VERDICT. PLAYING GOD CAME NATURALLY TO HIM. HE AND A GROUP OF SUPPORTERS DECIDED TO TAKE THE LAW INTO THEIR OWN HANDS—"

BAM!

BAM!

YOUR DAY IS DONE, FARGO! IT'S TIME FOR NEW IDEAS — A NEW LEADER!

A DUMMY—!

BOAM!

BAM! BANG!

BAM!

VIIIIP

VOWWP!

VAM!!!

YOU THINK I DIDN'T SUSPECT YOU'D TRY THIS, JUDD? I KNOW THE KIND OF MAN YOU ARE. WELL, IF THIS IS AN EXAMPLE OF YOUR RESPECT FOR THE LAW, THIS CITY IS WELL RID OF YOU.

YOU'RE WRONG, FARGO! GENETIC MANIPULATION IS THE KEY TO THE FUTURE — EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT! I DEMAND YOU RESIGN YOUR OFFICE —

AND HAND OVER POWER TO **YOU**? YOU'RE MAD, JUDD.

TAKE THEM AWAY! LET THE CITY SEE HOW WE TREAT OUR OWN WHEN THEY BREAK THE LAW. AS SOON AS THEIR WOUNDS ARE HEALED, LET THEM BE **PUBLICLY EXECUTED.**

BUT SENTENCE WAS NEVER CARRIED OUT — A GANG OF JUDD'S SYMPATHISERS WITHIN THE DEPARTMENT HELPED HIM ESCAPE. . .

THAT'S RIGHT. HE LEFT THE CITY IN A STOLEN SHIP. WITH HIM WENT **REEVER**, TEK DIVISION'S BRIGHTEST YOUNG IDEAS MAN — **MOYERS, SIMPSON, WITHEROE...** ALL GOOD JUDGES, JUST MISGUIDED.

THEY ALSO TOOK A LARGE PART OF THE GENETIC LABS' **TISSUE STOCK.**

THEY WERE NEVER SEEN AGAIN. AFTER A FEW YEARS THEY WERE PRESUMED DEAD.

THE WHOLE WORLD WAS IN A MESS. WE HAD ENOUGH TO DO JUST LOOKING AFTER THE CITY WITHOUT GOING OFF ON ANY WILD GOOSE CHASES.

NOW IT WOULD SEEM OUR FRIEND JUDD IS FAR FROM DEAD...MERELY LYING LOW... USING THE GENETIC MATERIAL TO CREATE HIS OWN PRIVATE ARMY – HIS JUDDA...

AND WHY? IT CAN ONLY BE TO RECLAIM BY FORCE WHAT HE CONSIDERS TO BE "RIGHTFULLY HIS"... **THIS CITY!**

IT'S FANTASTIC!

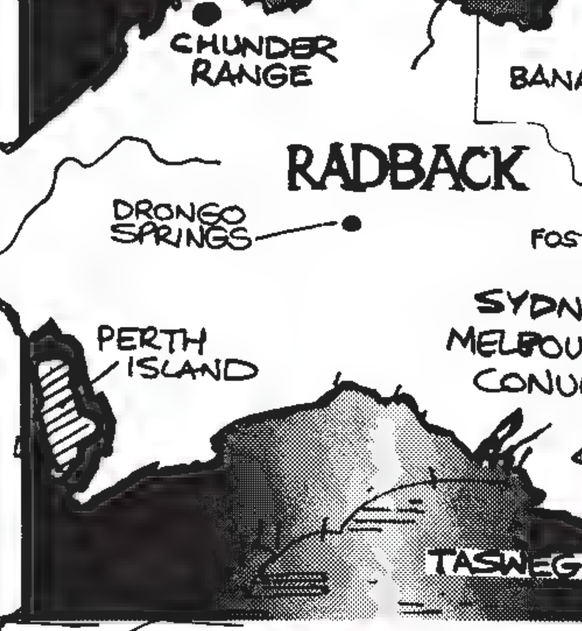
YES. BUT JUDD'S JUST HUNGRY ENOUGH FOR POWER TO BELIEVE HE CAN DO IT.

THEN WHERE ARE THEY? AND HOW MANY MORE OF THESE CREEPS ARE THERE?

NOT CREEPS...THEY'RE DESCENDED FROM THE BEST GENETIC STOCK IN THE WORLD – THE ELITE OF THE MEGA-CITY JUDGES. ONE THING THEY'RE **NOT** IS CREEPS.

DUST AND POLLEN SAMPLES TAKEN FROM THE DEAD JUDDA WERE OF OZ ORIGIN, BUT THE AUTHORITIES THERE COULD SHED NO LIGHT ON THE MYSTERIOUS LOST TRIBE OF JUDGES.

THE LAST FIRM LEAD BLEW UP WHEN TEK JUDGES INADVERTENTLY TRIGGERED A BOOBY TRAP IN THE CAPTURED TELEPORTER.



DREDD HAD BEEN THE JUDDA'S FOURTH TARGET – THE ONLY ONE TO SURVIVE. USING CHOPPER'S ESCAPE TO SUPERSURF 10 AS A COVER, AN ELABORATE TRAP WAS DEVISED. DREDD'S WELL-PUBLICISED ARREST WAS THE BAIT...

...AND THE JUDDA HAD SWALLOWED IT!

WHERE DO WE FIND **JUDD**?

C'MON, ZALMON, THERE'S NO POINT HOLDING OUT ON US! YOU WANT TO TALK – YOU KNOW YOU DO!

WE ONLY WANT TO TALK WITH JUDD, ZALMON – STRAIGHTEN THINGS OUT.

THAT'S RIGHT, WE DON'T MEAN YOU ANY HARM. WE'RE ALL JUDGES, AREN'T WE?

WE WOULDN'T BRIT YA, MATE. WE'RE YOUR FRIENDS.

FRIENDS!
FRIENDS!
FRIENDS!
IT...IS...
NO!
HE MUST NOT SPEAK! THEIR DRUGS ARE STRONG, BUT HE MUST SHOW THEM HE IS STRONGER! HE IS JUDDA!
HE MUST RESIST!
WHAT THE HELL – HE'S GOIN' BLUE!
POWER OF THE JUDDA, AID ME NOW! TAKE ME WHERE THE DEVIL'S TEMPTATIONS CANNOT REACH!
TAKE ME!
GRUD!
BRAIN HAEMORRHAGE!
CALL THE QUACKS – QUICK!
HALLS OF THE JUDDA!

JUDGE DREDD IN OZ PART 16

HALLS OF JUDDA

GO FORTH, MY WARRIORS! SEARCH ALL THE HALLS OF JUDDA!

THE DEVIL HIMSELF STALKS AMONG US – AND HIS NAME IS DREDD!

SCRIPT WAGNER & GRANT
ART B McCARTHY
LETTERING T FRAME

OZ. HALL OF JUSTICE, SYDNEY-MELBOURNE CONURB.

YOUR JUDDA'S **DEAD**, DREDD!

SELF-INDUCED BRAIN HAEMORRHAGE! HE SURE DIDN'T WANT US LOCATING THE REST OF HIS MATES!

WHAT ABOUT THE OTHER JUDDA - SIMEON?

STILL ON THE CRITICAL LIST. BE DAYS BEFORE YOU GET ANYTHING OUT OF HIM.

WE HAVEN'T GOT DAYS. THE JUDDA HAVE ALREADY STRUCK AT MEGA-CITY ONE - NO TELLING WHEN THEY'LL HIT AGAIN.

AND THE ONLY LEAD WE'VE GOT IS ONE WORKING **TELEPORTER**...

THE LAST ONE WAS BOOBY TRAPPED - QUID TO QUANTAS THIS ONE IS TOO. TEKS'LL HAVE TO BE CAREFUL.

I WASN'T TALKING ABOUT EXAMINING IT.

YOU GOING IN THERE? JUST YOU AGAINST THE JUDDA?

HELL, JOE, I KNEW YOU WERE TOUGH BUT I DIDN'T KNOW YOU LEFT YOUR BRAINS IN THE BUNGALOW!

IT'S THE ONE WAY WE HAVE OF LOCATING THE **JUDDA BASE**. GET ME A **TRACER** – HAVE STRIKE UNITS ON STAND BY. I'M GOING TO NEED IMMEDIATE BACK-UP.

DREDD

AND SOON –

PING! PING! PING!

TRACER'S COMING THROUGH LOUD AND CLEAR!

CO-ORDINATES:

THIS IS IT, EH? STAY LUCKY, JOE!

CLICK!

I'LL DO MY BEST.

309-692-1
883-447-7

PING-PING-P

000-000-
000-000-

STREWTH! SOMETHING'S WRONG HERE!

TRACER JUST WENT **DEAD**. WE'VE **LOST** HIM

I KNEW THIS WASN'T A GOOD IDEA!

THE TELEPORT CHAMBER—!

SIMEON AND ZALMON ARE RETURNING!

NAME OF JUDD—!

NO—NAME OF DREDD!

POW!

POW!

I'M IN SOME KIND OF ROCK TUNNELS—

DROKK!

A CAVERN SYSTEM BIG ENOUGH TO TAKE A WHOLE JUDDA CITY!

NO WAY THE TRACER'S GOING TO PENETRATE THIS. GOT TO FIND MY WAY TO THE SURFACE.

TROUBLE IS, WHICH WAY'S OUT...?

INFORM...JUDD... ENEMY ON BASE... D-**DREDD** -

DREDD – **HERE** ? WITHIN THE HALLS OF JUDD ?

THEN THE ASSASSINATION HAS FAILED !

ALL WARRIORS ! **ALERT** ! THE DEVIL **DREDD** IS AT LARGE AMONG US !

THERE !

HE IS MOVING TOWARDS THE **CLONING CHAMBERS** ! HE MUST BE STOPPED !

VOW

VOP

VIIIP

A FACTORY FARM FOR JUDD'S WARRIORS ! AND ALL FROM STOLEN MEGA-CITY GENETIC STOCK !

STRIKE HIM DOWN !

HI-EX!

SPOW!

BANG!

BAM!

UPWARDS... GOTTA KEEP HEADING UP...

FAK

I CAN SMELL FRESH AIR...

SKREE SKREE SKREE SKREE

DROKK! FISSURE'S TOO NARROW -

I'M TRAPPED!

NEXT PROG:
JUDGE DREDD, MEET THY MAKER!

SOMEWHERE IN OZ, WHERE DREDD HAS USED A CAPTURED TELEPORTER TO LOCATE THE HIDDEN STRONGHOLD OF THE JUDDA – THE LOST TRIBE OF JUDGES...

TUNNEL'S TOO NARROW! I'M TRAPPED!

THERE IS NO WAY OUT, IMPOSTER! THROW DOWN YOUR WEAPONS AND COME OUT!

SKRAAAAA!

C'MERE!

NO WAY OUT FOR ME, MAYBE –

BUT YOU KNOW THE WAY, DON'T YOU, PAL?

GO FOR IT!

JUDGE DREDD IN OZ PART 17

JUDD'S ROCK

CLINK!

ALL RIGHT, BOYS, YOU WIN.

SO THIS IS DREDD... STRANGE... LIKE LOOKING AT OURSELVES, LEVI.

YET JUDD SAYS HE IS THE DEVIL...

THE DEVIL IS IN HIS MIND AND IN HIS HEART! HE HAS BEEN CORRUPTED BY THE EVIL WAYS OF THE MEGA-CITY!

THIS IS THE HISTORY ACCORDING TO **JUDD**, HUH?

SILENCE!

BRING HIM TO THE COURT OF JUDD!

WE'RE PICKING UP DREDD'S **TRACER** AGAIN!

WHERE IS HE?

PLOTTING CO-ORDINATES—

SIGNAL'S COMING FROM OUT IN THE RADBACK—

—SMACK BANG OVER **AYERS ROCK!**

AYERS ROCK

STRIKE UNITS, RATTLE YOUR DAGS! WE HAVE A TARGET!

RIPPER!

AYERS ROCK
PAUL HOGAN
CAVES
DISC 203

KNEEL! KNEEL IN THE PRESENCE OF JUDD!

I DON'T KNEEL FOR ANYONE – ESPECIALLY TRAITORS!

KNEEL!

YOU SHOULD TREAT ME WITH MORE RESPECT, JOE DREDD. AFTER ALL, I AM, IN A WAY, YOUR FATHER.

BULL!

YOU SCOFF, BUT REMEMBER – THESE ARE THE HANDS THAT **CREATED** YOU.

ANY MONKEY CAN SHAKE A TEST TUBE, JUDD. I'M GLAD TO SAY THERE'S NONE OF YOU IN ME.

SACRILEGE! FOR THAT YOU **BURN**, IMPOSTER!

STAY YOUR HAND, MY JUDDA!

HOW LIKE FARGO YOU ARE!

WELL, YOU'RE WRONG ABOUT ME – JUST AS **HE** WAS WRONG. HE SCORNED MY IDEAS. BUT I KNEW I WAS RIGHT. MY WAY WAS THE FUTURE...

BUT LIKE MANY A PROPHET BEFORE, I WAS FORCED TO FLEE – TO HIDE FAR AWAY FROM THE EYES OF MY ENEMIES.

AND HERE, IN THIS BARREN PLACE, I FOUND THE PERFECT SANCTUARY IN WHICH TO WORK – TO PLAN – TO MAKE MY DREAM A **REALITY**.

IT WAS HARD AT FIRST. BUT I HAD MY FAITHFUL DISCIPLES TO AID ME – REEVER, MOYERS, WITHERO, SIMPSON – AND OTHERS. GOOD MEN – FINE MEN.

IT WAS THEIR GENIUS WHICH DEVELOPED MY TECHNOLOGIES, WHICH FED AND CLOTHED AND SUPPORTED US WHILE I CARRIED ON MY MAJOR WORK – THE CREATION OF A NEW BREED – THE **JUDDA!**

SADLY, MY DISCIPLES ARE NO LONGER WITH US. AS TIME PASSED THEY DEVELOPED... INCORRECT ATTITUDES WHICH COULD ONLY BE PURGED BY DEATH.

BUT THEIR GENIUS LIVES ON IN THE BLOOD OF THE JUDDA — EACH TRAINED FROM BIRTH TO FOLLOW THE CORRECT PATH!

A LOT MORE OBEDIENT, HUH, JUDD?

OBEDIENCE IS NECESSARY! I AM THE **WORD!** I AM THE **TRUTH!** I AM THE **WAY!**

YOU ARE THE **CRACKPOT!** IF YOU WEREN'T CRAZY WHEN YOU LEFT THE CITY, YOU SURE ARE NOW!

SILENCE!

YES! IN THESE CAVES WHERE MAN LONG AGO TOOK THE FIRST FALTERING STEPS ON THE EVOLUTIONARY TRAIL, I, MORTON JUDD, HAVE BEGUN THE **NEW EVOLUTION!**

AND NOW MY WARRIORS — MY JUDDA — ARE A THOUSAND STRONG! NOW THEY ARE READY TO **PROVE** THEMSELVES — TO TACKLE THE IMPOSTERS IN THEIR LAIR AND SEIZE BACK WHAT IS RIGHTFULLY MINE — THE THRONE OF MEGA-CITY ONE!

SIGNALS COMING FROM DIRECTLY OVER THE ROCK!

THAT BAT - IT'S COMING FROM THE BAT!

Ping!

Ping!

STREWTH, DREDD, WHAT'VE THEY **DONE** TO YOU?

THEY GOTTA BE IN THE ROCK SOMEWHERE! LET'S SHAKE 'EM UP A BIT AN' SEE WHAT FALLS OUT!

NOW YOU UNDERSTAND WHY YOU MUST DIE, JOE DREDD - WHY ALL MEGA-CITY JUDGES MUST PERISH!

YEAH. LIKE I SAID, YOU'RE A CRACKPOT.

KRUNK!

WE'RE **UNDER ATTACK!**

NEXT PROG: **FALL! THE HALLS OF JUDD!**

AYERS ROCK – ONCE SACRED SITE OF THE ABORIGINAL PEOPLE OF OZ... NOW THE SECRET BASE OF RENEGADE JUDGE **MORTON JUDD** AND HIS TRIBE OF CLONE WARRIORS – **THE JUDDA**...

THE JUDDA HAVE GOT TO BE IN THERE SOMEWHERE! LET'S SHAKE 'EM UP AND SEE WHAT FALLS OUT!

JUDGE DREDD IN OZ PART 18

CONCEALED FISSURES OPEN ON THE ROCK –

FZAAAAK!

THESE MEN OF OZ MEDDLE IN MATTERS THAT DO NOT CONCERN THEM! BLOW THEM FROM THE AIR!

WE FOUND 'EM ALL RIGHT!

RAFFERTY'S RULES, LADS! LET'S **GO** THOSE DRONGOS!

VADOOM!

AND DEEP WITHIN, THE **HALLS** OF **JUDDA** CRUMBLE –

NAME OF JUDD –!

AIEEEE!

SCRIPT WAGNER/GRANT
ART WILL SIMPSON
LETTERING TOM FRAME

FALL, THE HALLS OF JUDD!

CURSE YOU, JOE DREDD! THIS IS **YOUR** DOING! YOU BROUGHT THEM HERE!

AHHHH!

ALL IS UP WITH US HERE! WE MUST BRING FORWARD THE PLAN!

MY JUDDA - MY CHILDREN! THE HOUR OF DESTINY IS AT HAND! PROCEED TO THE **TELEPORTATION CHAMBER!**

NOW IS THE TIME TO BEARD THE DEVIL IN HIS LAIR - TO RECLAIM WHAT IS RIGHTFULLY OURS!

WE ASSAULT THE GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE ITSELF!

3

VADOOM!

AIEEEE!

WE GOT NO CHANCE! IT'LL TAKE A **NUKE** TO GET THROUGH THAT LOT!

JUDD, YOUR TELEPORTER!

LOCATORS ARE SET FOR THE OPERATIONS ROOM IN THE GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE. BEST WAIT UNTIL IT HAS BEEN SECURED!

ALL THE YEARS OF PLANNING – OF SACRIFICE – AT LAST COMING TO FRUITION! MARK THIS MOMENT WELL! WE STAND ON THE **BRINK** OF HISTORY!

YOU STAND ON THE BRINK OF A **FAT LIP**, CREEP!

D-DREDD!

AHHH!

AND THIS IS IT!

LOOKS LIKE I'M GETTING OUT JUST IN TIME... UNFORTUNATELY, SO ARE THIS MANIAC'S HIT SQUADS!

SO LONG, CREEP! WITH A BIT OF LUCK YOUR CRAZED DREAMS COULD STILL COME TO NOTHING!

CHIEF JUDGE-!

HOLD YOUR FIRE! IT'S **ME!**

DREDD! BUT YOU'RE MEANT TO BE -

FORGET IT! THIS PLACE IS GOING TO BE SWARMING WITH JUDDA ANY SECOND NOW! SOUND THE ALERT!

BUT –

JUST **DO** IT, CHIEF JUDGE! AND GET ON TO ARMOURY – TELL THEM TO GET A NUKE READY!

ALERT! ALERT! ALL UNITS STAND READY! **JUDDA ATTACK IMMINENT –**

JUDDA GO WITH US!

JUDDA GO WITH US!

DROKK! HERE THEY COME!

AAAGH!

THEY ARE **FOREWARNED!**

GRUD! I DON'T KNOW WHAT DREDD'S PLANNING, BUT IT BETTER BE GOOD!

ARMOURY

BEHIND YOU, CHIEF JUDGE!

ARMOURY

HELL-!

CONCUSSION 24 3 SEC

GOT TO DO THIS THE QUICK WAY!

CONCUSSION GRENADE!

BLAST PROOF

AUTHORISED PERSONNEL ONLY

OPEN UP! IT'S **DREDD!**

DREDD! WHAT THE-?

NEVER MIND! THE **NUKE** – IT PRIMED?

YES – **TEN SECOND** DELAY. WHAT ARE YOU–?

MOTHER OF GRUD, DREDD! YOU'LL BLOW US ALL TO KINGDOM COME!

DETONATE

NEXT PROG: **BLOCKBUSTER!**

AYERS ROCK, DEEP IN THE HEART OF THE **OZ** RADBACK, WHERE DREDD HAS LED OZ JUDGES TO THE SECRET BASE OF **THE JUDDA** –

STREWTH! IT'LL TAKE A FLAMIN' **NUKE** TO GET THROUGH THAT LOT!

MEANWHILE, ACROSS THE GLOBE IN MEGA-CITY ONE'S GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE –

ALERT! ALERT! WE ARE UNDER **JUDDA ATTACK!**

AAGH!

FZAAK!

THAT **NUKE'S** ON A **TEN SECOND** FUSE! YOU'LL BLOW US ALL TO GRUD!

NOT IF I CAN HELP IT! GET BACK!

DETONATE

SCRIPT WAGNER/ GRANT
ART WILL SIMPSON
LETTERING T. FRAME

JUDGE DREDD IN OZ PART 19

DROKK! WHAT –?

TELEPORTER! IT'S ON ITS WAY STRAIGHT INTO THE **HALLS OF JUDD!**

GREAT JUDD - !

DREDD - HE ESCAPED WITH MY TELEPORTER!

NO MATTER! MY JUDDA STILL POUR INTO THEIR LAIR! THE BATTLE FOR THE GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE IS STILL OURS... AND WHEN WE HOLD THAT, WE HAVE EVERYTHING!

IN THE NAME OF JUDD - !

GASP! EVEN **MY** NAME WILL NOT HELP US NOW!

I AM UNDONE BY MY **OWN CREATION!**

CURSE FARGO AND HIS SPAWN!

STREWTH! SO MUCH FOR AYERS FLAMIN' ROCK!

AND FORTY MILLION YEARS OF HISTORY!

DREDD! DOLLAR TO A DINGO'S DONGO!

THAT OUGHT TO HAVE STEMMED THE FLOW!

AHHH!

HEAR ME, JUDDA! THIS IS DREDD!

JUDD IS DEAD! YOUR BASE HAS BEEN DESTROYED!

JUDD – DEAD?

THERE IS NO REASON TO FIGHT ON! DROP YOUR WEAPONS! YOU WILL BE FAIRLY DEALT WITH!

IT CANNOT BE! THE IMPOSTERS – THEY SEEK TO DUPE US –!

FIGHT ON! FOR JUDD – AHHHH!

UURGH!

THIS CITY IS OUR DESTINY! IT IS ORDAINED!

WE DO THE ORDAINING ROUND HERE, PAL!

BADAM!

AAAH!

OH, WELL ORDAINED, DREDD!

CRASHH!

THERE REMAINS ONLY THE MOPPING-UP OPERATION –

THE JUDDA, AT LAST REALISING THAT DEFEAT IS INEVITABLE, KNOW NOTHING BUT THE CREED OF JUDD, THEY CHOOSE TO FIGHT TO THE BITTER END –

ONLY A FEW ARE TAKEN ALIVE –

SOME CHOOSE TO TELEPORT OUT, TO RETURN TO THEIR BASE –

– ONLY TO DIE IN THE RADIOACTIVE FURNACE THAT ONCE WAS **JUDD'S ROCK.**

THE HALL OF JUSTICE IS DECLARED ALL CLEAR–

GOOD WORK, DREDD. WITHOUT YOU –

IT DOESN'T BEAR THINKING ABOUT!

EVEN WITH ME IT WAS TOUCH AND GO.

AND ALL BECAUSE OF ONE MAN'S LUST FOR POWER...

CONFIRMATION FROM OZ –

INCREDIBLE... ALL THOSE YEARS HIDDEN INSIDE THAT ROCK... PLANNING – BUILDING – DREAMING OF THE DAY WHEN HE'D OWN THIS CITY.

SUCH DEDICATION – SUCH DRIVE! SUCH SINGLENESS OF PURPOSE! IF ONLY IT COULD HAVE BEEN HARNESSED FOR THE GOOD OF THE CITY...

YES. YOU'VE GOT TO ADMIRE THE MAN...

IN OTHER CIRCUMSTANCES **JUDD** WOULD HAVE MADE A FIRST RATE CHIEF JUDGE.

TEGPO

NEXT PROG:

COUNTDOWN TO SUPERSURF

JUDGE DREDD IN OZ PART 20

OZ. TWO HOURS TO SUPERSURF 10.

THE STREETS ALONG THE ROUTE HAVE BEEN CLEARED, SAVE FOR THE **MED** AND **EMERGENCY** SQUADS. VID CAMS ARE IN PLACE AT EVERY VANTAGE POINT. WINDOWS AND BALCONIES ARE FILLED WITH EAGER SPECTATORS.

THEY'RE SELLING WINDOW SPACE AT A HUNDRED BUCKS A HEAD –

C'MON IN! ICE CREAMS, 'OTTIES, PROGRAMMES, AN' A WIDE RANGE OF MERCHANDISE AVAILABLE FROM THE MISSUS!

TWO HOURS TO GO, AND ALREADY THEY SEARCH THE SKIES IN ANTICIPATION.

A HUNDRED BUCKS – AND FOR WHAT? A FEW BRIEF MOMENTS OF SPECTACLE – OF NERVE-SHATTERING EXCITEMENT. A MEMORY TO CHERISH FOR THE REST OF THEIR LIVES...

WORTH EVERY DOLLAR – AND MORE.

SCRIPT WAGNER / GRANT
ART JOHN HIGGINS
LETTERING T. FRAME

THE REST OF OZ IS GLUED TO THE VID. FOR THEM, THIS IS NO LESS MOMENTOUS AN OCCASION. THEIR MAN IS IN THE RACE – AND THE PRIDE OF A NATION GOES WITH HIM.

THAT CHOPPER'S GOOD, THOUGH. MEAN TA SAY, ALL THE WAY 'CROSS THE BIG P!

DID IT ON A BOAT, DINNY?

TDOWN

DON'T WORRY – OL' JUG'LL **CREAM** 'IM!

WHEN THIS RACE IS OVER JUG McKENZIE'LL STILL BE NUMBER ONE – AN' THE WHOLE WORLD'LL KNOW US OZZERS AIN'T JUST A BUNCHA NO GOOD CRIMINAL DESCENDANTS...

...WE'RE A BUNCHA **WINNIN'** NO GOOD CRIMINAL DESCENDANTS!

ONE HOUR TO SUPERSURF. HE PUTS HIMSELF THROUGH A SERIES OF TESTING EXERCISES, WARMING UP HIS BODY, IRONING OUT THE LAST FEW WRINKLES...

HE KNOWS THE ROUTE BY HEART, KNOWS ALL THE DANGER POINTS, HAS CONQUERED THEM IN HIS MIND... AND YET...

IT HAS BEEN A LONG LAY OFF. HE KNOWS PEAK FORM CAN TAKE MONTHS TO ATTAIN.

AND THOUGH HE WILL NOT ADMIT IT, EVEN TO HIMSELF, THERE IS STILL A NAGGING TIREDNESS FROM HIS ARDUOUS JOURNEY TO OZ.

TRIPLE LOOP, MATE – GOT THE GUTS?

TRY ME!

UUNH!

AAAH!

FACE IT, MATE, YOU'RE OVER THE HILL. I HATE TO SEE YESTERDAY'S HEROES BROUGHT LOW DO US ALL A FAVOUR, EH— SIT THIS ONE OUT.

THE HELL WITH YOU, MCKENZIE!

ONE UP TO THE JUG!

AIN'T LIKE YOU TO BLOOP THE LOOP

IT'S THIS BOARD—

BONDI SPECIAL. CHOP. FAST. TURNS TIGHT WHAT MCKENZIE USES

I KNOW IT'S...SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE BALANCE. JUST DOESN'T FEEL LIKE MY OLD **STRATOS 4**...

KNOW EXACTLY WHATCHA MEAN, MAN. DON'T MAKE 'EM LIKE THIS ANY MORE. GUESS IT'S JUST WHAT YOU'RE USED TO...

YEAH, GUESS...

Pat! Pat!

TROUBLE IS, THERE'S NO MORE TIME TO GET USED TO IT. AND AT THIS LEVEL EVEN THE SLIGHTEST EDGE CAN GIVE A SURFER A BIG ADVANTAGE...

CONTESTANT CHOPPER, REPORT TO SURF MARSHAL'S OFFICE!

YOU...!

THOUGHT YOU WERE UNDER ARREST.

JUST A RUSE. HAD SOME OTHER BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO. IT'S OVER NOW.

AND YOU'RE HERE TO TAKE ME BACK INTO CUSTODY, HUH?

ON THE CONTRARY - I'M PREPARED TO LET YOU RACE.

GET OFF!

SAY I'M GETTING SOFT IN MY OLD AGE - SAY IT'S FOR THE HONOUR OF THE CITY. BUT THERE'S ONE CONDITION -

WHEN SUPERSURF 10 IS OVER, WIN OR LOSE, YOU HAND YOURSELF OVER TO ME TO SERVE THE REST OF YOUR SENTENCE.

ANOTHER 23 YEARS! JUST WALK BACK INTO IT - NO WAY, DREDD! IF YOU EXPECT ME TO PROMISE THAT YOU CAN JUST TAKE ME IN RIGHT NOW!

ALL RIGHT, THEN - TRY IT THIS WAY!

YOU CAN RACE - NO PROMISES. BUT WHEN YOU CROSS THAT FINISH LINE **I'LL** BE WAITING.

YOU'VE MADE FOOLS OF US TOO OFTEN, SHAKESPEARE. THIS TIME, YOU TRY TO ESCAPE... I'LL HAVE TO **KILL** YOU.

TAKE MY CHANCES, HUH...?

YOU GOT YOURSELF A **DEAL**, BIG MAN!

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I WON'T RUN FOR IT **BEFORE** THE FINISH?

BECAUSE I KNOW YOU. YOU WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO LIVE WITH YOURSELF.

NOW GET OUT THERE - DO IT FOR MEGA-CITY ONE!

ALL COMPETITORS TO STARTING LINE! MARSHALS TO YOUR POSTS!

HEY, CHOP!

LISTEN, I BEEN THINKIN' - WANT YOU TO HAVE THIS.

YOUR **BOARD**?

I...I CAN'T TAKE THIS, WIPE-OUT.

SURE YOU CAN. IT'S WHATCHA NEED, ISN'T IT - STRATOS 4?

YEAH, BUT -

BUT NOTHIN'! LISTEN, I'M ONLY HERE TO MAKE UP THE NUMBERS, MAN. I DON'T STAND A SNOWBALL'S. BUT YOU, YOU'RE DIFFERENT - YOU CAN WIN IT.

YOU'RE THE CHAMP, CHOPPER - THE BEST! NOW GET OUT THERE AND PROVE IT!

UNLESS YOU WANT TO LUNCH ON KNUCKLEBURGER!

HELL, WIPE-OUT, I...I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY...

CHANGIN' BOARDS, EH? CLUTCHIN' AT STRAWS, MATE! CLUTCHIN' AT FLAMIN' STRAWS!

DON'T SAY ANYTHING! JUST GO STICK IT TO McKENZIE!

THEY LINE UP ALONG THE OLD HARBOUR BRIDGE AS THE LAST MINUTES TICK AWAY, EACH WRAPPED IN THEIR OWN THOUGHTS, EACH PREPARING THEMSELF FOR THE SUPREME TEST AHEAD...

COUNTDOWN!

TEN!

NINE!

EIGHT!

SEVEN!

SIX!

FIVE!

FOUR!

THREE!

TWO!

ONE!

SUPERSURF 10 IS GO!

NEXT PROG: FIRST BLOOD!

AND THEY'RE **OFF** IN **SUPERSURF 10**! AHEAD OF THEM THE MOST GRUELLING COURSE THE SURF MARSHALS OF OZ COULD DEVISE!

THEY'RE SWOOPING DOWN, GAINING SPEED AS THEY RACE TOWARDS THE FIRST OBSTACLE!

I NOTICE THAT THE MEGA-CITY ONE PAIR HAVE **CHANGED BOARDS**!

YES! **WIPE-OUT** IS NOW ON THE **BONDI SPECIAL** WHILE **CHOPPER** IS USING JONES' OWN **STRATOS 4** – AN **IDENTICAL** BOARD TO THAT ON WHICH THE FORMER WORLD CHAMPION WON HIS CROWN!

POSITION DOESN'T MATTER YET. JUST GO CAREFUL – AVOID THE CRUSH. SIT IN BEHIND.

AHEAD THE FIRST DANGER POINT – THE GLEAMING SOLAR SAILS OF THE OZ ROYAL YACHT, DAME EDNA –

JUDGE DREDD IN OZ PART 21

SCRIPT WAGNER / GRANT
ART JOHN HIGGINS
LETTERING T. FRAME

LINE YOURSELF UP. EYES NARROWED AGAINST THE GLARE.

SHIP'S MOVING IN THE SWELL. JUDGE THIS JUST RIGHT OR –

SHFFFF

THROTTLE OFF HARD! WATCH THAT RIGGING!

SECOND BANK AT A STEEPER ANGLE – READJUST!

SHFFFF

LAST BANK AHEAD. CONCENTRATION'S TOTAL.

YOU DON'T EVEN HEAR THE STRANGLED CRY BEHIND –

UNGGGG!

CRA-AAK!

CYRIL "LORD" BUNGAY HAS SNAGGED THE RIGGING! FIRST BLOOD IS DRAWN IN SUPERSURF 10!

OH! AND STEINBECK OF MEGA-CITY TWO HAS CAUGHT THE FALLING BUNGAY!

SHEEEP

WAK!

CRUNNK!

THIS IS SENSATIONAL! WE HAVE A MULTIPLE PILE UP AT THE VERY FIRST OBSTACLE!

BUNGAY IS GONE! STEINBECK IS GONE! RIORDAN! KHAYAM! BONNANI!

NO! BONNANI'S OKAY! HE'S GETTING UP!

AND **SPOONER** HAS **HIT** HIM!

CLEAR OF THE SHIP THEY SWEEP BACK TOWARDS THE OLD **OPERA**. THE NEXT STAGING POINT.

MOST OF THE NAMES HAVE GOT THROUGH. MOVING THEIR WAY UP, STAYING IN TOUCH WITH THE LEAD.

WATCHING FOR ANYONE MAKING A BREAK.

WHO IS IT?

RAXMAN!

NO PROB! WON'T LAST THE PACE! SHOOTIN' TOO SOON!

FOR THE MOMENT HE IS CONTENT TO STAY WITH THE PACK.

NOW THAT THE RACE IS ON AND THE ADRENALIN IS FLOWING, THE LAST OF HIS TIREDNESS IS GONE.

AND THE BOARD FEELS GOOD BENEATH HIS FEET.

WHEN THIS IS OVER HE MUST REMEMBER TO THANK WIPE-OUT. IF HE EVER SEES HIM AGAIN.

DON'T S'POSE I WILL.

AHEAD RAXMAN IS INCREASING HIS LEAD.

IT'S TIME.

STEP UP A GEAR. STRETCH THEM OUT A BIT – SEE WHO HE'S UP AGAINST...

AND THERE GOES CHOPPER!

HE'S DECIDED RAXMAN'S OPENED TOO WIDE A GAP! AND THIS IS ONE MAN THE OTHERS HAVE **GOT** TO FOLLOW!

HE'S SPEEDING PAST — RAXMAN CAN'T MATCH HIM! THE OTHERS ARE RESPONDING! MCKENZIE! STAL! GONZO! HALL! GONZO!

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK HE'LL FINISH ANYWAY? HE KNOWS YOU'RE GOING TO BE WAITING HERE.

HE'S GOT TOO MUCH PRIDE RESTING ON IT. HE'LL COME.

IT'S THE WAY IT HAS TO BE.

HE KNOWS THE CHOICES. IT'LL BE HIS DECISION.

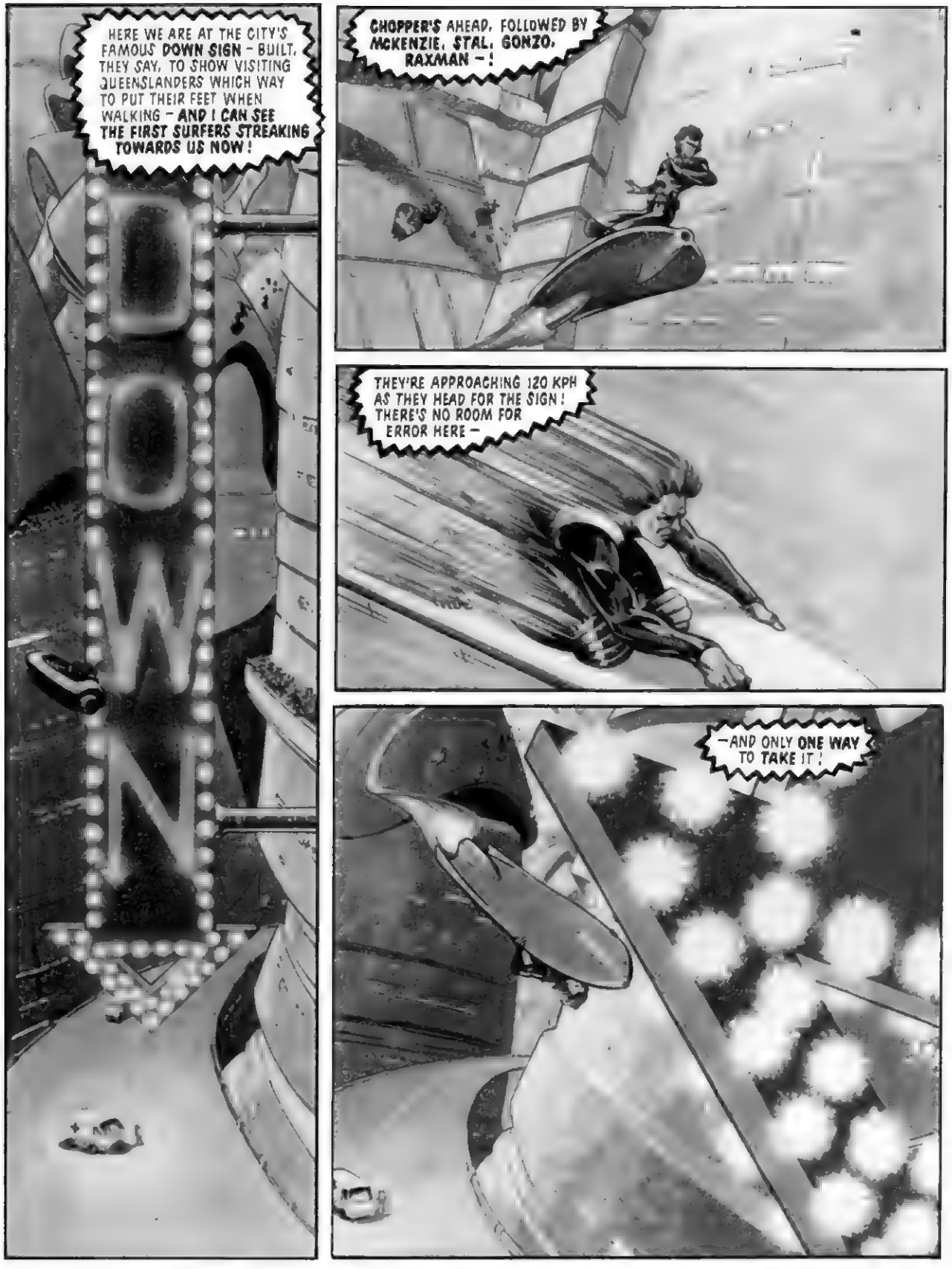
AND THEN YOU'LL SHOOT HIM, EH?

IF HE FAILS TO GIVE HIMSELF UP.

FAT CHANCE.

CLIK

NEXT PROG: **WIPE OUT!**


HERE WE ARE AT THE CITY'S FAMOUS DOWN SIGN – BUILT, THEY SAY, TO SHOW VISITING QUEENSLANDERS WHICH WAY TO PUT THEIR FEET WHEN WALKING – AND I CAN SEE THE FIRST SURFERS STREAKING TOWARDS US NOW!
DOWN
CHOPPER'S AHEAD, FOLLOWED BY McKENZIE, STAL, GONZO, RAXMAN –!
THEY'RE APPROACHING 120 KPH AS THEY HEAD FOR THE SIGN! THERE'S NO ROOM FOR ERROR HERE –
–AND ONLY ONE WAY TO TAKE IT!

JUDGE DREDD
JUDGE
WAGNER & GRANT
BARRY KITSON
T. FRAME
OZ
PART 22
Wipe-Out

WIPE OUT!

IT'S RAXMAN!

OH NO! HE'S **WEDGED** THERE! THE SURF MARSHALS ARE RUNNING TO CLEAR THE OBSTRUCTION BUT **HECTOR GONZO** IS ALREADY COMMITTED! **IS THERE ENOUGH ROOM?**

NO! SCRATCH HECTOR GONZO!

BUT WE HAVE CLEARWAY! AND THE OTHERS ARE COMING THROUGH!

UHURU – LE PLANQ – JONES – CHEEVER! THEY'RE ALL THROUGH! BUT THEY HAVE DISTANCE TO MAKE UP!

JUG

THEY'RE COMING DOWN THE BOULEVARD TURNING INTO THE LONG STRAIGHT OF IFIELD WAY! IT'S **CHOPPER!** STILL GOING STRONG ON HIS BORROWED STRATOS 4! TEN METRES BEHIND IT'S JUG MCKENZIE ON HIS BONDI SPECIAL!

TAKE HIM, JUG!

GO IT THE WIZARD!

HALF A WORLD AWAY IN MEGA-CITY ONE TRAFFIC HAS DRIED TO A TRICKLE. THE WHOLE CITY'S STAYING HOME TONIGHT.

UP THE SHEER FACE OF MURDOCH MEMORIAL HOSPITAL! THOSE PATIENTS IN THERE MUST BE HAVING A FEW HEART ATTACKS, I CAN TELL YOU!

MCKENZIE'S GAINING! THREE METRES – TWO –

THIS IS WHERE THE EXTRA POWER OF THE HEAVIER BOARD PAYS ITS DIVIDENDS!

C'MON, CHOPPER!

GO CHOP! DON'T STOP!

AS THEY CLEAR THE CROCKSHOP AND HEAD DOWN TOWARDS THE **FUN PARK** THEY'RE NECK AND NECK! NO! MCKENZIE'S JUST AHEAD!

MURDOCH MEMORIAL HOSPITAL

GO, JUG! GO!

THE **WHEEL'S** SPINNING! AND AS THEY COME IN TOWARDS IT JUG'S OPENED UP THREE METRES – FOUR – !

THEN IT'S 90 TURN AND STRAIGHT ON TO THE **DODGEMS!** THIS IS WHERE CHOPPER WITH THE LIGHTER BOARD MUST MAKE UP TIME!

HE'S TWISTING THAT BOARD THROUGH THERE LIKE A BUSH SNAKE ON A HOT STOVE!

AND I MEAN COOKING! HE'S CAUGHT McKENZIE! THIS IS CLASSIC STUFF!

AND THEY'RE BOARD TO BOARD AS THEY COME-OUT AND CLIMB TOWARDS THE FLUME!

THERE'S ONLY ROOM FOR ONE! FIRST MAN THERE IS GOING TO GAIN PRECIOUS SECONDS!

AND IT'S **CHOPPER** NOSING OUT IN FRONT! JUG WILL HAVE TO GIVE WAY!

BUT GIVING GROUND IS NOT IN JUG MCKENZIE'S NATURE –

HE'S **TOO CLOSE!**

HE'S **TIPPED** CHOPPER'S **BOARD!**

HELL!

NEXT PROG: **ALL OR NOTHING!**

DISASTER HERE!
JUG McKENZIE HAS CLIPPED CHOPPER'S BOARD! IT'S WIPE OUT!
JUDGE DREDD
OZ PART 23
THIS IS ABSOLUTE CATASTROPHE! THE TWO RACE LEADERS – THE WORLD'S PREMIER SKY SURFERS – OUT OF THIS CHAMPIONSHIP!
ALL OR NOTHING

AS A MED TEAM RUSHES TO THEM THE PACK IS ENTERING THE FLUME!

HALL!

GONZO!

STAL, THE RED MACHINE –

THESE THREE THE LEADERS NOW!

MY BOARD – GOTTA...

NICE GOING, MUNCEHEAD!

SORRY, MATE. YOU KNOW ME – LIKE TO LIVE DANGEROUS!

URURU – LE PLANQ – CHEEVER – GHOSTMAN PATEL COMING UP OUT OF NOWHERE!

AND AS THE REST BEGIN TO COME THROUGH THE SURFERS IN THE POOL SEEM TO BE ALL RIGHT! **JUG** IS RESTARTING HIS BOARD!

SORRY I CAN'T STICK AROUND! I'LL SAVE YOU A SCOONY O' SHAMPAGNE!

DON'T COUNT ON IT!

BLAST THIS ENGINE!

ENGAGE, DAMMIT, **ENGAGE!**

YEAH!

CHOPPER'S STILL IN THE RACE BUT HE MUST BE A GOOD THIRTY SECONDS DOWN ON THE LEAD! THERE CAN BE LITTLE HOPE HE'LL CLAW HIS WAY BACK FROM THIS!

FINISH

YOU GAMBLED AND LOST, JOE. HE'LL RUN FOR IT NOW!

NOT SHAKESPEARE.

YOU DON'T KNOW HIM. CREEP DOESN'T KNOW WHEN TO QUIT.

HE LEANS PRECARIOUSLY INTO HIS BOARD, FOOT HARD ON THE THROTTLE.

MINIMISING DRAG – SQUEEZING EVERY OUNCE OF POWER FROM THE HIGH-TORQUE ENGINE...

CHOPPER'S **MOVING** NOW! HE'S CATCHING HO AND JONES!

THIS IS THE BRILLIANT FORM THAT WON HIM SUPERSURF 7! AND HIS OWN TEAM MATE IS CHEERING HIM AS HE STREAKS PAST!

GO CHOP! DON'T STOP!

YOU CAN DO IT, MAN!

AND AHEAD OF HIM THE WIZARD OF OZ IS RELENTLESSLY CLOSING ON THE LEADING GROUP!

GO GET 'EM, JUG!

HARRIS UNDERPASS – THE TUBEWAY SPIRAL – POD PARK ON CALOMINE – THE STAGE POINTS FLASH PAST IN A BLUR.

HARD RIGHT ON BEACHER – WATCH FOR THE UPDRAUGHT ON THE FACTORY EXTRACTORS!

AHEAD **SWIFT UHURU** BUYS IT ON WRECKERS' ROW.

AND STILL CHOPPER DRAWS CLOSER.

HE PASSES PATEL AND CHEEVER –
A SHORT CUT ON THE FREE STAGE SAVES HIM TWO SECONDS –
I'VE NEVER SEEN SURFING LIKE THIS! HE'S WITHIN SIGHT OF THE LEADERS – AND A BARE SIXTY METRES BEHIND JUG McKENZIE!
JUG CAN'T BELIEVE IT. HE'S PUTTING ON A SPURT!
SPACE WORLD
THEY'RE BOTH POURING IT ON, BUT THERE'S NOT FAR TO GO NOW! IS THERE STILL TIME?
WHO WILL WIN THIS INCREDIBLE SUPERSURF!
NEXT PROG:
COSMIC SURFIN'!

AS THEY SHOOT THE **RINGS** OF **SATURN** AND ROCKET TOWARDS **MARS** IT'S STILL **DALLAS HALL** THE TEXAS CITY TIGRESS FROM RED MACHINE **NICOLAI STAL** !

THESE TWO, THEN A GAP TO **DAVE GONZO**, FOLLOWED BY **LE PLANQ** AND **JUG MCKENZIE** MOVING UP FAST – AND BEHIND THEM **CHOPPER** !

JUDGE DREDD IN OZ PART 24

HE KNOWS THERE'S NOT FAR TO GO! HE'S TAKING THOSE METEORS AT FULL SPEED! THERE'S NO THOUGHT OF DANGER NOW!

WHAT A RACE! THIS IS COSMIC SUPREME!

THE BATTLE FOR **THIRD**, AND **LE PLANQ** IS MAKING HIS MOVE! THEY'RE APPROACHING THE **SATELLITE TURN!** THEY'RE JOCKEYING FOR POSITION —!

GONZO HAS HIT THE **PEDESTRIAN WALK!** HE JUST DIDN'T SEE IT —

N-NO!

AND FOR HIM IT'S **GOODBYE SUPERSURF 10!**

A MED TEAM IS ON ITS WAY – IT'S TOO LATE TO DO ANYTHING!

JUG McKENZIE IS NO STRANGER TO SCENES LIKE THIS...

...BUT TO RACE AT ALL IS TO ACKNOWLEDGE THE RISKS...

...CHOPPER KNOWS THIS, TOO. WINNING IS **ALL**!

SO, AS THEY PASS THE RED PLANET **JUG** MAKES HIS MOVE. THE FRENCH **CHEF DU SURF** CANNOT MATCH THE **WIZARD OF OZ**.

BEHIND HIM, **CHOPPER** STILL EATING AWAY THE GAP!

EXIT

KEEP THAT HEEL HARD ON THE THROTTLE! DON'T EASE UP TILL THE LAST MOMENT!

YOU CAN TAKE HIM AT THE **TURNSTILE**...

HE'S SLOW ON THE BENDS — LEAN INTO IT! GOT TO PICK UP HERE —!

NOW HIT THAT PAD! ACCELERATE!

AND AS THEY COME OUT OF **SPACE WORLD** **CHOPPER** LEAVES LE PLANQ **TRAILING** IN HIS WAKE!

SHFFFF

SHFFFF

THEY'RE INTO THE **HOME STRETCH** NOW! **HALL** IS LEADING, PRESSED HARD BY **NICOLAI STAL!** BEHIND THEM IT'S **McKENZIE!** HE'S ONLY **THIRTY** METRES BACK NOW!

JUG FOR OZ!

GO, JUG! YOU CAN TAKE 'EM, MATE!

AND HOT ON JUG'S HEELS IT'S **CHOPPER!** INCREDIBLE! NOT LONG AGO IT SEEMED THAT BOTH SURFERS WERE OUT OF THIS RACE – NOW **EITHER** OF THEM COULD WIN IT!

THEY'RE ON THEIR WAY!

SHUT 'EM OFF AND MOVE 'EM OUT!

TORCH IT!

FWOOMF!

YA FLAMIN' BEAUTY!

SOME FINISH THIS IS GONNA BE!

BELOW HIM LOOMS THE LAST OBSTACLE – THE **FLAMES OF GASOLINE!**

FINISH

KLIK!

SAFETY

HE KNOWS **DREDD** WILL BE WAITING FOR HIM...

AND HE ALSO KNOWS HE'S NEVER GOING BACK TO THE CUBES...

IF HE'S GOING TO GET OUT, THIS IS IT – HIS LAST CHANCE.

90° TURN AND STRAIGHT ON OUT INTO THE **RADBACK**. LET DREDD TRY AND FIND HIM **THERE!**

FOR THE BRIEFEST MOMENT HE HESITATES...

WHAT THE HELL... ALL GOTTA DIE SOMETIME.

HIS HEEL DIGS HARD DOWN ON THE THROTTLE PAD AND THERE'S NO TURNING BACK —

CHOPPER FOR SUPERSURF!

NEXT PROG: INFERNO!

JUDGE DREDD IN OZ PART 25

GASOLINE ALLEY.

AND IT'S **DALLAS HALL** HANGING ON BY A METRE FROM **NICOLAI STAL!** LOCAL HERO **JUG McKENZIE** IS PRESSING THEM HARD AS THEY ENTER **GASOLINE ALLEY!**

WHAT A STROKE OF GENIUS TO INCLUDE THIS **DEMOLITION** ZONE IN THE ROUTE OF **SUPERSURF 10!** IT'S GIVING US A **RED HOT** FINALE TO THIS EPIC RACE!

AND IN **FOURTH** PLACE **CHOPPER** VEERS OFF!

HE'S TAKING THE **SHORT CUT!** THIS IS A HIGHLY DANGEROUS MANOEUVRE, BUT HE'S **GOT** TO MAKE UP **TIME!**

SCRIPT WAGNER & GRANT
ART JIM BAIKIE
LETTERING T FRAME

AND THE GAMBLE'S PAID OFF! HE'S RIGHT ON THEIR TAIL!

THAT MOVE WAS PERFECTLY LEGAL! AS LONG AS COMPETITORS PASS EACH **STAGE POINT** THEY'RE FREE TO CHOOSE THEIR OWN ROUTE!

HALL - STAL - MCKENZIE - CHOPPER! AND THE WIZARD OF OZ IS MAKING HIS MOVE!

JUG!

JUG!

JUG

HE'S STARTING TO NOSE OUT IN FRONT - AND THE MEGA-CITY SURFER IS FOLLOWING!

JUG!

BACK HOME IN MEGA-CITY ONE YOU MUST ALL BE WISHING YOU WERE HERE! WELL YOU'RE NOT AN' I AM, SO TOUGH LUCK - BECAUSE THIS IS ONE **HELL** OF A RACE!

THEY'RE APPROACHING THE GOOLIE BRIDGE! LESS THAN 500 METRES TO GO NOW! AND IT'S **JUG MCKENZIE** BY A **BOARD! DALLAS HALL** STILL **SECOND** AND BEHIND HER **CHOPPER** IS MOVING UP PAST **STAL!**

LOOK OUT! GASOLINE LEAK!

SERIOUS TROUBLE FOR NICOLAI STAL! THE RED MACHINE GOES UP IN FLAMES!

CRUNCH!

ONLY **THREE** IN IT NOW!

McKENZIE BY FOUR METRES FROM **CHOPPER** AND **DALLAS HALL** CAN'T KEEP UP!

LAST TURN UP AHEAD, BUT I'M SURE **JUG** WILL **SHORT CUT** THROUGH THE OLD HOTTIE FACTORY! HE'S SEEN CHOPPER GET AWAY WITH IT ONCE — HE CAN'T LET IT HAPPEN AGAIN!

YES! THERE HE GOES! AND **CHOPPER** IS FOLLOWING!

HALL'S NOT TAKING UP THE CHALLENGE! SHE'S BANKING ON SAFETY!

AND BY THE **PRECARIOUS** STATE OF THAT BUILDING SHE MAY JUST HAVE MADE THE RIGHT DECISION!

THE HEAT IN THERE MUST BE PHENOMENAL! I DON'T KNOW HOW THEY'RE STANDING UP TO IT – !

THE WALL'S FALLING IN!

JUG'S SKIRTING IT! THIS IS MY CHANCE –

DO OR DIE, PAL!

AAAH!

AND THEY'RE **ABSOLUTELY LEVEL** AS THEY EXIT THE FACTORY!

THEY'RE STREAKING FOR THE LINE! WHAT A FINISH! **CHOPPER** OR **JUG** –

WHO'S GOING TO WIN SUPERSURF 10?

FINISH

NEXT PROG: **SUDDEN DEATH!**

THEY'RE STILL **NECK** AND **NECK** IN **SUPERSURF 10** AND THERE ARE ONLY **FIFTY** METRES TO GO – **FORTY** –

LEAN INTO IT, CHOPPER! LOWER!

– THIRTY! –

HE'S GOT MORE POWER ON THE STRAIGHT BUT **YOU** CAN **TAKE** HIM –

– TWENTY! –

YOU CAN TAKE HIM!

– TEN! –

JUDGE DREDD IN OZ PART 26

– AND AS THEY CROSS THE LINE IT'S...

FINISH

JUG MCKENZIE!

THE WIZARD OF OZ HAS WON SUPERSURF 10!

BUT IT WAS OH-SO-CLOSE! **CHOPPER** ONLY FRACTIONS BEHIND!

AND WHAT **MUST** THE MEGA-CITY MAN BE FEELING NOW?

TEXAS CITY'S **DALLAS HALL** COMES IN FOR **THIRD PLACE** AS **JUG** RECEIVES THE ACCOLADE OF THIS CROWD!

CHAMPION OF THE WORLD FOR AN INCREDIBLE **THIRD YEAR RUNNING!** THIS FINALLY PUTS PAID TO ALL THE ARGUMENTS!

SUPERSURF 10

JUG MCKENZIE, THE GREATEST SURFER THIS PLANET HAS EVER SEEN! THE WHOLE OF OZ IS SALUTING HIM NOW!

OZ

JUG
JUG
JU

A MOMENT OF STUNNED DESPAIR...

AND IN MEGA-CITY ONE...

HE...LOST...

HE CAN'T HAVE...

IT WAS THAT BOARD!

MCKENZIE CHEATED, DAD! HE MUST HAVE!

MUMS THE WORD!

OH, CHOPPER!

CHOP

NICE GOIN', JUG... GUESS THE BEST MAN WON.

ALWAYS KNEW I WOULD, MATE. STILL, YOU DIDN'T DO SO BAD YOURSELF. BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME, EH?

THANKS...

JUG

BUT I DON'T THINK THERE'S GOING TO BE A NEXT TIME.

YOU'RE THE TOPS, JUG. NUMBER ONE.

THE DRAMA'S NOT OVER YET! **JUDGE DREDD** IS APPROACHING THE MEGA-CITY SURFER! I BELIEVE HE'S GOING TO MAKE THE **ARREST!**

YOU LOST.

LOOKS THAT WAY.

SHAME. I WAS ROOTING FOR YOU.

THAT'LL BE THE DAY.

STILL, MAKES MY JOB EASIER.

YOU'RE YESTERDAY'S NEWS NOW, SHAKESPEARE. NOBODY'S GOING TO GIVE A DAMN WHAT HAPPENS TO YOU.

YOU LET US DOWN, CHOPPER...

WE WERE COUNTIN' ON YOU – WE **BELIEVED** IN YOU!

THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH BEING THE PEOPLE'S HERO... FINE WHEN YOU'RE FLYING HIGH. BUT WHEN YOU FALL YOU CAN BE SURE NOT **ONE** OF THEM'LL BE THERE TO CATCH YOU.

LITTLE CREEP!

NOW I'M CALLING ON YOU TO SURRENDER.

AND SPEND THE REST OF MY LIFE ROTTING IN A CUBE? NO CHANCE, DREDD. YOU KNOW THAT.

THEN YOU FACE THE CONSEQUENCES.

YEAH...

GUESS DYING'S NO BIG THING.

CHOPPER IS TURNING AWAY! DREDD IS RAISING HIS GUN!

SHAKESPEARE!

LINE
IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE THIS WAY!
IT'S AS IF CHOPPER'S RESIGNED HIMSELF!
THIS IS YOUR LAST WARNING!
THERE'S A BEND AHEAD—
IT MUST BE NOW!

WHAPPPP!

SKKSSHH!

DAMN! HE'S GONE!

SORRY, MATE! DIDN'T SEE YOU THERE!

LIKE HELL! YOU DELIBERATELY AIDED AND ABETTED THE ESCAPE OF A CONVICTED CRIMINAL! YOU'RE GOING TO DO **TIME** FOR THIS, McKENZIE!

THROTTLE DOWN A BIT, JOE, EH? CAN'T GO ARRESTIN' THE WORLD CHAMPION!

SINCE WHEN?

AND WHILE YOU'RE AT IT I WANT AN **APB** OUT ON SHAKESPEARE! WE CAN STILL STOP HIM BEFORE HE HITS THE RADBACK!

BRUCE

SURE, SURE! AN' I'LL TIE A BRUSH TO ME BUTT AN' SWEEP THE STREETS AS I GO, EH?

NOW YOU LISTEN HERE, JOE DREDD, I'VE HAD IT UP TO THE FLAMIN' ARMPITS WITH YOU! THIS IS **OZ**, NOT MEGA-CITY ONE! **WE** GIVE THE ORDERS ROUND HERE!

AN' I'LL TELL YOU ANOTHER THING! FAR AS I'M CONCERNED CHOPPER AIN'T BROKEN ANY OF OUR LAWS! I'M FED UP WATCHIN' YOU HOUNDIN' HIM. THE BLOKE'S A **HERO** – HE DESERVES A BREAK! SO IF HE WANTS TO GO FLY-ABOUT IN THE RADBACK – WELL, FAIR DINKUM!

YOU TELLIN' ME YOU'RE **REFUSING TO CO-OPERATE ?**

DAMN RIGHT! AN' IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT YOU CAN JUST GET RIGHT BACK ON YOUR BIKE AN' TAKE A LONG DRIVE OFF A SHORT PIER !

GO ON, GET LOST !

YOU HAVEN'T HEARD THE LAST OF THIS, BRUCE !

AHH, PUT A SOCK IN IT !

YOU TELL 'IM !

FLAMIN' SPOILSPORT !

KELLER, ON THE WALL ! WE GOT A SURFER HEADING OUT – LOOKS LIKE **CHOPPER**. WHAT ACTION...?

NO ACTION.

JUDGE IS LETTING ME GO...

MAYBE THIS **OZ** AIN'T SUCH A BAD PLACE...

AHEAD OF HIM, FREEDOM – OF A SORT...

WHAT TO DO NOW?

WHERE TO GO?

COULD HE SURVIVE IN THE RADBACK?

WOULD **DREDD** COME AFTER HIM?

SO MANY QUESTIONS.

LOST THE TITLE – GAINED MY FREEDOM... FUNNY... NEVER FIGURED IT'D BE THIS WAY.

WHAT THE HELL... FAIR TRADE, I GUESS...

AND THERE'S ALWAYS **SUPERSURF 11!**

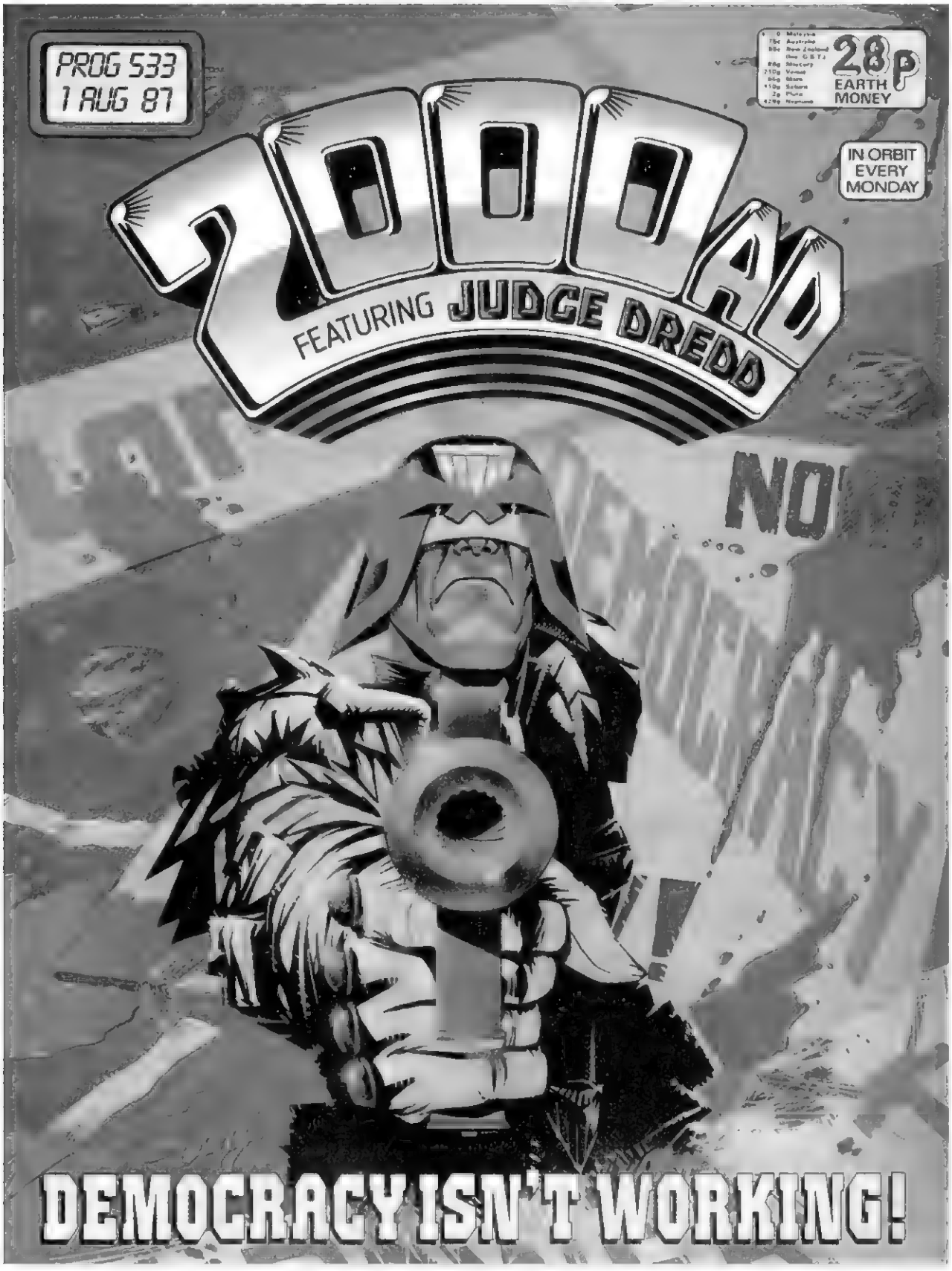
SO LONG, MATE.

GOOD LUCK TO YOU!

OZ – THE END.

2000 AD Prog 524: Cover by **Brendan McCarthy**

2000 AD Prog 527: Cover by **Robin Smith**

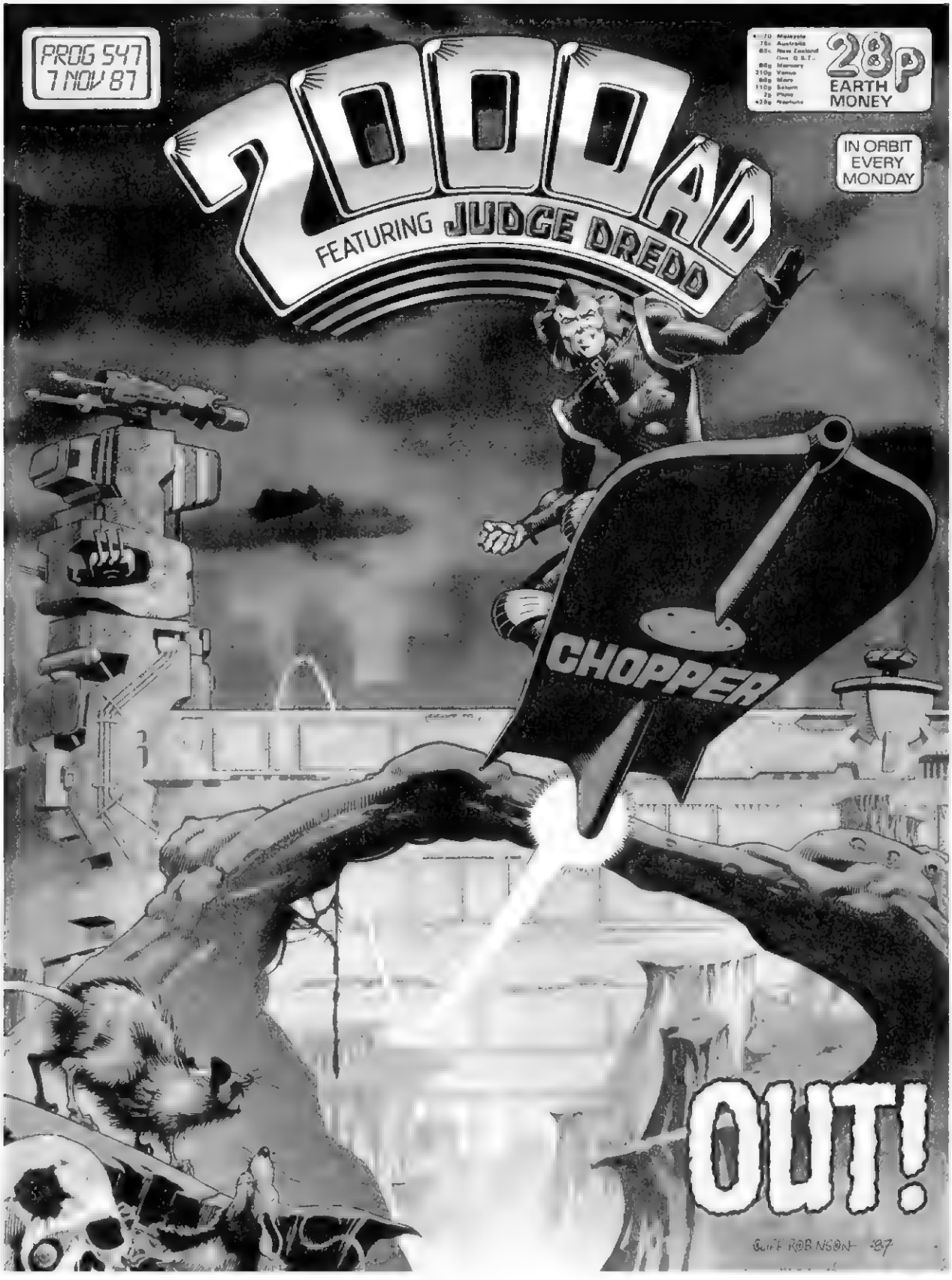


2000 AD Prog 533: Cover by **John Higgins**

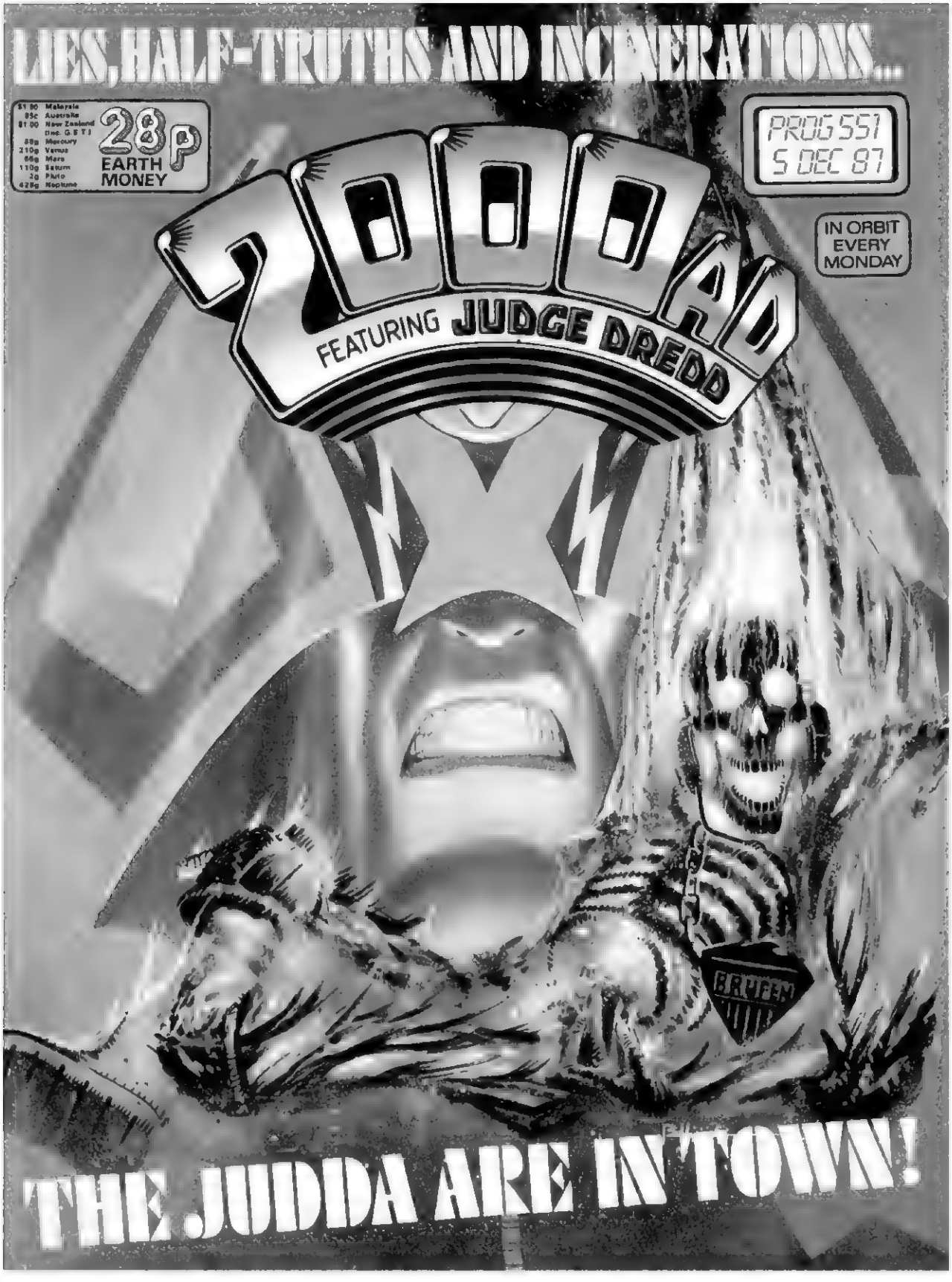
2000 AD Prog 537: Cover by **Steve Dillon**

2000 AD Prog 539: Cover by **Steve Dillon**

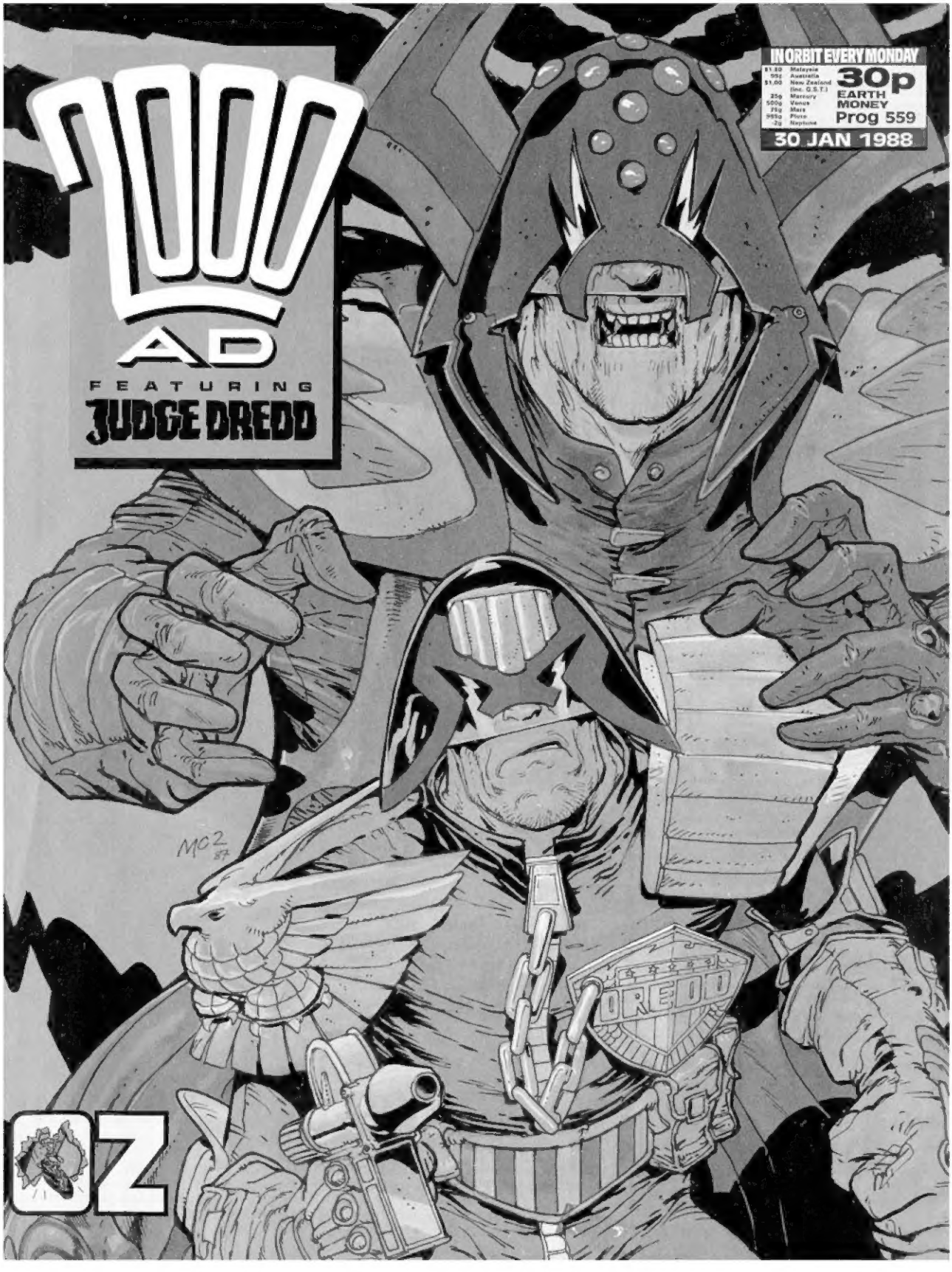
2000 AD Prog 545: Cover by **Cliff Robinson**



2000 AD Prog 547: Cover by **Cliff Robinson**



2000 AD Prog 551: Cover by **John Higgins**



2000 AD Prog 559: Cover by **Brendan McCarthy**

WRITERS

With over 300 *2000 AD* stories to his name – not to mention over 250 Daily Star *Judge Dredd* strips – **Alan Grant**'s prolific creative record speaks for itself. Outside the Galaxy's Greatest Comic, Grant is well-known to *Batman* fans following a lengthy run on various incarnations of the title. More recently he has adapted Robert Louis Stevenson's classic novels *Kidnapped* and *Doctor Jekyll and Mr Hyde* in Graphic Novel format with artist Cam Kennedy. His television work includes scripts for the BBC series *Ace Lightning and the Carnival of Doom* and he is currently writing a feature length animation for a German company.

John Wagner has been scripting for *2000 AD* for more years than he cares to remember. His creations include *Judge Dredd, Strontium Dog, Ace Trucking, Al's Baby, Button Man* and *Mean Machine*. Outside of *2000 AD* his credits include *Star Wars, Lobo, The Punisher* and the critically acclaimed *A History of Violence*.

ARTISTS

Jim Baikie is co-creator of *Skizz*. In addition Baikie has illustrated *Cursitor Doom*, *Future Shocks* and *Judge Dredd*. He also co-created the hard-hitting political super-hero series, *New Statesmen*, in *Crisis*. In the US, Baikie teamed up again with Alan Moore in America's Best Comics' *Tomorrow Stories*, and has contributed to the *America's Best Comics Sketchbook*, DC's *Blackmask*, *Clive Barker's Nightbreed*, *Deathblow*, *Electric Warrior* and *Vigilante*.

Mike Collins has illustrated *American Gothic* which he also co-created, *Judge Dredd*, *Rogue Trooper Sinister Dexter*, *Sláine* and has written and illustrated several *Tharg's Future Shocks* strips.

Steve Dillon is a fan-favourite *2000 AD* writer and artist, and the creator of both *Hap Hazzard* and the Irish Judge Joyce. His writing for the Galaxy's Greatest Comic includes *Future Shocks* and *Rogue Trooper*, while Dillon's pencils have graced *A.B.C. Warriors*, *Bad Company*, *Judge Dredd*, *Harlem Heroes*, *Ro-Busters*, *Rogue Trooper* and *Tyranny Rex*. Dillon shot to international superstardom as a result of his work on DC/Vertigo's *Preacher*, co-created with *2000 AD*'s Garth Ennis.

Dave Elliot provided the art for a section of the classic *Judge Dredd* epic 'Oz' as well an episode of *Tales of Mega-City One*.

Co-creator of the classic *Bad Company*, **Brett Ewins** has also contributed to *A.B.C. Warriors*, *Judge Anderson*, *Judge Dredd*, *Rogue Trooper* and *Universal Soldier*.
Beyond *2000 AD*, Ewins was a co-founding editor of *Deadline* magazine, and co-pencilled and inked the hugely acclaimed *Skreemer* series. He also created *Johnny Nemo*, which is now enjoying great success in Cyberosia Publishing's new US edition.

John Higgins has illustrated *Chopper*, *Freaks*, *One-Offs*, *Tharg the Mighty* and *Time Twisters*. His work outside the Galaxy's Greatest Comic is highly respected and he has contributed to some of the most important series of recent times, including working as a colourist on the modern superhero classic *Watchmen*.

Barry Kitson is a fan-favourite *2000 AD* artist, whose pencils have graced *Judge Anderson*, *Tharg's Future Shocks*, and *Judge Dredd's* appearances in both the *Daily Star* and in the Galaxy's Greatest Comic, where Kitson co-created the deadly martial artist Stan Lee!

Garry Leach is a highly-respected artist who has pencilled *Dan Dare*, *Judge Dredd*, *Tharg's Future Shocks* and *The V.C.'s*. His career beyond *2000 AD* is notable for his work on the legendary *Miracleman*, which he effectively co-created with Alan Moore.

Brendan McCarthy was a key early artist for *2000 AD*, and designed *Zenith* with Grant Morrison, and many of the perennially popular *ABC Warriors* with Pat Mills (and others). He also illustrated *Judge Dredd*, *Strontium Dog*, and *Tharg's Future Shocks*.
McCarthy's non-*2000* AD work includes *Skin* in *Crisis*, *Strange Days*, *Paradox!*, *Freakwave* in *Vanguard Illustrated* and work for *Revolver*.

John Ridgway's graceful linework has brought many *2000 AD* strips to life, not least his own co-creations *Darkness Visible*, *Journal of Luke Kirby* and *Junker*. His long career with the Galaxy's Greatest Comic has also included work on *Armitage*, *Judge Dredd*, *Missionary Man*, and *Vector 13*. Beyond *2000 AD*, Ridgway's work includes *Age of Heroes*, *Babylon 5*, *Espers*, *Hellblazer*, *The Invisibles*, *Miracleman* and *Swamp Thing*.

Cliff Robinson is one of *2000 AD*'s longest-serving artists, having made his debut with a *Future Shock* way back in Prog 362! Since then, he has co-created *Mother Earth*, and illustrated numerous *Judge Dredd* strips, as well as *Future Shocks*, *Judge Anderson* and *Venus Bluegenes*.

Liam Sharp is the co-creator of recurring, pint-sized *Judge Dredd* villain P.J. Maybe. He has also illustrated *A.B.C. Warriors*, *Finn* and *Tharg's Future Shocks*. Beyond *2000 AD*, his work includes *Batman*, *Superman*, *The Possessed*, *The Incredible Hulk*, *Magik*, *Spiderman*, *Spawn: The Dark Ages* and *X-Men* titles. Liam is currently working on the critically acclaimed Vertigo series *Testament* with best-selling author Douglas Rushkoff. He also set up Mam Tor publishing with his wife Christina, and produced *Sharpenings; The Art of Liam Sharp*, and the award-winning anthology *Event Horizon*.

Will Simpson is the co-creator of *Universal Soldier*, and co-penciller of the classic *Judge Dredd* story 'The Dead Man' and painter of the hugely popular *Rogue Trooper* story 'The War Machine'. He has also illustrated *Future Shocks*, *Judge Anderson*, *Tyranny Rex* and *Witchworld*. Simpson's work beyond *2000 AD* includes *Aliens*, *Animal Man*, *Batman*, *Hellblazer*, and his co-created *Vamps* series at DC/Vertigo.

Aside from his own co-created *Bad City Blue*, **Robin Smith** has illustrated *Future Shocks*, *Judge Dredd*, *Mean Machine*, *Rogue Trooper*, *Strontium Dog*, *Tharg the Mighty* and *Time Twisters*. He is also the illustrator of Paradox Press's *Green Candles*, and is co-creator of *The Bogie Man* with John Wagner and Alan Grant.

Torquemada

R.